



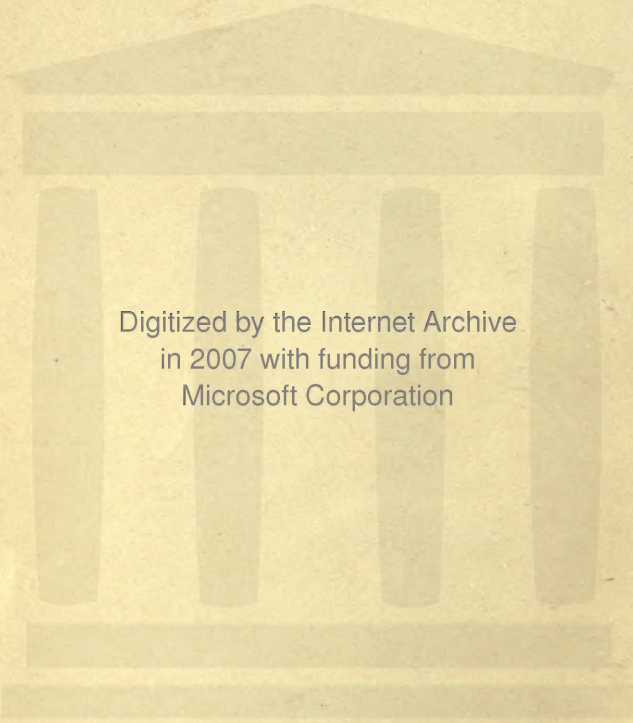
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NORTHERN TRAVEL.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



The Vöring Foss.

Eldorado Edition

THE WORKS
OF
BAYARD TAYLOR

VOLUME VIII

NORTHERN TRAVEL

TRAVELS IN GREECE AND RUSSIA



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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NORTHERN TRAVEL

SUMMER AND WINTER PICTURES
SWEDEN, DENMARK AND LAPLAND

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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1882

P R E F A C E.

THIS book requires no further words of introduction than those with which I have prefaced former volumes—that my object in travel is neither scientific, statistical, nor politico-economical ; but simply artistic, pictorial,—if possible, panoramic. I have attempted to draw, with a hand which, I hope, has acquired a little steadiness from long practice, the people and the scenery of Northern Europe, to colour my sketches with the tints of the originals, and to invest each one with its native and characteristic atmosphere. In order to do this, I have adopted, as in other countries, a simple rule : to live, as near as possible, the life of the people among whom I travel. The history of Sweden and Norway, their forms of Government, commerce, productive industry, political condition, geology, botany, and agriculture, can be found in other works, and I have only touched upon such subjects where it was necessary to give complete

ness to my pictures. I have endeavoured to give photographs, instead of diagrams, or tables of figures; and desire only that the untravelled reader, who is interested in the countries I visit, may find that he is able to see them by the aid of my eyes.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LONDON: November, 1857.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

A WINTER VOYAGE ON THE BALTIC.

Embarking at Lübeck—Put into a Hut—The Company on Board— Night on the Baltic—Ystad—A Life Lost—Stopped by Ice—A Gale— The Swedish Coast—Arrival at Dalarö—Conscientious Custom-House Officer.	Page 13
--	---------

CHAPTER II.

STOCKHOLM—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NORTH.

Departure in Sleds—A Meteor—Winter Scenery—Swedish Post-Station— —View of Stockholm—Arrival—Stockholm Weather—Swedish Ignor- ance of the North—Funds—Equipment.	21
---	----

CHAPTER III.

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF NORTHERN TRAVEL.

A Swedish Diligence—Aspect of the Country—Upsala—A Fellow-Pas- senger—The Northern Gods—Scenery—Churches—Peasant's Houses— —Arrival at Gefle— <i>Förbud</i> Papers—Speaking Swedish—Daylight at Gefle—A Cold Italian—Experience of <i>Skjuts</i> and <i>Förbud</i> —We reach Snow—Night Travel—An Arabic Landlord—A Midnight Chase— Quarters at Bro—The Second Day—We reach Sundsvall.	27
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

A SLEIGH RIDE THROUGH NORRLAND.

Sundsvall and the Norrlanders—Purchase Sleighs—Start again—Driving on the Ice—Breakfast at Fjäl—Twilight Hymn—Angermannland—A Bleak Day—Scenery of Norrland—Postillions—Increase of Cold—Dark Travel—The Norrland People—The Country and its Products—Northern Thanks—Umeå—The Inn at Innertafle. Page 39

CHAPTER V.

PROGRESS NORTHWARD—A STORM.

Christmas Temperature—First Experience of intense Cold—Phenomena thereof—Arctic Travel—Splendour of the Scenery—The Northern Nature—Gross Appetites—My Nose and the Mercury Frozen—Dreary Travel—Skellefteå and its Temple—A Winter Storm—The Landlady at Abyn—Ploughing out—Travelling in a Tempest—Reach Piteå. 50

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM PITEÅ TO HAPARANDA.

Torment—Under the Aurora Borealis—A Dismal Night—Around the Bothnian Gulf—Forest Scenery—Månsbyn—The Suspicious Iron-Master—Brother Horton and the Cold—A Trial of Languages—Another Storm—New Year's Day—Entrance into Finland—The Finns—Haparanda. 62

CHAPTER VII.

CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Medical Treatment—The Kind Fredrika—Morals in the North—Our Quarters at Haparanda—Vain Questions—Start for Lapland—Arctic Daylight—Campbell's Torneå—A Finnish Inn—Colours of the Arctic Sky—Approach to Avasaxa—Crossing the Arctic Circle—An Afternoon Sunset—Reception at Juoxengi. 77

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE FINNS.

Journey up the Torneå—Wonders of the Winter Woods—Lapps and Reindeer—My Finnish Vocabulary—A Night Journey—Reception at Kengis—Continue the Journey—Finnish Sleds—A Hard Day—The Inn at Jokijalka—Its Innates—Life in a Finnish Hut—An Arctic Picture—A Frozen Country—Kihlangi—A Polar Night—Parkajoki—We reach Muoniovara. Page 83

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN LAPLAND.

Reception at Muoniovara—Mr. Wolley—Our Lapland Home—A Finnish Bath—Send for Reindeer—A Finnish House—Stables—The Reindeer Pulk—My first Attempt at driving Reindeer—Failure and Success—Muonioniska—View from the Hill—Fears of an old Finn—The Discovery of America—A Lapp Witch—Reindeer Accident. 98

CHAPTER X.

A REINDEER JOURNEY ACROSS LAPLAND

Preparations for the Journey—Departure—A lazy Deer—"Long Isaac"—An Auroral Spectacle—A Night at Palajoki—The Table-Land of Lapland—Sagacity of the Deer—Driving a wild Reindeer—Polar Poetry—Lippajarvi—Picture of a Lapp—The Night—A Phantom Journey—The Track lost—A Lapp Encampment—Two Hours in a Lapp Tent—We start again—Descent into Norway—Heavy Travel—Lapp Hut in Siepe—A Fractious Reindeer—Drive to Kautokeino. 101

CHAPTER XI

KAUTOKEINO—A DAY WITHOUT A SUN

Lapland Etiquette—The Inn—Quarters at the Länsman s—Situation of Kautokeino—Climate—Life—Habits of the Population—Approach of Sunrise—Church Service in Lapland—Cold Religion—Noonday without Sunrise—The North and the South—A Vision—Visits of the Lapps

—Lars Kaino—A Field for Portrait-painting—Character of the Lapp Race—Their present Condition—The religious Outbreak at Kautokeino—Pastor Hvösléf—A Piano in Lapland—The Schools—Visit to a Gamme	Page 126
--	----------

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN TO MUONIOVARA.

Advantages of Lapp Costume—Turning Southward—Departure from Kautokeino—A Lapp Hut—Religion—The Reindeer—Their Qualities—Treatment by the Lapps—Annoyances of Reindeer Travel—Endurance of Northern Girls—The Table-Land—The “Roof of the World”—Journey to Lippajärvi—Descent to the Muonio—Female Curiosity—The Return to Muoniovara—Prosaic Life of the Lapps—Modern Prudery.	141
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT THE FINNS.

Change of Plans—Winter in Lapland—The Finns—Their Physical Appearance—Character—Drunkenness—A Spiritual Epidemic—Morality—Contradictory Customs—Family Names and Traditions—Apathy of Northern Life—The Polar Zone—Good Qualities of the Race—An English Naturalist.	154
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPERIENCES OF ARCTIC WEATHER.

Departure from Muoniovara—50° below Zero—A terrible Day—An Arctic Night—Jokijalka again—Travelling down the Torneå—A Night at Kardis—Increase of Daylight—Juoxengi—A Struggle for Life—Difficulty of keeping awake—Frozen Noses—The Norseman's Hell—Freezing Travellers—Full Daylight again—Safe Arrival at Haparanda—Comfort—The Doctor's Welcome—Drive to Torneå—The Weather.	16
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF THE RETURN JOURNEY.

Mild Weather—Miraculous Scenery—Näsby—Swedish Hospitality—Ad
--

ventures at Luleå—Northern Sleds—Piteå—Accident at Skellefteå—
The Norrland Climate—A damp Swede—Travelling in a Tempest—A
Norrland Inn—Character of the People—Their Houses. Page 177

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION OF THE ARCTIC TRIP.

Warmth and Daylight—Swedish Linen—The Northern Women— Pro-
gress Southward—Quarrel with a Postillion—A Model Village—Rough
Roads—Scarcity of Snow—Arrival at Stockholm—Remarks on Arctic
Travel—Scale of Temperature—Record of Cold. 187

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE IN STOCKHOLM.

Stockholm—Its Position and Appearance—The Streets and Houses—
Manner of Living—Swedish Diet—Stockholm in Spring—Swedish
Gymnastics—A Grotesque Spectacle—Results of Gymnastics—Ling's
System—The Swedish Language—Character of the Prose and Poetry
—Songs—Life in Stockholm. 197

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANNERS AND MORALS OF STOCKHOLM.

Hospitality of the Swedes—Northern Frenchmen—Stockholm Manners
—Dress—Conventionalism—Taking off the Hat—Courtesy of the
Swedish—An Anecdote—King Oscar—The Royal Family—Tendency
to Detraction—The King's Illness—Morals of Stockholm—Illegitimate
Births—Sham Morality—Causes of Immorality—Drunkenness—An
Incident. 21

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEY TO GOTTENBURG AND COPENHAGEN.

Appearance of Spring—Departure from Stockholm—The Götha Canal—
Vreta Kloster—Scenery of the Wener—European Ideas concerning
America—A Democratic Nobleman—The Götha River—Gottenburg—

The Giant's Pots—The Cattegat—Elsinore—The Sound Dues—Copenhagen and its Inhabitants—Thorwaldsen—Interview with Hans Christian Andersen—Goldschmidt—Prof. Rafn. Page 225

CHAPTER XX.

RETURN TO THE NORTH.—CHRISTIANIA.

Visit to Germany and England—The Steamer at Hull—The North Sea—Fellow-Passengers—Christiansand—The Coast of Norway—Arrival at Christiania—Preparations for Travelling—The Carriole—Progress of Christiania—Beauty of its Environs. 235

CHAPTER XXI.

INCIDENTS OF CARRIOLE TRAVEL.

Disinterested Advice—Departure—Alarm—Descending the Hills—The *Skyds* System—Krogkleven—The King's View—Country and Country People—Summer Scenery—The Randsfjord—A Cow-Whale—The Miösen Lake—More than we bargained for—Astonishing Kindness—The Lake from a Steamer. 243

CHAPTER XXII.

GULDBRANDSDAL AND THE DOVRE FJELD.

Lillehammer—A Sabbath Morning—A Picture of Dahi—Guldbrandsdal—Annoyances of Norwegian Travel—The Lougen River—Cataracts—The Station at Viik—Sinclair's Defeat—Pass of the Rusten—The Upper Valley—Scenery of the Dovre Fjeld—Solitude of the Mountains—Jerkin—Summit of the Fjeld—Nature in the North—Defile of the Driv—A Silent Country—Valley of the Orkla—Park Scenery—A Cunning Hostess—Solidity of Norwegian Women. 254

CHAPTER XXIII.

DRONTHEIM.—VOYAGE UP THE COAST OF NORWAY.

Panorama of Drøntheim—Its Streets and Houses—Quarters at the Hotel—Protestant High Mass—Norwegian Steamers—Parting View of

—Drantheim—The Namsen Fjord—Settlements on the Coast—The Rock of Torghåttén—The Seven Sisters—Singular Coast Scenery—The Horseman—Crossing the Arctic Circle—Coasting Craft—Bodø—An Arctic Sunset	Page 269
---	----------

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOFODEN ISLES.

Habits of the Arctic Summer—The Lofoden Islands—Moskøe—The Myth of the Maelström—The Lofoden Fishermen—Improvement in the People—Lofoden Scenery—The Rasksund—Disappearance of Day-light—Character of the Scenery—Tromsøe at Midnight.	Page 281
--	----------

CHAPTER XXV.

FINNARK AND HAMMERFEST.

Visit to the Lapps—Scenery of Tromsødal—Phenomena of the Arctic Summer—The Lapp <i>Gammes</i> —A Herd of Reindeer—The Midnight Sun and its Effect—Scenery of the Alten Fjord—Pastor Hvoslef—Mr. Thomas and his Home—Altengaard—A Polar Bishop—An Excited Discussion—Whales—Appearance of Hammerfest—Fishy Quarters.	289
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Plans of Travellers—Ship for the Varanger Fjord—Scenery of Magerøe—Miraculous Provision for human Life—Fisheries on the Coast—The Porsanger Fjord—Coast Scenery—Sværholtklub—Rousing the Sea Gulls—Picture of the Midnight Sun—Loss of a Night—The Church of the Lapps—Wonderful Rock-painting—Nordkyn.	300
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VARANGER FJORD—ARCTIC LIFE.

The Tana Fjord—Another Midnight—Desolation—Arctic Life—The Varanger Fjord—The Fort of Vardøhuus—Arrival at Vadsø—Summer there—More of the Lapps—Climate and Delights of Living—Rich	
---	--

Fishing—Jolly young Englishmen—Daylight Life—Its Effects, physical and Moral—Trees of Hammerfest—An astronomical Monument	Page 310
---	----------

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RETURN TO DARKNESS—NORWEGIAN CHARACTER.

Splendour of the Northern Coast Scenery—Growth of Vegetation—Government of the Lapps—Pastor Lamers and his Secession—Religion in the North—An intelligent Clergyman—Discussions on Board—Starlight and Lamp-light—Character of the Norwegians—Their national Vanity—Jealousy of Sweden.	321
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRONTHEIM AND BERGEN.

Trouble at Drontheim—Valley of the Nid—The Lierfoss—Picture of Christiansund—Molde and Romsdal—The Vikings and their Descendants—The Rock of Hornelen—Rainy Bergen—A Group of Lepers—Norwegian Filth—Licentiousness—Picture of Bergen—Its Streets—Drunkennes—Days of Sunshine—Home-sick for Hammerfest—The Museum—Delays and dear Charges.	330
--	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

A TRIP TO THE VÖRING-FOSS.

Parting View of Bergen—Lovely Scenery—Interested Kindness—The Roads of Norway—Uncomfortable Quarters—Voyage on the Osterfjord—Bolstadören—Swindling Postillions—Arrival at Vossevangen—Morning Scenery—Agriculture in Norway—Destruction of the Forests—Descent to Vasenden—A Captain on Leave—Crossing the Fjeld—The Shores of Ulvik—Hardanger Scenery—Angling and Anglers—Pedar Halstensen—National Song of Norway—Sæbø—A stupendous Defile—Ascent of the Fjeld—Plateau of the Hardanger—The Vöring Foss—Its Grandeur—A Sæter Hut—Wonderful Wine.	34
---	----

CHAPTER XXXI.

SKETCHES FROM THE BERGENSTIFT.

Peder's Embarrassment—His Drowning—The Landlady—Morning at Ulvik—A Norwegian Girl—Female Ugliness—Return to Vossevangen—Indolence—Detention at Stalheim—Scenery of the Naerödal—Postillions—On the Gudvangen Fjord—The Sogne Fjord—Transparency of the Water—The Boatmen. **Page 359**

CHAPTER XXXII.

HALLINGDAL—THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE OF NORWAY.

Roads to Christiania—Southern Sunshine—Saltanaset—The Church of Borgund—Top of the Fille Fjeld—Natives on Sunday—Peculiar Female Costume—Scarcity of Milk and Water—The Peak of Saaten—A Breakfast at Ekre—Hallingdal—Wages of Labourers—Valley Scenery—How *Förbuds* are sent—General Swindling—Character of the Norwegians for Honesty—Illustrations—Immorality—A “Cutty Sark”—Charms of Green. **370**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TELLEMARK AND THE RIUKAN-FOSS.

The Silver Mines of Kongsberg—Roads in Tellemark—Bargaining for Horses—The Inn at Bolkesjö—Sleeping Admonitions—Smashing Travel—Tinoset—The Tind Lake—A Norwegian Farm-House—The Westfjord-dal and its Scenery—Ole Torgensen's Daughter—The Valley—A Leper—Defile of the Maan Elv—Picture of the Riukan-Foss—Its Beauty—A Twilight View—Supper at Ole's—The Comprehension of Man—A singular Ravine—Hitterdal—How respectable People live—The old Church—Return to Christiania. **382**

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Norwegian Honesty—The Country People—Illicit Connections—The Icelandic Language—Professor Munck—The Storthing—The Norwe

gian Constitution—The Farmer-State—Conversation between a German Author and a Swedish Statesman—Gottenburg—A Fire—Swedish Honesty and Courtesy—The Falls of Trollhättén. . . Page 396

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TRAMP THROUGH WERMELAND AND DALECARLIA

Our Route - Leaving Carlstad—The Scenery—Valley of the Klar Elv - Ohlsäter—Wedding Arches—Asplund—A Night Journey—Adventures in search of a Bed—Entrance into Dalecarlia—The Farmers at Tyngsjö—Journey through the Woods—The People at Westerdal—The Landlord at Rågsveden—The Landlady—Dalecarlian Morality—A Läsare—The Postillion—Poverty—A Dalecarlian Boy—Reception at Kettbo—Nocturnal Conversation—Little Pehr—The female Postillion—The *Läsare* in Dalecarlia—View of Mora Valley. . . 407

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAST DAYS IN THE NORTH.

Mora Scenery—"The Parsonage of Mora" The Magister—Peasants from Upper Elfdal—Scenery of the Siljan—Hymns on Board—Opinions of the Läsare—Their Increase—Conversation with the Peasants—Leksand—The Domprost Hvasser—Walk in the Garden—Dalecarlian Songs—Rainy Travel—Fahlun—Journey to Upsala—The Cholera—The Mound of Odin—*Skål* to the Gods—The End of Summer in Stockholm—Farewell to the North. 425

NORTHERN TRAVEL,

CHAPTER 1.

A WINTER VOYAGE ON THE BALTIC.

WE went on board the little iron Swedish propeller, *Carl Johan*, at Lubeck, on the morning of December 1, A.D. 1856, having previously taken our passage for Stockholm. What was our dismay, after climbing over hills of freight on deck, and creeping down a narrow companion-way, to find the cabin stowed full of bales of wool and barrels of butter. There was a little pantry adjoining it, with a friendly stewardess therein, who, in answer to my inquiries, assured us that we would probably be placed in a *hut*. After further search, I found the captain, who was superintending the loading of more freight, and who also stated that he would put us into a hut. "Let me see the hut, then," I demanded, and we were a little relieved when we found it to be a stateroom, containing two of the narrowest of bunks. There was another hut opposite, occupied by two more passengers

all that the steamer could carry and all we had, except a short deck-passenger, who disappeared at the commencement of the voyage, and was not seen again until its close.

The day was clear and cold, the low hills around Lubeck were covered with snow, and the Trave was already frozen over. We left at noon, slowly breaking our way down the narrow and winding river, which gradually widened and became clearer of ice as we approached the Baltic. When we reached Travemünde it was snowing fast, and a murky chaos beyond the sandy bar concealed the Baltic. The town is a long row of houses fronting the water. There were few inhabitants to be seen, for the bathing guests had long since flown, and all watering places have a funereal air after the season is over. Our fellow-passenger, a jovial Pole, insisted on going ashore to drink a last glass of Bavarian beer before leaving Germany; but the beverage had been so rarely called for that it had grown sharp and sour, and we hurried back unsatisfied.

A space about six feet square had been cleared out among the butter-kegs in the cabin, and we sat down to dinner by candle-light, at three o'clock. Swedish customs already appeared, in a preliminary decanter of lemon-colored brandy a thimbleful of which was taken with a piece of bread and sausage, before the soup appeared. The taste of the liquor was sweet, unctuous and not agreeable. Our party consisted of the captain, the chief officer, who was his brother-in-law, the Pole, who was a second cousin of Kosciusko, and had a name consisting of eight consonants and two vowels, a grave young Swede with a fresh Norse complexion, and our two selves. The steward, Hildebrand, and the silent

stewardess, Marie, were our attendants and purveyors. The ship's officers were rather slow and opaque, and the Swede sublimely self-possessed and indifferent; but the Pole, who had been condemned to death at Cracow, and afterward invented cheap gas, was one of the jolliest fellows alive. His German was full of funny mistakes, but he rattled away with as much assurance as if it had been his native tongue. Before dinner was over, we were all perfectly well acquainted with each other.

Night had already set in on the Baltic; nothing was to be seen but snow; the deck was heaped with freight; the storm blew in our teeth; and the steamer, deeply laden, moved slowly and laboriously; so we stretched ourselves on the narrow bunks in our hut, and preserved a delicate regard for our equilibrium, even in sleep. In the morning the steep cliffs of Möen, a Danish island, were visible on our left. We looked for Rügen, the last stronghold of the worship of Odin in the Middle Ages, but a raw mist rolled down upon the sea, and left us advancing blindly as before. The wind was strong and cold, blowing the vapory water-smoke in long trails across the surface of the waves. It was not long, however, before some dim white gleams through the mist were pointed out as the shores of Sweden, and the *Carl Johan* slackened her speed to a snail's pace, snuffing at headland after headland, like a dog off the scent, in order to find her way into Ystad.

A lift of the fog favored us at last, and we ran into the little harbor. I walked the contracted hurricane deck at three o'clock, with the sunset already flushing the west, looked on the town and land, and thought of my friend Dr

Kana. The mercury had fallen to 16° , a foot of snow covered the house-roofs, the low, undulating hills all were the same monotonous no-color, and the yellow haired people on the pier were buttoned up close, mittened and fur-capped. The captain telegraphed to Calmar, our next port, and received an answer that the sound was full of ice and the harbor frozen up. A custom-house officer, who took supper with us on board, informed us of the loss of the steam-ship Umeå, which was cut through by the ice near Sundsvall, and sunk, drowning fifteen persons—a pleasant prospect for our further voyage—and the Pole would have willingly landed at Ystad if he could have found a conveyance to get beyond it. We had twelve tons of coal to take on board, and the work proceeded so slowly that we caught another snow-storm so thick and blinding that we dared not venture out of the harbor.

On the third morning, nevertheless, we were again at sea, having passed Bornholm, and were heading for the southern end of the Island of Oland. About noon, as we were sitting huddled around the cabin stove, the steamer suddenly stopped. There was a hurried movement of feet overhead—a cry—and we rushed on deck. One of the sailors was in the act of throwing overboard a life buoy. "It is the Pole!" was our first exclamation. "No, no," said Hildebrand, with a distressed face, "it is the cabin-boy"—a sprightly, handsome fellow of fourteen. There he was struggling in the icy water, looking toward the steamer, which was every moment more distant. Two men were in the little boat, which had just been run down from the davits, but it seemed an eternity until their oars were shipped, and they pulled

away on their errand of life or death. We urged the mate to put the steamer about, but he passively refused. The boy still swam, but the boat was not yet half-way, and headed too much to the left. There was no tiller, and the men could only guess at their course. We guided them by signs, watching the boy's head, now a mere speck, seen at intervals under the lowering sky. He struggled gallantly: the boat drew nearer, and one of the men stood up and looked around. We watched with breathless suspense for the reappearance of the brave young swimmer, but we watched in vain. Poor boy! who can know what was the agony of those ten minutes, while the icy waves gradually benumbed and dragged down the young life that struggled with such desperate energy to keep its place in the world! The men sat down and rowed back, bringing only his cap, which they had found floating on the sea. "Ah!" said Hildebrand, with tears in his eyes, "I did not want to take him this voyage, but his mother begged me so hard that I could not refuse, and this is the end!"

We had a melancholy party in the cabin that afternoon. The painful impression made by this catastrophe was heightened by the knowledge that it might have been prevented. The steamer amidships was filled up to her rail with coal, and the boy was thrown overboard by a sudden lurch while walking upon it. Immediately afterwards, lines were rove along the stanchions, to prevent the same thing happening again. The few feet of deck upon which we could walk were slippery with ice, and we kept below, smoking gloomily and saying little. Another violent snow-storm came on from the north, but in the afternoon we caught

sight of some rocks off Carlserona, and made the light or Oland in the evening. The wind had been blowing so freshly that our captain suspected Calmar Sound might be clear, and determined to try the passage. We felt our way lowly through the intricate sandbanks, in the midst of fog and snow, until after midnight, when only six miles from Calmar, we were stopped by fields of drift ice, and had to put back again.

The fourth morning dawned cold and splendidly clear. When I went on deck we were rounding the southern point of Oland, through long belts of floating ice. The low chalk cliffs were covered with snow, and looked bleak and desolate enough. The wind now came out of the west, enabling us to carry the foresail, so that we made eight or nine knots, in spite of our overloaded condition. Braisted and I walked the deck all day, enjoying the keen wind and clear, faint sunshine of the North. In the afternoon, however, it blew half a gale, with flurries of mingled rain and snow. The sea rose, and the steamer, lumbered as she was, could not be steered on her course, but had to be "conned," to keep off the strain. The hatches were closed, and an occasional sea broke over the bows. We sat below in the dark huts; the Pole, leaning against the bulkhead, silently awaiting his fate, as he afterwards confessed. I had faith enough in the timidity of our captain, not to feel the least alarm—and true enough, two hours had not elapsed before we lay-to under the lee of the northern end of Oland. The Pole then sat down, bathed from head to foot in a cold sweat, and would have landed immediately, had it been possible. The Swede was as inexpressive as ever, with the same half-smile on his fair, serious face

I was glad to find that our captain did not intend to lose the wind, but would start again in an hour or two. We had a quieter night than could have been anticipated, followed by a brilliant morning. Such good progress had been made that at sunrise the lighthouse on the rocks of Landsort was visible, and the jagged masses of that archipelago of cloven isles which extends all the way to Tornea, began to stud the sea. The water became smoother as we ran into the sound between Landsort and the outer isles. A long line of bleak, black rocks, crusted with snow, stretched before us. Beside the lighthouse, at their southern extremity, there were two red frame-houses, and a telegraph station. A boat, manned by eight hardy sailors, came off with a pilot, who informed us that Stockholm was closed with ice, and that the other steamers had been obliged to stop at the little port of Dalarö, thirty miles distant. So for Dalarö we headed, threading the channels of the scattering islands, which gradually became higher and more picturesque, with clumps of dark fir crowning their snowy slopes. The mid-day sun hung low on the horizon, throwing a pale yellow light over the wild northern scenery; but there was life in the cold air, and I did not ask for summer.

We passed the deserted fortress of Dalarö, a square stone structure, which has long since outlived its purpose, on the summit of a rock in the sound. Behind it, opened a quiet bay, held in a projecting arm of the mainland, near the extremity of which appeared our port—a village of about fifty houses, scattered along the abrupt shore. The dark-red buildings stood out distinctly against the white background; two steamers and half a dozen sailing crafts were moored

below them; about as many individuals were moving quietly about, and for all the life and animation we could see, we might have been in Kamtchatka.

As our voyage terminated here, our first business was to find means of getting to Stockholm by land. Our fellow-passengers proposed that we should join company, and engage five horses and three sleds for ourselves and luggage. The Swede willingly undertook to negotiate for us, and set about the work with his usual impassive semi-cheerfulness. The landlord of the only inn in the place promised to have everything ready by six o'clock the next morning, and our captain, who was to go on the same evening, took notice of our wants, to be served at the two intervening post-stations on the road. We then visited the custom-house, a cabin about ten feet square, and asked to have our luggage examined. "No," answered the official, "we have no authority to examine anything; you must wait until we send to Stockholm." This was at least a new experience. We were greatly vexed and annoyed, but at length, by dint of explanations and entreaties, prevailed upon the man to attempt an examination. Our trunks were brought ashore, and if ever a man did his duty conscientiously, it was this same Swedish official. Every article was taken out and separately inspected, with an honest patience which I could not but admire. Nothing was found contraband, however; we had the pleasure of re-packing, and were then pulled back to the *Carl Johan* in a profuse sweat, despite the intense cold.

CHAPTER II.

STOCKHOLM.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NORTH.

ON the following morning we arose at five, went ashore in the darkness, and after waiting an hour, succeeded in getting our teams together. The horses were small, but spirited, the sleds rudely put together, but strong, and not uncomfortable, and the drivers, peasants of the neighborhood, patient, and good-humored. Climbing the steep bank, we were out of the village in two minutes, crossed an open common, and entered the forests of fir and pine. The sleighing was superb, and our little nags carried us merrily along, at the usual travelling rate of one Swedish mile (nearly seven English) per hour. Enveloped from head to foot in our fur robes, we did not feel the sharp air, and in comparing our sensations, decided that the temperature was about 20° . What was our surprise, on reaching the post-station, at learning that it was actually 2° below zero!

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the darkness decreased, but the morning was cloudy, and there was little appearance of daybreak before nine o'clock. In the early twilight we were startled by the appearance of a ball of meteoric fire, nearly

as large as the moon, and of a soft white lustre, which moved in a horizontal line from east to west, and disappeared without a sound. I was charmed by the forest scenery through which we passed. The pine, spruce, and fir trees, of the greatest variety of form, were completely coated with frozen snow, and stood as immovable as forests of bronze incrustated with silver. The delicate twigs of the weeping birch resembled sprays of crystal, of a thousand airy and exquisite patterns. There was no wind, except in the open glades between the woods, where the frozen lakes spread out like meadow intervals. As we approached the first station there were signs of cultivation—fields inclosed with stake fences, low red houses, low barns, and scanty patches of garden land. We occasionally met peasants with their sleds—hardy, red-faced fellows, and women solid enough to outweigh their bulk in pig-iron.

The post-station was a cottage in the little hamlet of Berga. We drove into the yard, and while sleds and horses were being changed, partook of some boiled milk and tough rye-bread, the only things to be had, but both good of their kind. The travellers' room was carpeted and comfortable, and the people seemed poor only because of their few wants. Our new sleds were worse than the former, and so were our horses, but we came to the second station in time, and found we must make still another arrangement. The luggage was sent ahead on a large sled, while each pair of us, seated in a one horse cutter, followed after it, driving ourselves. Swedish horses are stopped by a whistle, and encouraged by a smacking of the lips, which I found impossible to learn at once, and they considerably gave us no whips. We had

now a broad, beaten road, and the many teams we met and passed gave evidence of our approach to Stockholm. The country, too, gently undulating all the way, was more thickly settled, and appeared to be under tolerable cultivation.

About one in the afternoon, we climbed a rising slope, and from its brow looked down upon Stockholm. The sky was dark-gray and lowering; the hills were covered with snow, and the roofs of the city resembled a multitude of tents, out of which rose half a dozen dark spires. On either side were arms of the Mälar Lake—white, frozen plains. Snow was already in the air, and presently we looked through a screen of heavy flakes on the dark, weird, wintry picture. The impression was perfect of its kind, and I shall not soon forget it.

We had passed through the southern suburb, and were descending to the lake, when one of our shafts snapped off. Resigning the cutter to the charge of a stout maiden, who acted as postillion, Braisted and I climbed upon the luggage, and in this wise, shaggy with snowy fur, passed through the city, before the House of Nobles and the King's Palace, and over the Northern Bridge, and around the northern suburb, and I know not where else, to the great astonishment of everybody we met, until our stupid driver found out where he was to go. Then we took leave of the Pole, who had engaged horses to Norrköping, and looked utterly disconsolate at parting; but the grave Swede showed his kind heart at last, for—neglecting his home, from which he had been absent seven years—he accompanied us to an hotel, engaged rooms, and saw us safely housed.

We remained in Stockholm a week, engaged in making

preparations for our journey to the North. During this time we were very comfortably quartered in Kahn's Hotel, the only one in the capital where one can get both rooms and meals. The weather changed so entirely, as completely to destroy our first impressions, and make the North, which we were seeking, once more as distant as when we left Germany. The day after our arrival a thaw set in, which cleared away every particle of snow and ice, opened the harbor, freed the Mälar Lake, and gave the white hills around the city their autumnal colors of brown and dark-green. A dense fog obscured the brief daylight, the air was close, damp, and oppressive, everybody coughed and snuffled, and the air-tight rooms, so comfortable in cold weather, became insufferable. My blood stagnated, my spirits descended as the mercury rose, and I grew all impatience to have zero and a beaten snow-track again.

We had more difficulty in preparing for this journey than I anticipated—not so much in the way of procuring the necessary articles, as the necessary information on the subject. I was not able to find a man who had made the journey in winter, or who could tell me what to expect, and what to do. The mention of my plan excited very general surprise, but the people were too polished and courteous to say outright that I was a fool, though I don't doubt that many of them thought so. Even the maps are only minute enough for the traveller as far as Torneå, and the only special maps of Lapland I could get dated from 1803. The Government, it is true, has commenced the publication of a very admirable map of the kingdom, in provinces, but these do not as yet extend beyond Jemteland, about lat. 63°

north. Neither is there any work to be had, except some botanical and geological publications, which of course contain but little practical information. The English and German Handbooks for Sweden are next to useless, north of Stockholm. The principal assurances were, that we should suffer greatly from cold, that we should take along a supply of provisions, for nothing was to be had, and that we must expect to endure hardships and privations of all kinds. This prospect was not at all alarming, for I remembered that I had heard much worse accounts of Ethiopia while making similar preparations in Cairo, and have learned that all such bugbears cease to exist when they are boldly faced.

Our outfit, therefore, was restricted to some coffee, sugar, salt, gunpowder, lucifer-matches, lead, shot and slugs, four bottles of cognac for cases of extremity, a sword, a butcher-knife, hammer, screw-driver, nails, rope and twine, all contained in a box about eighteen inches square. A single valise held our stock of clothing, books, writing and drawing materials, and each of us carried, in addition, a double-barrelled musket. We made negotiations for the purchase of a handsome Norrland sleigh (numbers of which come to Stockholm, at this season, laden with wild-fowl), but the thaw prevented our making a bargain. The preparation of the requisite funds, however, was a work of some time. In this I was assisted by Mr. Moström, an excellent valet-de-place, whom I hereby recommend to all travellers. When, after three or four days' labor and diplomacy, he brought me the money, I thought I had suddenly come in possession of an immense fortune. There were hundreds of bank-notes, and thousands of silver pieces of all sizes—Swedish paper.

silver and copper, Norwegian notes and dollars, Danish marks, and Russian gold, roubles and copecks. The value belied the quantity, and the vast pile melted away so fast that I was soon relieved of my pleasant delusion.

Our equipment should have been made in Germany, for, singularly enough, Stockholm is not half so well provided with furs and articles of winter clothing as Hamburg or Leipsic. Besides, everything is about fifty per cent dearer here. We were already provided with ample fur robes, I with one of gray bear-skin, and Braisted with yellow fox. To these we added caps of sea-otter, mittens of dog-skin, lined with the fur of the Arctic hare, knitted devil's caps, woollen sashes of great length for winding around the body, and, after long search, leather Russian boots lined with sheepskin and reaching halfway up the thigh. When rigged out in this costume, my diameter was about equal to half my height, and I found locomotion rather cumbrous; while Braisted, whose stature is some seven inches shorter, waddled along like an animated cotton-bale.

Everything being at last arranged, so far as our limited information made it possible, for a two months' journey, we engaged places in a diligence which runs as far as Gefle, 120 miles north of Stockholm. There we hoped to find snow and a colder climate. One of my first steps had been to engage a Swedish teacher, and by dint of taking double lessons every day, I flattered myself that I had made sufficient progress in the language to travel without an interpreter—the most inconvenient and expensive of persons. To be sure, a week is very little for a new language, but to one who speaks English and German, Swedish is already half acquired.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF NORTHERN TRAVEL.

THE diligence was a compact little vehicle, carrying four persons, but we two were so burdened with our guns, sword, money-bag, field-glass, over-boots and two-fathom-long sashes, that we found the space allotted to us small enough. We started at eight o'clock, and had not gone a hundred yards before we discovered that the most important part of our outfit—the maps—had been left behind. It was too late to return, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the hope of supplying them at Upsala or Gefle.

We rolled by twilight through the Northern suburb. The morning was sharp and cold, and the roads, which had been muddy and cut up the day before, were frozen terribly hard and rough. Our fellow-passengers were two Swedes, an unprepossessing young fellow who spoke a few words of English, and a silent old gentleman; we did not derive much advantage from their society, and I busied myself with observing the country through which we passed. A mile or two, past handsome country-seats and some cemeteries, brought us into the region of forests. The pines were tall and picturesque in their forms, and the grassy meadows

between them, entirely clear of snow, were wonderfully green for the season. During the first stage we passed some inlets of the Baltic, highly picturesque with their irregular wooded shores. They had all been frozen over during the night. We were surprised to see, on a southern hill-side, four peasants at work ploughing. How they got their shares through the frozen sod, unless the soil was remarkably dry and sandy, was more than I could imagine. We noticed occasionally a large manor-house, with its dependent out-buildings, and its avenue of clipped beeches or lindens, looking grand and luxurious in the midst of the cold dark fields. Here and there were patches of wheat, which the early snow had kept green, and the grass in the damp hollows was still bright, yet it was the 15th of December, and we were almost in lat. 60° N.

The houses were mostly one-story wooden cottages, of a dull red color, with red roofs. In connection with the black-green of the pine and fir woods they gave the country a singularly sombre aspect. There was little variation in the scenery all the way to Upsala. In some places, the soil appeared to be rich and under good cultivation; here the red villages were more frequent, and squat church-towers showed themselves in the distance. In other places, we had but the rough hills, or rather knobs of gray gneiss, whose masses were covered with yellow moss, and the straggling fir forests. We met but few country teams on the road; nobody was to be seen about the houses, and the land seemed to be asleep or desolated. Even at noon, when the sun came out fairly, he was low on the horizon, and gave but a eclipsed light, which was more cheerless than complete darkness.

The sun set about three o'clock, but we had a long, splendid twilight, a flush of orange, rose and amber-green, worthy of a Mediterranean heaven. Two hours afterwards, the lights of Upsala appeared, and we drove under the imposing front of the old palace, through clean streets, over the Upsala River, and finally stopped at the door of a courtyard. Here we were instantly hailed by some young fellows, who inquired if we did not want rooms. The place did not appear to be an inn, but as the silent old gentleman got out and went in, I judged it best to follow his example, and the diligence drove off with our baggage. We were right, after all: a rosy, handsome, good-humored landlady appeared, promised to furnish us with beds and a supper, to wake us betimes, and give us coffee before leaving.

The old gentleman kindly put on his coat and accompanied us to a bookstore on the public square, where I found Akrell's map of Northern Sweden, and thus partially replaced our loss. He sat awhile in our room trying to converse, but I made little headway. On learning that we were bound for Torneå, he asked: "Are you going to buy lumber?" "No," I answered; "we are merely going to see the country." He laughed long and heartily at such an absurd idea, got up in a hurry, and went to bed without saying another word. We had a supper of various kinds of sausage, tough rye bread, and a bowl of milk, followed by excellent beds—a thing which you are sure to find everywhere in Sweden.

We drove off again at half-past six in the morning moonlight, with a temperature of zero. Two or three miles from the town we passed the mounds of old Upsala, the graves of

Odin, Thor and Freya, rising boldly against the first glimmerings of daylight. The landscape was broad, lark and silent, the woods and fields confusedly blended together, and only the sepulchres of the ancient gods broke the level line of the horizon. I could readily have believed in them at that hour.

Passing over the broad rich plain of Upsala, we entered a gently undulating country, richer and better cultivated than the district we had traversed the previous day. It was splendidly wooded with thick fir forests, floored with bright green moss. Some of the views toward the north and west were really fine from their extent, though seen in the faded light and long shadows of the low northern sun. In the afternoon, we passed a large white church, with four little towers at the corners, standing in the midst of a village of low red stables, in which the country people shelter their horses while attending service. There must have been fifty or sixty of these buildings, arranged in regular streets. In most of the Swedish country churches, the belfry stands apart, a squat, square tower, painted red, with a black upper story, and is sometimes larger than the church itself. The houses of the peasants are veritable western shanties, except in color and compactness. No wind finds a cranny to enter, and the roofs of thick thatch, kept down by long, horizontal poles, have an air of warmth and comfort. The stables are banked with earth up to the hay-loft, and the cattle enter their subterranean stalls through sloping doorways like those of the Egyptian tombs.

Notwithstanding we made good progress through the day. It was dark long before we reached the bridge over the Dal

Elv, and of the famous cascades we saw only a sloping white glimmer, between dark masses of forest, and heard the noise of the broken waters. At Elfkarleby we were allowed twenty minutes for dinner—boiled salmon and beefsteak both bad. I slept after this, until aroused by the old Swede as we entered Gefle. We drove across a broad bridge, looked over vessels frozen into the inlet of the Gulf, passed a large public square, and entered the yard of the diligence office. A boy in waiting conducted us to a private house, where furnished rooms were to be had, and here we obtained tea, comfortable beds, and the attendance of a rosy servant-girl, who spoke intelligible Swedish.

My first care the next morning, was to engage horses and send off my *förbud* papers. We were now to travel by "*skjuts*" (pronounced *shoos*), or post, taking new horses at each station on the road. The *förbud* tickets are simply orders for horses to be ready at an appointed time, and are sent in advance to all the stations on the road, either by mail or by a special messenger. Without this precaution, I was told, we might be subjected to considerable delay. This mode of travelling is peculiar to Sweden and Norway. It has been in existence for three or four centuries, and though gradually improved and systematized with the lapse of time, it is still sufficiently complex and inconvenient to a traveller coming from the railroad world.

Professor Retzius had referred me to the botanist Hartman, in case of need, but I determined to commence by helping myself. I had a little difficulty at first: the people are unused to speaking with foreigners, and if you ask them to talk slowly, they invariably rattle away twice as fast as

before. I went into a variety shop on the public square and asked where I could engage horses for Sundsvall. After making myself understood, as I supposed, the clerk handed me some new bridles. By dint of blundering, I gradually circumscribed the range of my inquiries, and finally came to a focus at the right place. Having ordered horses at six the next morning, and despatched the *förbud* tickets by the afternoon's mail, I felt that I had made a good beginning, and we set out to make the tour of Gefle.

This is a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, with a considerable shipping interest, and a naval school. It is a pretty place, well built, and with a neat, substantial air. The houses are mostly two stories high, white, and with spacious courts in the rear. The country around is low but rolling, and finely clothed with dark forests of fir and pine. It was a superb day—gloriously clear, with a south wind, bracing, and not too cold, and a soft, pale lustre from the cloudless sun. But such a day! Sunrise melting into sunset without a noon—a long morning twilight, a low, slant sun, shining on the housetops for an hour or so, and the evening twilight at three in the afternoon. Nothing seemed real in this strange, dying light—nothing but my ignorance of Swedish, whenever I tried to talk.

In the afternoon, we called on the Magister Hartman, whom we found poring over his plants. He spoke English tolerably, and having made a journey through Lapland from Torneå to the Lyngen Fiord, was able to give us some information about the country. He encouraged us in the belief that we should find the journey more rapid and easy in winter than in summer. He said the Swedes feared the

North and few of them ever made a winter journey thither, but nothing could stop the Americans and the English from going anywhere. He also comforted us with the assurance that we should find snow only six Swedish (forty English) miles further north. Lat. $60^{\circ} 35' N.$, the 17th of December, and no snow yet! In the streets, we met an organ-grinder playing the Marseillaise. There was no mistaking the jet-black hair, the golden complexion and the brilliant eyes of the player, "*Siete Italiano?*" I asked. "*Sicuro!*" he answered, joyously: "*e lei anche?*" "Ah," he said, in answer to my questions, "*io non amo questo paese; è freddo ed oscuro; non si ganha niente—ma in Italia si vive.*" My friend Ziegler had already assured me: "One should see the North, but not *after* the South." Well, we shall see; but I confess that twenty degrees below zero would have chilled me less than the sight of that Italian.

We were at the inn punctually at six in the morning, but our horses were not ready. The *hållkarl*, or ostler, after hearing my remonstrances, went on splitting wood, and, as I did not know enough of Swedish to scold with any profit, I was obliged to remain wrathful and silent. He insisted on my writing something (I could not understand what) in the post-book, so I copied the affidavit of a preceding traveller and signed my name to it, which seemed to answer the purpose. After more than half an hour, two rough two-wheeled carts were gotten ready, and the farmers to whom they belonged, packed themselves and our luggage into one, leaving us to drive the other. We mounted, rolled ourselves in our furs, thrust our feet into the hay, and rattled out of Gefle in the frosty moonlight. Such was our first experience of travelling by *skjuts*.

The road went northward, into dark forests, over the same undulating, yet monotonous country as before. The ground was rough and hard, and our progress slow, so that we did not reach the end of the first station (10 miles) until nine o'clock. As we drove into the post-house, three other travellers, who had the start of us, and consequently the first right to horses, drove away. I was dismayed to find that my *förbud* had not been received, but the ostler informed me that by paying twelve skillings extra I could have horses at once. While the new carts were getting ready, the postman, wrapped in wolf-skin, and with a face reddened by the wind came up, and handed out my *förbud* ticket. Such was our first experience of *förbud*.

On the next station, the peasant who was ahead with our luggage left the main road and took a rough track through the woods. Presently we came to a large inlet of the Bothnian gulf, frozen solid from shore to shore, and upon this we boldly struck out. The ice was nearly a foot thick, and as solid as marble. So we drove for at least four miles, and finally came to land on the opposite side, near a saw-mill. At the next post-house we found our predecessors just setting off again in sleds; the landlord informed us that he had only received my *förbud* an hour previous, and, according to law was allowed three hours to get ready his second instalment of horses, the first being exhausted. There was no help for it: we therefore comforted ourselves with breakfast. At one o'clock we set out again in low Norrland sleds, but there was little snow at first, and we were obliged to walk the first few miles. The station was a long one (twenty English miles), and our horses not the

most promising. Coming upon solid snow at last, we travelled rather more swiftly, but with more risk. The sleds, although so low, rest upon narrow runners, and the shafts are attached by a hook, upon which they turn in all directions, so that the sled sways from side to side, entirely independent of them. In going off the main road to get a little more snow on a side track, I discovered this fact by overturning the sled, and pitching Braisted and myself out on our heads. There were lakes on either side, and we made many miles on the hard ice, which split with a dull sound under us. Long after dark, we reached the next station, Stråtjärä, and found our horses in readiness. We started again, by the gleam of a flashing aurora, going through forests and fields in the uncertain light, blindly following our leader, Braisted and I driving by turns, and already much fatigued. After a long time, we descended a steep hill, to the Ljusne River. The water foamed and thundered under the bridge, and I could barely see that it fell in a series of rapids over the rocks.

At Mo Myskie, which we reached at eight o'clock, our horses had been ready four hours, which gave us a dollar banco *väntapenningar* (waiting money) to pay. The landlord, a sturdy, jolly fellow, with grizzly hair and a prosperous abdomen, asked if we were French, and I addressed him in that language. He answered in English on finding that we were Americans. On his saying that he had learned English in Tripoli, I addressed him in Arabic. His eyes flashed, he burst into a roaring laugh of the profoundest delight, and at once answered in the majestic gutturals of the Orient. "*Allah akhbar!*" he cried; "I have been

waiting twenty years for some one to speak to me in Arabic and you are the first!" He afterwards changed to Italian, which he spoke perfectly well, and preferred to any foreign language. We were detained half an hour by his delight, and went off forgetting to pay for a bottle of beer, the price of which I sent back by the *skjutsbonde*, or postillion.

This *skjutsbonde* was a stupid fellow, who took us a long, circuitous road, in order to save time. We hurried along in the darkness, constantly crying out "*Kør på!*" (Drive on!) and narrowly missing a hundred overturns. It was eleven at night before we reached the inn at Kungsgården, where, fortunately, the people were awake, and the pleasant old landlady soon had our horses ready. We had yet sixteen English miles to Bro, our lodging-place, where we should have arrived by eight o'clock. I hardly know how to describe the journey. We were half asleep, tired out nearly frozen, (mercury below zero) and dashed along at haphazard, through vast dark forests, up hill and down, following the sleepy boy who drove ahead with our baggage. A dozen times the sled, swaying from side to side like a pendulum, tilted, hung in suspense a second, and then righted itself again. The boy fell back on the hay and slept, until Braisted, creeping up behind, startled him with terrific yells in his ears. Away then dashed the horse, down steep declivities, across open, cultivated valleys, and into the woods again. After midnight the moon rose, and the cold was intenser than ever. The boy having fallen asleep again, the horse took advantage of it to run off at full speed, we following at the same rate, sometimes losing sight of him; and uncertain of our way, until, after a chase of a few miles

we found the boy getting his reins out from under the runners. Finally, after two in the morning, we reached Bro.

Here we had ordered a warm room, beds and supper, by ~~forbud~~, but found neither. A sleepy, stupid girl, who had just got up to wait on a captain who had arrived before us and was going on, told us there was nothing to be had. "We *must* eat, if we have to eat *you*," I said, savagely, for we were chilled through and fierce with hunger; but I might as well have tried to hurry the Venus de Medici. At last we got some cold sausage, a fire, and two couches, on which we lay down without undressing, and slept. I had scarcely closed my eyes, it seemed, when the girl, who was to call us at half-past five o'clock, came into the room. "Is it half-past five?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she coolly answered, "it's much more." We were obliged to hurry off at once to avoid paying so much waiting money.

At sunrise we passed Hudiksvall, a pretty town at the head of a deep bay, in which several vessels were frozen up for the winter. There were some handsome country houses in the vicinity, better cultivation, more taste in building, and a few apple and cherry orchards. The mercury was still at zero, but we suffered less from the cold than the day previous, and began to enjoy our mode of travel. The horses were ready at all the stations on our arrival, and we were not delayed in changing. There was now plenty of snow, and the roads were splendid—the country undulating, with beautiful, deep valleys, separated by high, wooded hills, and rising to bold ridges in the interior. The houses were larger and better than we had yet seen—so were the people

—and there was a general air of progress and well-doing. In fact, both country and population improved in appearance as we went northward.

The night set in very dark and cold, threatening snow. We had an elephant of a horse, which kicked up his heel and frisked like an awkward bull-pup, dashed down the hills like an avalanche, and carried us forward at a rapid rate. We coiled ourselves up in the hay, kept warm, and trusted our safety to Providence, for it was impossible to see the road, and we could barely distinguish the other sled, a dark speck before us. The old horse soon exhausted his enthusiasm. Braisted lost the whip, and the zealous boy ahead stopped every now and then to hurry us on. The aurora gleamed but faintly through the clouds; we were nearly overcome with sleep and fatigue, but took turns in arousing and amusing each other. The sled vibrated continually from side to side, and finally went over, spilling ourselves and our guns into a snow-bank. The horse stopped and waited for us, and then went on until the shafts came off. Toward ten o'clock, the lights of Sundsvall appeared, and we soon afterwards drove into the yard of the inn, having made one hundred and fifty-five miles in two days. We were wretchedly tired, and hungry as bears, but found room in an adjoining house, and succeeded in getting a supper of reindeer steak. I fell asleep in my chair, before my pipe was half-finished, and awoke the next morning to a sense of real fatigue. I had had enough of travelling by *forbud*

CHAPTER IV.

A SLEIGH RIDE THROUGH NORRLAND.

SUNDSVALL is a pretty little town of two or three thousand inhabitants, situated at the head of a broad and magnificent bay. It is the eastern terminus of the only post-road across the mountains to Trondjem (Drontheim) in Norway, which passes through the extensive province of Jemteland. It is, consequently, a lively and bustling place, and has a considerable coasting trade. The day after our arrival was market-day, and hundreds of the Norrlanders thronged the streets and public square. They were all fresh, strong, coarse, honest, healthy people—the men with long yellow hair, large noses and blue eyes, the women with the rosiest of cheeks and the fullest development of body and limb. Many of the latter wore basques or jackets of sheepskin with the wool inside, striped petticoats and bright red stockings. The men were dressed in shaggy sheepskin coats, or garments of reindeer skin, with the hair outward. There was a vast collection of low Norrland sleds, laden with butter, cheese, hay, and wild game, and drawn by the rough and tough little horses of the country. Here was still plenty of life and animation, although we were already

so far north that the sun did not shine upon Sundsvall the whole day, being hidden by a low hill to the south. The snowy ridges on the north, however, wore a bright roseate blush from his rays, from ten until two.

We called upon a merchant of the place, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was almost the only man I met before undertaking the journey, who encouraged me to push on. "The people in Stockholm," said he, "know nothing about Northern Sweden." He advised me to give up travelling by *förbud*, to purchase a couple of sleds, and take our chance of finding horses: we would have no trouble in making from forty to fifty English miles per day. On returning to the inn, I made the landlord understand what we wanted, but could not understand him in return. At this juncture came in a handsome fellow, with a cosmopolitan air, whom Braisted recognised, by certain invisible signs, as the mate of a ship, and who explained the matter in very good English. I purchased two plain but light and strongly made sleds for 50 *rigs* (about \$14), which seemed very cheap, but I afterwards learned that I paid much more than the current price.

On repacking our effects, we found that everything liquid was frozen—even a camphorated mixture, which had been carefully wrapped in flannel. The cold, therefore, must have been much more severe than we supposed. Our supplies, also, were considerably damaged—the lantern broken, a powder-flask cracked, and the salt, shot, nails, wadding, &c., mixed together in beautiful confusion. Everything was stowed in one of the sleds, which was driven by the postilion; the other contained only our two selves. We

were off the next morning, as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky. The roads about Sundsvall were very much cut up, and even before getting out of the town we were pitched over head and ears into a snow-bank.

We climbed slowly up and darted headlong down the ridges which descend from the west toward the Bothnian Gulf, dividing its tributary rivers; and toward sunrise, came to a broad bay, completely frozen over and turned into a snowy plain. With some difficulty the *skjutsbonde* made me understand that a shorter road led across the ice to the second post-station, Fjäl, avoiding one change of horses. The way was rough enough at first, over heaped blocks of ice, but became smoother where the wind had full sweep, and had cleared the water before it froze. Our road was marked out by a double row of young fir-trees, planted in the ice. The bay was completely land-locked, embraced by a bold sweep of wooded hills, with rich, populous valleys between. Before us, three or four miles across, lay the little port of Wifsta-warf, where several vessels—among them a ship of three or four hundred tons—were frozen in for the winter. We crossed, ascended a long hill, and drove on through fir woods to Fjäl, a little hamlet with a large inn. Here we got breakfast; and though it may be in bad taste to speak of what one eats, the breakfast was in such good taste that I cannot pass over it without lingering to enjoy, in memory its wonderful aroma. Besides, if it be true, as some shockingly gross persons assert, that the belly is a more important district of the human economy than the brain, a good meal deserves chronicling no less than an exalted impression. Certain it is, that strong digestive are to be preferred to

strong thinking powers—better live unknown than die of dyspepsia. This was our first country meal in Norrland, of whose fare the Stockholmers have a horror, yet that stately capital never furnished a better. We had beefsteak and onions, delicious blood-puddings, the tenderest of pan-cakes (no *omelette soufflée* could be more fragile), with ruby raspberry jam, and a bottle of genuine English porter. If you think the bill of fare too heavy and solid, take a drive of fifteen miles in the regions of Zero, and then let your delicate stomach decide.

In a picturesque dell near Fjäl we crossed the rapid Indal River, which comes down from the mountains of Norway. The country was wild and broken, with occasional superb views over frozen arms of the Gulf, and the deep rich valleys stretching inland. Leaving Hernösand, the capital of the province, a few miles to our right, we kept the main northern road, slowly advancing from station to station with old and tired horses. There was a snow-storm in the afternoon, after which the sky came out splendidly clear, and gorgeous with the long northern twilight. In the silence of the hour and the deepening shadows of the forest through which we drove, it was startling to hear, all at once the sound of voices singing a solemn hymn. My first idea was, that some of those fanatical Dissenters of Norrland who meet, as once the Scotch Covenanters, among the hills, were having a refreshing winter meeting in the woods, but on proceeding further we found that the choristers were a company of peasants returning from market with their empty sleds.

It was already dark at four o'clock, and our last horses

were so slow that the postilion, a handsome, lively boy whose pride was a little touched by my remonstrances, failed in spite of all his efforts, to bring us to the station before seven. We stopped at Weda, on the Angermann River, the largest stream in Northern Sweden. Angermannland, the country which it drains, is said to be a very wild and beautiful region, where some traces of the old, original Asiatic type which peopled Scandinavia are yet to be traced in the features of its secluded population. At Weda, we found excellent quarters. A neat, quiet, old-fashioned little servant-girl, of twelve or fourteen, took charge of us, and attended to all our wants with the greatest assiduity. We had a good supper, a small but neat room, clean beds, and coffee in the morning, beside a plentiful provision for breakfast on the way, for a sum equal to seventy-five cents.

We left at half-past seven, the waning moon hanging on the horizon, and the first almost imperceptible signs of the morning twilight in the east. The Angermann River which is here a mile broad, was frozen, and our road led directly across its surface. The wind blew down it, across the snow-covered ice, making our faces tingle with premonitory signs of freezing, as the mercury was a little below zero. My hands were chilled inside the fur mittens, and I was obliged to rub my nose frequently, to prevent it from being nipped. The day was raw and chilly, and the temperature rose very little, although the hills occasionally sheltered us from the wind. The scenery, also, grew darker and wilder as we advanced. The fir-trees were shorter and stunted, and of a dark greenish-brown, which at a little distance appeared completely black. Nothing could exceed

the bleak, inhospitable character of these landscapes. The inlets of the Bothnian Gulf were hard, snow-covered plains, inclosed by bold, rugged headlands, covered with ink-black forests. The more distant ridges faded into a dull indigo hue, flecked with patches of ghastly white, under the lowering, sullen, short-lived daylight.

Our road was much rougher than hitherto. We climbed long ridges, only to descend by as steep declivities on the northern side, to cross the bed of an inland stream, and then ascend again. The valleys, however, were inhabited and apparently well cultivated, for the houses were large and comfortable, and the people had a thrifty, prosperous and satisfied air. Beside the farmhouses were immense racks, twenty feet high, for the purpose of drying flax and grain, and at the stations the people offered for sale very fine and beautiful linen of their own manufacture. This is the staple production of Norrland, where the short summers are frequently insufficient to mature the grain crops. The inns were all comfortable buildings, with very fair accommodations for travellers. We had bad luck with horses this day, however, two or three travellers having been in advance and had the pick. On one stage our baggage-sled was driven by a *poike* of not more than ten years old—a darling fellow, with a face as round, fresh and sweet as a damask rose, the bluest of eyes, and a cloud of silky golden hair. His successor was a tall, lazy lout, who stopped so frequently to talk with the drivers of sleds behind us, that we lost all patience, drove past and pushed ahead in the darkness, trusting our horse to find the way. His horse followed, leaving him in the lurch, and we gave him a long-winded

chase astern before we allowed him to overtake us. This so exasperated him that we had no trouble the rest of the way. *Mem.*—If you wish to travel with speed, make your postilion angry.

At Hörnäs they gave us a supper of ale and cold pig's feet, admirable beds, and were only deficient in the matter of water for washing. We awoke with headaches, on account of gas from the tight Russian stove. The temperature, at starting, was 22° below zero—colder than either of us had ever before known. We were a little curious, at first, to know how we should endure it, but, to our delight, found ourselves quite warm and comfortable. The air was still, dry, and delicious to inhale. My nose occasionally required friction, and my beard and moustache became a solid mass of ice, frozen together so that I could scarcely open my mouth, and firmly fastened to my fur collar. We travelled forty-nine miles, and were twelve hours on the way, yet felt no inconvenience from the temperature.

By this time it was almost wholly a journey by night, dawn and twilight, for full day there was none. The sun rose at ten and set at two. We skimmed along, over the black, fir-clothed hills, and across the pleasant little valleys, in the long, gray, slowly-gathering daybreak: then, heavy snow-clouds hid half the brief day, and the long, long, dusky evening glow settled into night. The sleighing was superb, the snow pure as ivory, hard as marble, and beautifully crisp and smooth. Our sleds glided over it without effort, the runners making music as they flew. With every day the country grew wilder, blacker and more rugged, with no change in the general character of the scenery. In the

afternoon we passed the frontier of Norrland, and entered the province of West Bothnia. There are fewer horses at the stations, as we go north, but also fewer travellers, and we were not often detained. Thus far, we had no difficulty: my scanty stock of Swedish went a great way, and I began to understand with more facility, even the broad Norrland dialect.

The people of this region are noble specimens of the physical man—tall, broad-shouldered, large-limbed, ruddy and powerful; and they are mated with women who, I venture to say, do not even suspect the existence of a nervous system. The natural consequences of such health are: morality and honesty—to say nothing of the quantities of rosy and robust children which bless every household. If health and virtue cannot secure happiness, nothing can, and these Norrlanders appear to be a thoroughly happy and contented race. We had occasional reason to complain of their slowness; but, then, why should they be fast? It is rather we who should moderate our speed. Braisted, however, did not accept such a philosophy. “Charles XII. was the boy to manage the Swedes,” said he to me one day; “he always kept them in a hurry.”

We reached Lefwar, our resting-place for the night, in good condition, notwithstanding the 22° below, and felt much colder in the house, after stripping off our furs, than out of doors with them on. They gave us a supper consisting of *smörgås* (“buttergoose”—the Swedish prelude to a meal, consisting usually of bread, butter, pickled anchovies, and caviar flavored with garlic), sausages, potatoes, and milk and made for us sumptuous beds of the snowiest and sweetest

linen. When we rose next morning it was snowing. About an inch had fallen during the night, and the mercury had risen to 6° below zero. We drove along in the dusky half-twilight toward Angessjö, over low, broad hills, covered with forests of stunted birch and fir. The scenery continued the same, and there is no use in repeating the description, except to say that the land became more cold and barren, and there seemed to be few things cultivated except flax, barley and potatoes. Still the same ridges sweeping down to the Gulf, on one hand, the same frozen bays and inlets on the other, and villages at intervals of eight or ten miles, each with its great solid church, low red belfry and deserted encampment of red frame stables. Before reaching the second station, we looked from a wooded height over the open expanse of the Gulf,—a plain of snow-covered ice, stretching eastward as far as the eye could reach.

The day gradually became still and cold, until the temperature reached—22° again, and we became comfortable in the same proportion. The afternoon twilight, splendid with its hues of amber, rose and saffron, died away so gradually, that it seemed scarcely to fade at all, lighting our path for at least three hours after sunset. Our postilions were all boys—ruddy, hardy young fellows of fourteen or fifteen, who drove well and sang incessantly, in spite of the cold. They talked much with us, but to little purpose, as I found it very difficult to understand the humming dialect they spoke. Each, as he received his *drickpenningar* (drink-money, or gratuity), at the end of the station, expressed his thanks by shaking hands with us. This is a universal custom

throughout the north of Sweden: it is a part of the simple natural habits of the people; and though it seemed rather odd at first to be shaking hands with everybody, from the landlord down to the cook and the ostler, we soon came to take it as a matter of course. The frank, unaffected way in which the hand was offered, oftener made the custom a pleasant one.

At Stocksjö we decided to push on to a station beyond Umeå, called Innertafle, and took our horses accordingly. The direct road, however, was unused on account of the drifts, so we went around through Umeå, after all. We had nearly a Swedish mile, and it was just dark when we descended to the Umeå River, across whose solid surface we drove, and up a steep bank into the town. We stopped a few moments in the little public square, which was crowded with people, many of whom had already commenced their Christmas sprees. The shops were lighted, and the little town looked very gay and lively. Passing through, we kept down the left bank of the river for a little distance, and then struck into the woods. It was night by this time; all at once the boy stopped, mounted a snow-bank, whirled around three or four times, and said something to me which I could not understand. "What's the matter?" I asked; "is not this the road to Innertafle?" "I don't know—I think not," he said. "Don't you know the way, then?" I asked again. "No!" he yelled in reply, whirled around several times more, and then drove on. Presently we overtook a pedestrian, to whom he turned for advice, and who willingly acted as guide for the sake of a ride. Away we went again, but the snow was so spotless that it was impossible to see the

track. Braisted and I ran upon a snow-bank, were overturned and dragged some little distance, but we righted ourselves again, and soon afterwards reached our destination.

In the little inn the guests' room lay behind the large family kitchen, through which we were obliged to pass. We were seized with a shivering fit on stripping off our furs, and it seemed scarcely possible to get warm again. This was followed by such intense drowsiness that we were obliged to lie down and sleep an hour before supper. After the cold weather set in, we were attacked with this drowsy fit every day, toward evening, and were obliged to take turns in arousing and stimulating each other. This we generally accomplished by singing "From Greenland's icy mountains," and other appropriate melodies. At Innertafle we were attended by a tall landlady, a staid, quiet, almost grim person, who paid most deliberate heed to our wants. After a delay of more than two hours, she furnished us with a supper consisting of some kind of fresh fish, with a sauce composed of milk, sugar and onions, followed by *gryngröt*, a warm mush of mixed rice and barley, eaten with milk. Such was our fare on Christmas eve; but hunger is the best sauce, and our dishes were plentifully seasoned with it.

CHAPTER V.

PROGRESS NORTHWARDS.—A STORM.

WE arose betimes on Christmas morn, but the grim and deliberate landlady detained us an hour in preparing our coffee. I was in the yard about five minutes, wearing only my cloth overcoat and no gloves, and found the air truly sharp and nipping, but not painfully severe. Presently, Braisted came running in with the thermometer, exclaiming, with a yell of triumph, "*Thirty*, by Jupiter!" (30° of Reaumur, equal to $35\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero of Fahrenheit.) We were delighted with this sign of our approach to the Arctic circle.

The horses were at last ready; we muffled up carefully, and set out. The dawn was just streaking the East, the sky was crystal-clear, and not a breath of air stirring. My beard was soon a solid mass of ice, from the moisture of my breath, and my nose required constant friction. The day previous, the ice which had gathered on my fur collar lay against my face so long that the flesh began to freeze over my cheek bones, and thereafter I was obliged to be particularly cautious. As it grew lighter, we were surprised to find that our postilion was a girl. She had a heavy

sheepskin over her knees, a muff for her hands, and a shawl around her head, leaving only the eyes visible. Thus accoutred, she drove on merrily, and, except that the red of her cheeks became scarlet and purple, showed no signs of the weather. As we approached Sörmjöle, the first station, we again had a broad view of the frozen Bothnian Gulf, over which hovered a low cloud of white ice-smoke. Looking down into the snowy valley of Sörmjöle, we saw the straight pillars of smoke rising from the houses high into the air, not spreading, but gradually breaking off into solid masses which sank again and filled the hollow, almost concealing the houses. Only the white, handsome church, with its tall spire, seated on a mound, rose above this pale blue film and shone softly in the growing flush of day.

We ordered horses at once, after drinking a bowl of hot milk, flavored with cinnamon. This is the favourite winter drink of the people, sometimes with the addition of brandy. But the *finkel*, or common brandy of Sweden, is a detestable beverage, resembling a mixture of turpentine, train oil, and bad molasses, and we took the milk unmixed, which admirably assisted in keeping up the animal heat. The mercury by this time had fallen to 38° below zero. We were surprised and delighted to find that we stood the cold so easily, and prided ourselves not a little on our powers of endurance. Our feet gradually became benumbed, but, by walking up the hills, we prevented the circulation from coming to a stand-still.

The cold, however, played some grotesque pranks with us. My beard, moustache, cap, and fur collar were soon one undivided lump of ice. Our eye-lashes became snow-white

and heavy with frost, and it required constant motion to keep them from freezing together. We saw everything through visors barred with ivory. Our eyebrows and hair were as hoary as those of an octogenarian, and our cheeks a mixture of crimson and orange, so that we were scarcely recognizable by each other. Every one we met had snow-white locks, no matter how youthful the face, and, whatever was the colour of our horses at starting, we always drove milk-white steeds at the close of the post. The irritation of our nostrils occasioned the greatest inconvenience, and as the handkerchiefs froze instantly, it soon became a matter of pain and difficulty to use them. You might as well attempt to blow your nose with a poplar chip. We could not bare our hands a minute, without feeling an iron grasp of cold which seemed to squeeze the flesh like a vice, and turn the very blood to ice. In other respects we were warm and jolly, and I have rarely been in higher spirits. The air was exquisitely sweet and pure, and I could open my mouth (as far as its icy grating permitted) and inhale full draughts into the lungs with a delicious sensation of refreshment and exhilaration. I had not expected to find such freedom of respiration in so low a temperature. Some descriptions of severe cold in Canada and Siberia, which I have read, state that at such times the air occasions a tingling, smarting sensation in the throat and lungs, but I experienced nothing of the kind.

This was arctic travel at last. By Odin, it was glorious! The smooth, firm road, crisp and pure as alabaster, over which our sleigh-runners talked with the rippling, musical murmur of summer brooks; the sparkling, breathless firma-

ment; the gorgeous rosy flush of morning, slowly deepening until the orange disc of the sun cut the horizon; the golden blaze of the tops of the bronze firs; the glittering of the glassy birches; the long, dreary sweep of the landscape; the icy nectar of the perfect air; the tingling of the roused blood in every vein, all alert to guard the outposts of life against the besieging cold—it was superb! The natives themselves spoke of the cold as being unusually severe, and we congratulated ourselves all the more on our easy endurance of it. Had we judged only by our own sensations we should not have believed the temperature to be nearly so low.

The sun rose a little after ten, and I have never seen anything finer than the spectacle which we then saw for the first time, but which was afterwards almost daily repeated—the illumination of the forests and snow-fields in his level orange beams, for even at midday he was not more than eight degrees above the horizon. The tops of the trees, only, were touched: still and solid as iron, and covered with sparkling frost-crystals, their trunks were changed to blazing gold, and their foliage to a fiery orange-brown. The delicate purple sprays of the birch, coated with ice, glittered like wands of topaz and amethyst, and the slopes of virgin snow, stretching towards the sun, shone with the fairest saffron gleams. There is nothing equal to this in the South—nothing so transcendently rich, dazzling, and glorious. Italian dawns and twilights cannot surpass those we saw every day, not, like the former, fading rapidly into the ashen hues of dusk, but lingering for hour after hour with scarce a decrease of splendour. Strange that Nature

should repeat these lovely aerial effects in such widely different zones and seasons. I thought to find in the winter landscapes of the far North a sublimity of death and desolation—a wild, dark, dreary, monotony of expression—but I had, in reality, the constant enjoyment of the rarest, the tenderest, the most enchanting beauty.

The people one meets along the road harmonise with these unexpected impressions. They are clear eyed and rosy as the morning, straight and strong as the fir saplings in their forests, and simple, honest, and unsophisticated beyond any class of men I have ever seen. They are no milksops either. Under the serenity of those blue eyes and smooth, fair faces, burns the old Berserker rage, not easily kindled, but terrible as the lightning when once loosed. "I would like to take all the young men north of Sundsvall," says Braisted, "put them into Kansas, tell them her history, and then let them act for themselves." "The cold in clime are cold in blood," sings Byron, but they are only cold through superior self-control and freedom from perverted passions. Better is the assertion of Tennyson:

"That bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South,
And dark, and true, and tender is the North."

There are tender hearts in the breasts of these northern men and women, albeit they are as undemonstrative as the English—or we Americans, for that matter. It is exhilarating to see such people—whose digestion is sound, whose nerves are tough as whipcord, whose blood runs in a strong full stream, whose impulses are perfectly natural, who are good

without knowing it, and who are happy without trying to be so. Where shall we find such among our restless communities at home?

We made two Swedish miles by noon, and then took a breakfast of fried reindeer meat and pancakes, of which we ate enormously, to keep up a good supply of fuel. Braisted and I consumed about a pound of butter between us. Shriek not, young ladies, at our vulgar appetites—you who sip a spoonful of ice-cream, or trifle with a diminutive *meringue*, in company, but make amends on cold ham and pickles in the pantry, after you go home—I shall tell the truth, though it disgust you. This intense cold begets a necessity for fat, and with the necessity comes the taste—a wise provision of Nature! The consciousness now dawned upon me that I might be able to relish train-oil and tallow-candles before we had done with Lapland.

I had tough work at each station to get my head out of my wrappings, which were united with my beard and hair in one solid lump. The cold increased instead of diminishing, and by the time we reached Gumboda, at dusk, it was 40° below zero. Here we found a company of Finns travelling southward, who had engaged five horses, obliging us to wait a couple of hours. We had already made forty miles, and were satisfied with our performance, so we stopped for the night. When the thermometer was brought in, the mercury was frozen, and on unmuffling I found the end of my nose seared as if with a hot iron. The inn was capital; we had a warm carpeted room, beds of clean, lavendered linen, and all civilised appliances. In the evening we sat down to a Christmas dinner of sausages, potatoes, pancakes

raspberry jam, and a bottle of Barclay and Perkin's best porter, in which we drank the health of all dear relatives and friends in the two hemispheres. And this was in West Bothnia, where we had been told in Stockholm that we should starve! At bedtime, Braisted took out the thermometer again, and soon brought it in with the mercury frozen below all the numbers on the scale.

In the morning, the landlord came in and questioned us, in order to satisfy his curiosity. He took us for Norwegians, and was quite surprised to find out our real character. We had also been taken for Finns, Russians and Danes, since leaving Stockholm. "I suppose you intend to buy lumber?" said the landlord. "No," said I, "we travel merely for the pleasure of it." "*Ja so-o-o!*" he exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest surprise and incredulity. He asked if it was necessary that we should travel in such cold weather, and seemed reluctant to let us go. The mercury showed 25° below zero when we started, but the sky was cloudy, with a raw wind from the north-west. We did not feel the same hard, griping cold as the day previous, but a more penetrating chill. The same character of scenery continued, but with a more bleak and barren aspect, and the population became more scanty. The cloudy sky took away what little green there was in the fir-trees, and they gloomed as black as Styx on either side of our road. The air was terribly raw and biting as it blew across the hollows and open plains. I did not cover my face, but kept up such a lively friction on my nose, to prevent it from freezing, that in the evening I found the skin quite worn away.

At Daglöstén, the third station we stopped an hour for

breakfast. It was a poverty-stricken place, and we could only get some fish-roses and salt meat. The people were all half-idiots, even to the postilion who drove us. We had some daylight for the fourth station, did the fifth by twilight, and the sixth in darkness. The cold (-30°) was so keen that our postilions made good time, and we reached Sunnanå on the Skelefteå River, 52 miles, soon after six o'clock. Here we were lodged in a large, barn-like room, so cold that we were obliged to put on our overcoats and sit against the stove. I began to be troubled with a pain in my jaw, from an unsound tooth—the commencement of a martyrdom from which I suffered for many days afterwards. The existence of nerves in one's teeth has always seemed to me a superfluous provision of Nature, and I should have been well satisfied if she had omitted them in my case.

The handmaiden called us soon after five o'clock, and brought us coffee while we were still in bed. This is the general custom here in the North, and is another point of contact with the South. The sky was overcast, with raw violent wind—mercury 18° below zero. We felt the cold very keenly; much more so than on Christmas day. The wind blew full in our teeth, and penetrated even beneath our furs. On setting out, we crossed the Skelefteå River by a wooden bridge, beyond which we saw, rising duskily in the uncertain twilight, a beautiful dome and lantern, crowning a white temple, built in the form of a Greek cross. It was the parish church of Skelefteå. Who could have expected to find such an edifice, here, on the borders of Lapland? The village about it contains many large and handsome houses. This is one of the principal points of trade and intercourse between the coast and the interior

The weather became worse as we advanced, traversing the low, broad hills, through wastes of dark pine forests. The wind cut like a sharp sword in passing the hollows, and the drifting snow began to fill the tracks. We were full two hours in making the ten miles to Frostkage, and the day seemed scarcely nearer at hand. The leaden, lowering sky gave out no light, the forests were black and cold, the snow a dusky grey—such horribly dismal scenery I have rarely beheld. We warmed ourselves as well as we could, and started anew, having for postilions two rosy boys, who sang the whole way and played all sorts of mad antics with each other to keep from freezing. At the next station we drank large quantities of hot milk, flavored with butter, sugar and cinnamon, and then pushed on, with another chubby hop-o'-my-thumb as guide and driver. The storm grew worse and worse: the wind blew fiercely over the low hills, loaded with particles of snow, as fine as the point of a needle and as hard as crystal, which struck full on our eyeballs and stung them so that we could scarcely see. I had great difficulty in keeping my face from freezing, and my companion found his cheek touched.

By the time we reached Abyn, it blew a hurricane, and we were compelled to stop. It was already dusk, and our cosy little room was doubly pleasant by contrast with the wild weather outside. Our cheerful landlady, with her fresh complexion and splendid teeth, was very kind and attentive, and I got on very well in conversation, notwithstanding her broad dialect. She was much astonished at my asking for a bucket of cold water, for bathing. "Why," said she, "I always thought that if a person put his feet

into cold water, in winter, he would die immediately." However, she supplied it, and was a little surprised to find me none the worse in the morning. I passed a terrible night from the pain in my face, and was little comforted, on rising, by the assurance that much snow had fallen. The mercury had risen to zero, and the wind still blew, although not so furiously as on the previous day. We therefore determined to set out, and try to reach Piteå. The landlady's son, a tall young Viking, with yellow locks hanging on his shoulders, acted as postilion, and took the lead. We started at nine, and found it heavy enough at first. It was barely light enough to see our way, and we floundered slowly along through deep drifts for a mile, when we met the snow-plows, after which our road became easier. These plows are wooden frames, shaped somewhat like the bow of a ship—in fact, I have seen very fair clipper models among them—about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide at the base, and so light that, if the snow is not too deep, one horse can manage them. The farmers along the road are obliged to turn out at six o'clock in the morning whenever the snow falls or drifts, and open a passage for travellers. Thus, in spite of the rigorous winter, communication is never interrupted, and the snow-road, at last, from frequent plowing, becomes the finest sleighing track in the world.

The wind blew so violently, however, that the furrows were soon filled up, and even the track of the baggage-sled, fifty yards in advance, was covered. There was one hollow where the drifts of loose snow were five or six feet deep, and here we were obliged to get out and struggle across, sinking

to our loins at every step. It is astonishing how soon one becomes hardened to the cold. Although the mercury stood at zero, with a violent storm, we rode with our faces fully exposed, frost-bites and all, and even drove with bare hands, without the least discomfort. But of the scenery we saw this day, I can give no description. There was nothing but long drifts and waves of spotless snow, some dim, dark, spectral fir-trees on either hand, and beyond that a wild chaos of storm. The snow came fast and blinding, beating full in our teeth. It was impossible to see; the fine particles so stung our eyeballs, that we could not look ahead. My eyelashes were loaded with snow, which immediately turned to ice and froze the lids together, unless I kept them in constant motion. The storm hummed and buzzed through the black forests; we were all alone on the road, for even the pious Swedes would not turn out to church on such a day. It was terribly sublime and desolate, and I enjoyed it amazingly. We kept warm, although there was a crust of ice a quarter of an inch thick on our cheeks, and the ice in our beards prevented us from opening our mouths. At one o'clock, we reached the second station, Gefre, unrecognisable by our nearest friends. Our eyelashes were weighed down with heavy fringes of frozen snow, there were icicles an inch long hanging to the eaves of our moustaches, and the handkerchiefs which wrapped our faces were frozen fast to the flesh. The skin was rather improved by this treatment, but it took us a great while to thaw out.

At Gefre, we got some salt meat and hot milk, and then started on our long stage of fifteen miles to Pitea. The wind had moderated somewhat, but the snow still fell fast

and thick. We were again blinded and frozen up more firmly than ever, cheeks and all, so that our eyes and lips were the only features to be seen. After plunging along for more than two hours through dreary woods, we came upon the estuary of the Pitea River, where our course was marked out by young fir-trees, planted in the ice. The world became a blank; there was snow around, above and below, and but for these marks a man might have driven at random until he froze. For three miles or more, we rode over the solid gulf, and then took the woods on the opposite shore. The way seemed almost endless. Our feet grew painfully cold, our eyes smarted from the beating of the fine snow, and my swollen jaw tortured me incessantly. Finally lights appeared ahead through the darkness, but another half hour elapsed before we saw houses on both sides of us. There was a street, at last, then a large mansion, and to our great joy the *skjutsbonde* turned into the court-yard of an inn.

CHAPTER VI

JOURNEY FROM PITEÅ TO HAPARANDA.

My jaw was so painful on reaching Piteå, that I tossed about in torment the whole night, utterly unable to sleep. The long northern night seemed as if it would never come to an end, and I arose in the morning much more fatigued and exhausted than when I lay down. It was 6° below zero, and the storm still blowing, but the cold seemed to relieve my face a little, and so we set out. The roads were heavy, but a little broken, and still led over hills and through interminable forests of mingled fir and pine, in the dark, imperfect day. I took but little note of the scenery, but was so drowsy and overcome, that Braisted at last filled the long baggage-sled with hay, and sat at the rear, so that I could lie stretched out, with my head upon his lap. Here, in spite of the cold and wind, I lay in a warm, stupid half-sleep.

It was dark when we reached Ersnäs, whence we had twelve miles to Old Luleå, with tired horses, heavy roads, and a lazy driver. I lay down again, dosed as usual, and tried to forget my torments. So passed three hours; the night had long set in, with a clear sky, 13° below zero, and

a sharp wind blowing. All at once an exclamation from Braisted aroused me. I opened my eyes, as I lay in his lap, looked upward, and saw a narrow belt or scarf of silver fire stretching directly across the zenith, with its loose, frayed ends slowly swaying to and fro down the slopes of the sky. Presently it began to waver, bending back and forth, sometimes slowly, sometimes with a quick, springing motion, as if testing its elasticity. Now it took the shape of a bow now undulated into Hogarth's line of beauty, brightening and fading in its sinuous motion, and finally formed a shepherd's crook, the end of which suddenly began to separate and fall off, as if driven by a strong wind, until the whole belt shot away in long, drifting lines of fiery snow. It then gathered again into a dozen dancing fragments, which alternately advanced and retreated, shot hither and thither, against and across each other, blazed out in yellow and rosy gleams or paled again, playing a thousand and fantastic pranks, as if guided by some wild whim.

We lay silent, with upturned faces, watching this wonderful spectacle. Suddenly, the scattered lights ran together, as by a common impulse, joined their bright ends, twisted them through each other, and fell in a broad, luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. This phenomenon was so unexpected and startling, that for a moment I thought our faces would be touched by the skirts of the glorious auroral drapery. It did not follow the spheric curve of the firmament, but hung plumb from the zenith, falling, apparently, millions of leagues through the air, its folds gathered together among the stars and its

embroidery of flame sweeping the earth and shedding a pale, unearthly radiance over the wastes of snow. A moment afterwards and it was again drawn up, parted, waved its flambeaux and shot its lances hither and thither, advancing and retreating as before. Anything so strange, so capricious and so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful, I scarcely hope to see again.

By this time we came upon the broad Luleå River, and were half an hour traversing its frozen surface, still watching the snow above us, which gradually became fainter and less active. Finally we reached the opposite shore, drove up a long slope, through a large village of stables, and past the imposing church of Old Luleå to the inn. It was now nearly eight o'clock, very cold, and I was thoroughly exhausted. But the inn was already full of travellers, and there was no place to lay our heads. The landlord, a sublimely indifferent Swede, coolly advised us to go on to Persö, ten miles distant. I told him I had not slept for two nights, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, repeated his advice, and offered to furnish horses at once, to get us off. It was a long, cold, dreary ride, and I was in a state of semi-consciousness the whole time. We reached Persö about eleven, found the house full of travellers, but procured two small beds in a small room with another man in it, and went to sleep without supper. I was so thoroughly worn out that I got about three hours' rest, in spite of my pain.

We took coffee in bed at seven, and started for Rånbyn on the Råneå River. The day was lowering, temperature $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero. The country was low, slightly undulating, with occasional wide views to the north, over the inlets of the gulf, and vast wide tracts of forest. The settlements

were still as frequent as ever, but there was little apparent cultivation, except flax. Rånbyn is a large village, with a stately church. The people were putting up booths for a fair (a fair in the open air, in lat. 65° N., with the mercury freezing!), which explained the increased travel on the road. We kept on to Hvitå for breakfast, thus getting north of the latitude of Tornea; thence our road turned eastward at right angles around the head of the Bothnian Gulf. Much snow had fallen, but the road had been ploughed, and we had a tolerable track, except when passing sleds, which sometimes gave us an overturn.

We now had uninterrupted forest scenery between the stations—and such scenery! It is almost impossible to paint the glory of those winter forests. Every tree, laden with the purest snow, resembles a Gothic fountain of bronze, covered with frozen spray, through which only suggestive glimpses of its delicate tracery can be obtained. From every rise we looked over thousands of such mimic fountains, shooting, low or high, from their pavements of ivory and alabaster. It was an enchanted wilderness—white, silent, gleaming, and filled with inexhaustible forms of beauty. To what shall I liken those glimpses under the boughs, into the depths of the forest, where the snow destroyed all perspective, and brought the remotest fairy nooks and coverts, too lovely and fragile to seem cold, into the glittering foreground? “Wonderful!” “glorious!” I could only exclaim, in breathless admiration. Once, by the roadside, we saw an Arctic ptarmigan, as white as the snow, with ruby eyes that sparkled like jewels as he moved slowly and silently along, not frightened in the least.

The sun set a little after one o'clock, and we pushed on to reach the Kalix River the same evening. At the last station we got a boy postilion and two lazy horses, and were three hours and a half on the road, with a temperature of 20° below zero. My feet became like ice, which increased the pain in my face, and I began to feel faint and sick with so much suffering and loss of rest. The boy aggravated us so much by his laziness, that Braisted ran ahead and cuffed his ears, after which he made better speed. After a drive through interminable woods, we came upon the banks of the Kalix, which were steep and fringed with splendid firs. Then came the village of Månsbyn, where, thank Heaven, we got something to eat, a warm room, and a bed.

While we were at supper, two travellers arrived, one of whom, a well-made, richly-dressed young fellow, was ushered into our room. He was a *bruk-patron* (iron-master), so the servant informed us, and from his superfine broad-cloth, rings, and the immense anchor-chain which attached him to his watch, appeared to be doing a thriving business. He had the Norse bloom on his face, a dignified nose, and English whiskers flanking his smoothly-shaven chin. His air was flushed and happy; he was not exactly drunk, but comfortably within that gay and cheerful vestibule beyond which lies the chamber of horrors. He listened to our conversation for some time, and finally addressed me in imperfect English. This led to mutual communications, and a declaration of our character, and object in travel—nothing of which would he believe. "Nobody can possibly come here for pleasure," said he; "I know better; you have a secret political mission." Our amusement at this only

strengthened him in his suspicions. Nevertheless he called for a bottle of port wine, which, when it came, turned out to be bad Malaga, and insisted on drinking a welcome "You are in latitude 66° north," said he; "on the Kalix, where no American has ever been before, and I shall call my friend to give a *skål* to your country. We have been to the church, where my friend is stationed."

With that he went out, and soon returned with a short stout, broad-faced, large-headed man of forty or thereabouts. His manner was perfectly well-bred and self-possessed, and I took him to be a clergyman, especially as the iron-master addressed him as "Brother Horton." "Now," said he, "welcome to 66° north, and prosperity to free America! Are you for Buchanan or Fremont?" Brother Horton kept a watchful eye upon his young friend, but cheerfully joined in the sentiment. I gave in return: "*Skål* to Sweden and the Swedish people," and hoped to get rid of our jolly acquaintance; but he was not to be shaken off. "You don't know me," he said; "and I don't know you—but you are something more than you seem to be; you are a political character." Just then Braisted came in with the thermometer, and announced 24° of cold (Reaumur). "Thousand devils!" exclaimed Brother Horton (and now I was convinced that he was not a clergyman), "what a thermometer! How cold it makes the weather! Would you part with it if I were to give you money in return?" I declined, stating that it was impossible for us to procure so cold a thermometer in the north, and we wanted to have as low a temperature as could be obtained.

This seemed to puzzle the iron-master, who studied awhile

upon it, and then returned to the subject of my political mission. "I suppose you speak French," said he; "it is necessary in diplomacy. I can speak it also"—which he began to do, in a bungling way. I answered in the same language, but he soon gave up the attempt and tried German. I changed also, and, finding that he had exhausted his philology, of which he was rather proud, especially as Brother Horton knew nothing but Swedish, determined to have a little fun. "Of course you know Italian," said I; "it is more musical than German," and forthwith addressed him in that language. He reluctantly confessed his ignorance. "Oh, well," I continued, "Spanish is equally agreeable to me;" and took up that tongue before he could reply. His face grew more and more blank and bewildered. "The Oriental languages are doubtless familiar to you;" I persisted, "I have had no practice in Arabic for some time," and overwhelmed him with Egyptian salutations. I then tried him with Hindustanee, which exhausted my stock, but concluded by giving him the choice of Malay, Tartar, or Thibetan. "Come, come," said Brother Horton, taking his arm as he stood staring and perplexed—"the horses are ready." With some difficulty he was persuaded to leave, after shaking hands with us, and exclaiming, many times, "You are a very seldom man!"

When we awoke, the temperature had risen to 2° above zero, with a tremendous snow-storm blowing. As we were preparing to set out, a covered sled drove in from the north, with two Swedish naval officers, whose vessel had been frozen in at Cronstadt, and who had been obliged to return home through Finland, up the eastern coast of the Bothnian Gulf.

The captain, who spoke excellent English, informed me that they were in about the same latitude as we, on Christmas day, on the opposite side of the gulf, and had experienced the same degree of cold. Both of them had their noses severely frozen. We were two hours and a half in travelling to the first station, seven miles, as the snow was falling in blinding quantities, and the road was not yet ploughed out. All the pedestrians we met were on runners, but even with their snow skates, five feet long, they sank deep enough to make their progress very slow and toilsome.

By the time we reached Näsby my face was very much swollen and inflamed, and as it was impossible to make the next stage by daylight, we wisely determined to stop there. The wind blew a hurricane, the hard snow-crystals lashed the windows and made a gray chaos of all out-of-doors, but we had a warm, cosy, carpeted room within, a capital dinner in the afternoon, and a bottle of genuine London porter with our evening pipe. So we passed the last day of A. D. 1856, grateful to God for all the blessings which the year had brought us, and for the comfort and shelter we enjoyed, in that Polar wilderness of storm and snow.

On New Year's morning it blew less, and the temperature was comparatively mild, so, although the road was very heavy, we started again. Näsby is the last Swedish station, the Finnish frontier, which is an abrupt separation of races and tongues, being at the north-western corner of the Bothnian Gulf. In spite of the constant intercourse which now exists between Norrland and the narrow strip of Finnish soil which remains to Sweden, there has been no perceptible assimilation of the two races. At Näsby, all is pure Swe

dish; at Sāngis, twelve miles distant, everything is Finnish. The blue eyes and fair hair, the lengthened oval of the face, and slim, straight form disappear. You see, instead, square faces, dark eyes, low foreheads, and something of an Oriental fire and warmth in the movements. The language is totally dissimilar, and even the costume, though of the same general fashion, presents many noticeable points of difference. The women wear handkerchiefs of some bright color bound over the forehead and under the chin, very similar to those worn by the Armenian women in Asia Minor. On first coming among them, the Finns impressed me as a less frank and open hearted, but more original and picturesque, race than the Swedes. It is exceedingly curious and interesting to find such a flavour of the Orient on the borders of the Frigid Zone.

The roads were very bad, and our drivers and horses provokingly slow, but we determined to push on to Haparanda the same night. I needed rest and medical aid, my jaw by this time being so swollen that I had great difficulty in eating—a state of things which threatened to diminish my supply of fuel, and render me sensitive to the cold. We reached Nickala, the last station, at seven o'clock. Beyond this, the road was frightfully deep in places. We could scarcely make any headway, and were frequently overturned headlong into the drifts. The driver was a Finn, who did not understand a word of Swedish, and all our urging was of no avail. We went on and on, in the moonlight, over arms of the gulf, through forests, and then over ice again—a flat, monotonous country, with the same dull features repeated again and again. At half-past nine, a large white

church announced our approach to Haparanda, and soon afterwards we drove up to the inn, which was full of New Year carousers. The landlord gave us quarters in the same room with an old Norrlander, who was very drunk and annoyed us not a little until we got into bed and pretended to sleep. It was pretence nearly the whole night, on my part, for my torture was still kept up. The next morning I called upon Dr. Wretholm, the physician of the place,—not without some misgivings,—but his prescription of a poultice of mallow leaves, a sudorific and an opiate, restored my confidence, and I cheerfully resigned myself to a rest of two or three days, before proceeding further northward.

CHAPTER VII.

CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

I was obliged to remain three days in Haparanda, applying poultices, gargles, and liniments, according to the doctor's instructions. As my Swedish was scarcely sufficient for the comprehension of prescriptions, or medical technicalities in general, a written programme of my treatment was furnished to Fredrika, the servant-maid, who was properly impressed with the responsibility thereby devolving upon her. Fredrika, no doubt, thought that my life was in her hands, and nothing could exceed the energy with which she undertook its preservation. Punctually to the minute appeared the prescribed application, and, if she perceived or suspected any dereliction on my part, it was sure to be reported to the doctor at his next visit. I had the taste of camomile and mallows in my mouth from morning till night; the skin of my jaw blistered under the scorching of ammonia; but the final result was, that I was cured, as the doctor and Fredrika had determined.

This good-hearted girl was a genuine specimen of the Northern Swedish female. Of medium height, plump, but

not stout, with a rather slender waist and expansive hips, and a foot which stepped firmly and nimbly at the same time, she was as cheerful a body as one could wish to see. Her hair was of that silky blonde so common in Sweden, her eyes a clear, pale blue, her nose straight and well formed, her cheeks of the delicate pink of a wild-rose leaf, and her teeth so white, regular and perfect that I am sure they would make her fortune in America. Always cheerful, kind and active, she had, nevertheless, a hard life of it; she was alike cook, chambermaid, and hostler, and had a cross mistress to boot. She made our fires in the morning darkness, and brought us our early coffee while we yet lay in bed, in accordance with the luxurious habits of the Arctic zone. Then, until the last drunken guest was silent, towards midnight, there was no respite from labour. Although suffering from a distressing cough, she had the out-door as well as the in-door duties to discharge, and we saw her in a sheepskin jacket harnessing horses, in a temperature 30° below zero. The reward of such a service was possibly about *eight* American dollars a year. When, on leaving, I gave her about as much as one of our hotel servants would expect for answering a question, the poor girl was overwhelmed with gratitude, and even the stern landlady was so impressed by my generosity that she insisted on lending us a sheepskin for our feet, saying we were "good men."

There is something exceedingly primitive and unsophisticated in the manners of these Northern people—a straightforward honesty, which takes the honesty of others for granted—a latent kindness and good-will which may at first be overlooked, because it is not demonstrative, and a total

unconsciousness of what is called, in highly civilized circles, "propriety." The very freedom of manners which, in some countries, might denote laxity of morals, is here the evident stamp of their purity. The thought has often recurred to me—which is the most truly pure and virginal nature, the fastidious American girl, who blushes at the sight of a pair of boots outside a gentleman's bedroom door, and who requires that certain unoffending parts of the body and articles of clothing should be designated by delicately circumlocutious terms, or the simple-minded Swedish women, who come into our bedrooms with coffee, and make our fires while we get up and dress, coming and going during all the various stages of the toilet, with the frankest unconsciousness of impropriety? This is modesty in its healthy and natural development, not in those morbid forms which suggest an imagination ever on the alert for prurient images. Nothing has confirmed my impression of the virtue of the Northern Swedes more than this fact, and I have rarely felt more respect for woman or more faith in the inherent purity of her nature.

We had snug quarters in Haparanda, and our detention was therefore by no means irksome. A large room, carpeted, protected from the outer cold by double windows, and heated by an immense Russian stove, was allotted to us. We had two beds, one of which became a broad sofa during the day, a backgammon table, the ordinary appliances for washing, and, besides a number of engravings on the walls, our window commanded a full view of 'Torneå, and the ice-track across the river, where hundreds of persons daily passed to and fro. The eastern window showed us the Arctic dawn,

growing and brightening through its wonderful gradations of color, for four hours, when the pale orange sun appeared above the distant houses, to slide along their roofs for two hours, and then dip again. We had plentiful meals, consisting mostly of reindeer meat, with a sauce of Swedish cranberries, potatoes, which had been frozen, but were still palatable, salmon roes, soft bread in addition to the black shingles of *fladbröd*, English porter, and excellent Umeå beer. In fact, in no country inn of the United States could we have been more comfortable. For the best which the place afforded, during four days, with a small provision for the journey, we paid about seven dollars.

The day before our departure, I endeavored to obtain some information concerning the road to Lapland, but was disappointed. The landlord ascertained that there were *skjuts*, or relays of post-horses, as far as Muonioniski, 210 English miles, but beyond this I could only learn that the people were all Finnish, spoke no Swedish, were miserably poor, and could give us nothing to eat. I was told that a certain official personage at the apothecary's shop spoke German, and hastened thither; but the official, a dark-eyed, olive-faced Finn, could not understand my first question. The people even seemed entirely ignorant of the geography of the country beyond Upper Torneå, or Matarengi, forty miles off. The doctor's wife, a buxom, motherly lady, who seemed to feel quite an interest in our undertaking, and was as kind and obliging as such women always are, procured for us a supply of *fladbröd* made of rye, and delightfully crisp and hard—and this was the substance of our preparations. Reindeer mittens were not to be found, nor a rein-

deer skin to cover our feet, so we relied, as before, on plenty of hay and my Scotch plaid. We might, perhaps, have had better success in Torneå, but I knew no one there who would be likely to assist us, and we did not even visit the old place. We had taken the precaution of getting the Russian *visé*, together with a small stock of roubles, at Stockholm, but found that it was quite unnecessary. No passport is required for entering Torneå, or travelling on the Russian side of the frontier.

Trusting to luck, which is about the best plan after all, we started from Haparanda at noon, on the 5th of January. The day was magnificent, the sky cloudless, and resplendent as polished steel, and the mercury 31° below zero. The sun, scarcely more than the breadth of his disc above the horizon, shed a faint orange light over the broad, level snow-plains, and the bluish-white hemisphere of the Bothnian Gulf, visible beyond Torneå. The air was perfectly still, and exquisitely cold and bracing, despite the sharp grip it took upon my nose and ears. These Arctic days, short as they are, have a majesty of their own—a splendor, subdued though it be; a breadth and permanence of hue, imparted alike to the sky and to the snowy earth, as if tinted glass was held before your eyes. I find myself at a loss how to describe these effects, or the impression they produce upon the traveller's mood. Certainly, it is the very reverse of that depression which accompanies the Polar night, and which even the absence of any real daylight might be considered sufficient to produce.

Our road was well beaten, but narrow, and we had great difficulty in passing the many hay and wood teams which

met us, on account of the depth of the loose snow on either side. We had several violent overturns at such times, one of which occasioned us the loss of our beloved pipe—a loss which rendered Braisted disconsolate for the rest of the day. We had but one between us, and the bereavement was not slight. Soon after leaving Haparanda, we passed a small white obelisk, with the words “Russian Frontier” upon it. The town of Torneå, across the frozen river, looked really imposing, with the sharp roof and tall spire of its old church rising above the line of low red buildings. Campbell, I remember, says,

“Cold as the rocks on Torneo’s hoary brow,”

with the same disregard of geography which makes him grow palm trees along the Susquehanna River. There was Torneå; but I looked in vain for the “hoary brow.” Not a hill within sight, nor a rock within a circuit of ten miles, but one unvarying level, like the western shore of the Adriatic, formed by the deposits of the rivers and the retrocession of the sea.

Our road led up the left bank of the river, both sides of which were studded with neat little villages. The country was well cleared and cultivated, and appeared so populous and flourishing that I could scarcely realise in what part of the world we were. The sun set at a quarter past one, but for two hours the whole southern heaven was superb in its hues of rose and orange. The sheep-skin lent us by our landlady kept our feet warm, and we only felt the cold in our faces; my nose, especially, which, having lost a coat of skin, was very fresh and tender, requiring unusual care

At three o'clock, when we reached Kuckula, the first station the northern sky was one broad flush of the purest violet melting into lilac at the zenith, where it met the fiery skirts of sunset.

We refreshed ourselves with hot milk, and pushed ahead with better horses. At four o'clock it was bright moonlight, with the stillest air. We got on bravely over the level beaten road, and in two hours reached Korpikylä, a large new inn, where we found very tolerable accommodations. Our beds were heaps of reindeer skins; a frightfully ugly Finnish girl, who knew a few words of Swedish, prepared us a supper of tough meat, potatoes, and ale. Everything was now pure Finnish, and the first question of the girl, "*Hvarifrån kommer du?*" (Where dost thou come from?) showed an ignorance of the commonest Swedish form of address. She awoke us with a cup of coffee in the morning, and negotiated for us the purchase of a reindeer skin, which we procured for something less than a dollar. The *husbonde* (house-peasant, as the landlord is called here) made no charge for our entertainment, but said we might give what we pleased. I offered, at a venture, a sum equal to about fifty cents, whereupon he sent the girl to say that he thanked us most heartily.

The next day was a day to be remembered: such a glory of twilight splendors for six full hours was beyond all the charms of daylight in any zone. We started at seven, with a temperature of 20° below zero, still keeping up the left bank of the Torneå. The country now rose into bold hills and the features of the scenery became broad and majestic. The northern sky was again pure violet, and a pale red

tinge from the dawn rested on the tops of the snowy hills. The prevailing color of the sky slowly brightened into lilac, then into pink, then rose color, which again gave way to a flood of splendid orange when the sun appeared. Every change of color affected the tone of the landscape. The woods, so wrapped in snow that not a single green needle was to be seen, took by turns the hues of the sky, and seemed to give out, rather than to reflect, the opalescent lustre of the morning. The sunshine brightened instead of dispelling these effects. At noon the sun's disc was not more than 1° above the horizon, throwing a level golden light on the hills. The north, before us, was as blue as the Mediterranean, and the vault of heaven, overhead, canopied us with pink. Every object was glorified and transfigured in the magic glow.

At the first station we got some hot milk, with raw salmon, shingle bread and frozen butter. Our horses were good, and we drove merrily along, up the frozen Torneå. The roads were filled with people going to church, probably to celebrate some religious anniversary. Fresh ruddy faces had they, firm features, strong frames and resolute carriage, but the most of them were positively ugly, and, by contrast with the frank Swedes, their expression was furtive and sinister. Near Päckilå we passed a fine old church of red brick, with a very handsome belfry. At Niemis we changed horses in ten minutes, and hastened on up the bed of the Torneå to Matarengi, where we should reach the Arctic Circle. The hills rose higher, with fine sweeping outlines and the river was still half a mile broad—a plain of solid snow, with the track marked out by bushes. We kept a

sharp look-out for the mountain of Avasaxa, one of the stations of Celsius, Maupertius, and the French Academicians, who came here in 1736, to make observations determining the exact form of the earth. Through this mountain, it is said, the Arctic Circle passes, though our maps were neither sufficiently minute nor correct to determine the point. We took it for granted, however, as a mile one way or the other could make but little difference; and as Matarengi lies due west of Avasaxa, across the river, we decided to stop there and take dinner on the Arctic Circle.

The increase of villages on both banks, with the appearance of a large church, denoted our approach to Matarengi, and we saw at once that the tall, gently-rounded, isolated hill opposite, now blazing with golden snow, could be none other than Avasaxa. Here we were, at last, entering the Arctic Zone, in the dead of winter—the realization of a dream which had often flashed across my mind, when lounging under the tropical palms; so natural is it for one extreme to suggest the opposite. I took our bearings with a compass-ring, as we drove forward, and as the summit of Avasaxa bore due east we both gave a shout which startled our postilion and notably quickened the gait of our horses. It was impossible to toss our caps, for they were not only tied upon our heads, but frozen fast to our beards. So here we were at last, in the true dominions of Winter. A mild ruler he had been to us, thus far, but he proved a despot before we were done with him.

Soon afterwards, we drove into the inn at Matarengi, which was full of country people, who had come to attend church. The landlord, a sallow, watery-eyed Finn, who

knew a few words of Swedish, gave us a room in an adjoining house, and furnished a dinner of boiled fish and barley mush, to which was added a bottle labelled "Dry Madeira," brought from Haparanda for the occasion. At a shop adjoining, Braisted found a serviceable pipe, so that nothing was wanting to complete our jubilee. We swallowed the memory of all who were dear to us, in the dubious beverage, inaugurated our Arctic pipe, which we proposed to take home as a *souvenir* of the place, and set forward in the most cheery mood.

Our road now crossed the river and kept up the Russian side to a place with the charming name of Torakankorwa. The afternoon twilight was even more wonderful than that of the forenoon. There were broad bands of purple, pure crimson, and intense yellow, all fusing together into fiery orange at the south, while the north became a semi-vault of pink, then lilac, and then the softest violet. The dazzling Arctic hills participated in this play of colors, which did not fade, as in the South, but stayed, and stayed, as if God wished to compensate by this twilight glory for the loss of the day. Nothing in Italy, nothing in the Tropics, equals the magnificence of the Polar skies. The twilight gave place to a moonlight scarcely less brilliant. Our road was hardly broken, leading through deep snow, sometimes on the river, sometimes through close little glens, hedged in with firs drooping with snow—fairy Arctic solitudes, white, silent and mysterious.

By seven o'clock we reached a station called Juoxengi. The place was wholly Finnish, and the landlord, who did not understand a word of Swedish, endeavoured to make us

go on to the next station. We pointed to the beds and quietly carried in our baggage. I made the usual signs for eating, which speedily procured us a pail of sour milk, bread and butter, and two immense tin drinking horns of sweet milk. The people seemed a little afraid of us, and kept away. Our postilion was a silly fellow, who could not understand whether his money was correct. In the course of our stenographic conversation, I learned that "*cax*" signified two. When I gave him his drink-money he said "*ketor!*" and on going out the door, "*hūweste!*"—so that I at least discovered the Finnish for "Thank you!" and "Good-bye!" This, however, was not sufficient to order horses the next morning. We were likewise in a state of delightful uncertainty as to our future progress, but this very uncertainty gave a zest to our situation, and it would have been difficult to find two jollier men with frozen noses.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE FINNS

WE drank so much milk (for want of more solid food) at Juoxengi, that in spite of sound sleep under our sheepskin blankets, we both awoke with headaches in the morning. The Finnish landlord gave me to understand, by holding up his fore-finger, and pronouncing the word "*ax*," that I was to pay one *rigsdaler* (about 26 cents), for our entertainment, and was overcome with grateful surprise when I added a trifle more. We got underway by six o'clock, when the night was just at its darkest, and it was next to impossible to discern any track on the spotless snow. Trusting to good luck to escape overturning, we followed in the wake of the *skjutsbonde*, who had mounted our baggage sled upon one of the country sledges, and rode perched upon his lofty seat. Our horses were tolerable, but we had eighteen miles to Pello, the next station, which we reached about ten o'clock.

Our road was mostly upon the Torneå River, sometimes taking to the woods on either side, to cut off bends. The morn was hours in dawning, with the same splendid transitions of colour. The forests were indescribable in their silence, whiteness, and wonderful variety of snowy adorn

ment. The weeping birches leaned over the road, and formed white fringed arches; the firs wore mantles of ermine, and ruffs and tippets of the softest swan's down. Snow, wind, and frost had worked the most marvellous transformations in the forms of the forest. Here were kneeling nuns, with their arms hanging listlessly by their sides, and the white cowls falling over their faces; there lay a warrior's helmet; lace curtains, torn and ragged, hung from the points of little Gothic spires; caverns, lined with sparry incrustations, silver palm-leaves, doors, loop-holes, arches and arcades were thrown together in a fantastic confusion and mingled with the more decided forms of the larger trees, which, even, were trees but in form, so completely were they wrapped in their dazzling disguise. It was an enchanted land, where you hardly dared to breathe, lest a breath might break the spell.

There was still little change in the features of the country except that it became wilder and more rugged, and the settlements poorer and further apart. There were low hills on either side, wildernesses of birch and fir, and floors of level snow over the rivers and marshes. On approaching Pello, we saw our first rein-deer, standing beside a hut. He was a large, handsome animal; his master, who wore a fur dress, we of course set down for a Lapp. At the inn a skinny old hag, who knew a dozen words of Swedish, got us some bread, milk, and raw frozen salmon, which, with the aid of a great deal of butter, sufficed us for a meal. Our next stage was to Kardis, sixteen miles, which we made in four hours. While in the midst of a forest on the Swedish side, we fell in with a herd of rein-deer, attended by half-a-dozen Lapps

They came tramping along through the snow, about fifty in number, including a dozen which ran loose. The others were harnessed to *pulks*, the canoe-shaped rein-deer sledges, many of which were filled with stores and baggage. The Lapps were rather good-looking young fellows, with a bright coppery, orange complexion, and were by no means so ill-favoured, short, and stunted as I had imagined. One of them was, indeed, really handsome, with his laughing eyes, sparkling teeth, and a slender, black moustache.

We were obliged to wait a quarter-of-an-hour while the herd passed, and then took to the river again. The effect of sunset on the snow was marvellous—the spotless mounds and drifts, far and near, being stained with soft rose colour, until they resembled nothing so much as heaps of strawberry ice. At Kardis the people sent for an interpreter, who was a young man, entirely blind. He helped us to get our horses, although we were detained an hour, as only one horse is kept in readiness at these stations, and the neighbourhood must be scoured to procure another. I employed the time in learning a few Finnish words—the whole travelling-stock, in fact, on which I made the journey to Muonioniska. That the reader may see how few words of a strange language will enable him to travel, as well as to give a sample of Finnish, I herewith copy my whole vocabulary :

one	fix	eight	kahexa
two	cax	nine	õhexa
three	kolma	ten	kiumene
four	nelia	a half	puoli
five	viis	horses	hevorsta
six	oos	immediately	varsin
seven	settima	ready	walmis

drive on	ayò perli !	butter	voy
now much ?	guinga palia ?	fire	valkär
a mile	peligorma	a bed	sängu (Swedish)
bread	leba	good	hüva
meat	liha	bad	páhá
milk	maito		

We kept on our way up the river, in the brilliant afternoon moonlight. The horses were slow ; so were the two *skjutsbonder*, to whom I cried in vain : "Ayò perli !" Braisted with difficulty restrained his inclination to cuff their cars. Hour after hour went by, and we grew more and more hungry, wrathful and impatient. About eight o'clock they stopped below a house on the Russian side, pitched some hay to the horses, climbed the bank, and summoned us to follow. We made our way with some difficulty through the snow, and entered the hut, which proved to be the abode of a cooper—at least the occupant, a rough, shaggy, dirty Orson of a fellow, was seated upon the floor, making a tub, by the light of the fire. The joists overhead were piled with seasoned wood, and long bundles of thin, dry fir, which is used for torches during the winter darkness. There was neither chair nor table in the hut ; but a low bench ran around the walls, and a rough bedstead was built against one corner. Two buckets of sour milk, with a wooden ladle, stood beside the door. This beverage appears to be generally used by the Finns for quenching thirst, instead of water. Our postilions were sitting silently upon the bench, and we followed their example, lit our pipes, and puffed away, while the cooper, after the first glance, went on with his work ; and the other members of his family, clustered together in the dusky corner behind the fire-place, were

equally silent. Half an hour passed, and the spirit moved no one to open his mouth. I judged at last that the horses had been baited sufficiently, silently showed my watch to the postilions, who, with ourselves, got up and went away without a word having been said to mar the quaint drollery of the incident.

While at Haparanda, we had been recommended to stop at Kingis Bruk, at the junction of the Torneå and Muonio. "There," we were told, "you can get everything you want: here is a fine house, good beds, and plenty to eat and drink." Our blind interpreter at Kardis repeated this advice. "Don't go on to Kexisvara;" (the next station) said he, "stop at Kengis, where everything is good." Toward Kengis, then, this oasis in the arctic desolation, our souls yearned. We drove on until ten o'clock in the brilliant moonlight and mild, delicious air—for the temperature had actually risen to 25° above zero!—before a break in the hills announced the junction of the two rivers. There was a large house on the top of a hill on our left, and, to our great joy, the postilions drove directly up to it. "Is this Kengis?" I asked, but their answers I could not understand, and they had already unharnessed their horses.

There was a light in the house, and we caught a glimpse of a woman's face at the window, as we drove up. But the light was immediately extinguished, and everything became silent. I knocked at the door, which was partly open, but no one came. I then pushed: a heavy log of wood, which was leaning against it from the inside, fell with a noise which reverberated through the house. I waited awhile, and then, groping my way along a passage to the door of

the room which had been lighted, knocked loudly. After a little delay, the door was opened by a young man, who ushered me into a warm, comfortable room, and then quietly stared at me, as if to ask what I wanted. "We are travellers and strangers," said I, "and wish to stop for the night." "This is not an inn," he answered; "it is the residence of the *patron* of the iron works." I may here remark that it is the general custom in Sweden, in remote districts, for travellers to call without ceremony upon the parson, magistrate, or any other prominent man in a village, and claim his hospitality. In spite of this doubtful reception, considering that our horses were already stabled and the station three or four miles further, I remarked again: "But perhaps we may be allowed to remain here until morning?" "I will ask," he replied, left the room, and soon returned with an affirmative answer.

We had a large, handsomely furnished room, with a sofa and curtained bed, into which we tumbled as soon as the servant-girl, in compliance with a hint of mine, had brought up some bread, milk, and cheese. We had a cup of coffee in the morning, and were preparing to leave when the *patron* appeared. He was a short, stout, intelligent Swede, who greeted us courteously, and after a little conversation, urged us to stay until after breakfast. We were too hungry to need much persuasion, and indeed the table set with *tjåde*, or capercailie (one of the finest game birds in the world), potatoes, cranberries, and whipped cream, accompanied with excellent Umeå ale, and concluded with coffee surpassed anything we had sat down to for many a day. The *patron* gave me considerable information about the

country, and quieted a little anxiety I was beginning to feel by assuring me that we should find post-horses all the way to Muonioniska, still ninety-five miles distant. He informed me that we had already got beyond the daylight, as the sun had not yet risen at Kengis. This, however, was in consequence of a hill to the southward, as we afterwards found that the sun was again above the horizon.

We laid in fuel enough to last us through the day, and then took leave of our host, who invited us to visit him on our return. Crossing the Torneå, an hour's drive over the hills brought us to the village of Kexisvara, where we were obliged to wait some time for our horses. At the inn there was a well forty feet deep, with the longest sweep-pole I ever saw. The landlady and her two sisters were pleasant bodies, and sociably inclined, if we could have talked to them. They were all spinning tow, their wheels purring like pleased lionesses. The sun's disc came in sight at a quarter past eleven, and at noon his lower limb just touched the horizon. The sky was of a splendid saffron hue, which changed into a burning brassy yellow.

Our horses promised little for speed when we set out, and their harness being ill adapted to our sleds increased the difficulty. Instead of hames there were wide wooden yokes, the ends of which passed through mortices in the ends of the shafts, and were fastened with pins, while, as there was no belly-bands, the yokes rose on going down hill, bringing our sleds upon the horses' heels. The Finnish sleds have excessively long shafts, in order to prevent this. Our road all day was upon the Muonio River, the main branch of the Torneå, and the boundary between Sweden and Russia.

above the junction. There had been a violent wind during the night, and the track was completely filled up. The Torneå and Muonio are both very swift rivers, abounding in dangerous rapids, but during the winter, rapids and all, they are solid as granite from their sources to the Bothnian Gulf. We plunged along slowly, hour after hour, more than half the time clinging to one side or the other, to prevent our sled from overturning—and yet it upset at least a dozen times during the day. The scenery was without change: low, black fir forests on either hand, with the decorative snow blown off them; no villages, or signs of life, except the deserted huts of the wood-cutters, nor did we meet but one sled during the whole day. Here and there, on the banks, were sharp, canoe-like boats, twenty or thirty feet long, turned bottom upward. The sky was overcast, shutting out the glorious coloring of the past days. The sun set before one o'clock, and the dull twilight deepened apace into night. Nothing could be more cheerless and dismal: we smoked and talked a little, with much silence between, and I began to think that one more such day would disgust me with the Arctic Zone.

It was four o'clock, and our horses were beginning to stagger, when we reached a little village called Jokijalka, on the Russian side. The postilion stopped at a house, or rather a quadrangle of huts, which he made me comprehend was an inn, adding that it was 4 *polän* and 3 *belikor* (a fearfully unintelligible distance!) to the next one. We entered, and found promise enough in the thin, sallow, sandy-haired, and most obsequious landlord, and a whole herd of rosy children, to decide us to stop. We were

ushered into the milk-room, which was warm and carpeted and had a single narrow bed. I employed my vocabulary with good effect, the quick-witted children helping me out, and in due time we got a supper of fried mutton, bread, butter, and hot milk. The children came in every few minutes to stare at our writing, an operation which they probably never saw before. They would stand in silent curiosity for half an hour at a time, then suddenly rush out, and enjoy a relief of shouts and laughter on the outside. Since leaving Matarengi we had been regarded at all the stations with much wonder, not always unmixed with mistrust. Whether this was simply a manifestation of the dislike which the Finns have for the Swedes, for whom they probably took us, or of other suspicions on their part, we could not decide.

After a time one of the neighbors, who had been sent for on account of his knowing a very few words of Swedish, was ushered into the room. Through him I ordered horses, and ascertained that the next station, Kihlangi, was three and a half Swedish miles distant, but there was a place on the Russian side, one mile off, where we could change horses. We had finished writing, and were sitting by the stove, consulting how we should arrange the bed so as to avoid contact with the dirty coverlet, when the man returned and told us we must go into another house. We crossed the yard to the opposite building, where, to our great surprise, we were ushered into a warm room, with two good beds, which had clean though coarse sheets, a table, looking-glass, and a bit of carpet on the floor. The whole male household congregated to see us take possession and ascertain whether

our wants were supplied. I slept luxuriously until awakened by the sound of our landlord bringing in wood to light the fire. He no sooner saw that my eyes were open than he snatched off his cap and threw it upon the floor, moving about with as much awe and silence as if it were the Emperor's bedroom. His daughter brought us excellent coffee betimes. We washed our faces with our tumblers of drinking water, and got under way by half-past six.

The temperature had changed again in the night, being 28° below zero, but the sky was clear and the morning moonlight superb. By this time we were so far north that the moon did not set at all, but wheeled around the sky, sinking to within eight degrees of the horizon at noonday. Our road led across the river, past the church of Kolare, and through a stretch of the Swedish forests back to the river again. To our great surprise, the wind had not blown here, the snow still hung heavy on the trees, and the road was well beaten. At the Russian post-house we found only a woman with the usual troop of children, the eldest of whom, a boy of sixteen, was splitting fir to make torches. I called out "*hevorste!*" (horses), to which he made a deliberate answer, and went on with his work. After some consultation with the old woman, a younger boy was sent off somewhere, and we sat down to await the result. I called for meat, milk, bread, and butter, which procured us in course of time a pitcher of cold milk, some bread made of ground barley straw, horribly hard and tough, and a lump of sour frozen butter. There was some putrid fish in a wooden bowl, on which the family had breakfasted, while an immense pot of sour milk, butter, broken bread, and straw

meal, hanging over the fire, contained their dinner. This was testimony enough to the accounts we had heard in Stockholm, of the year's famine in Finland; and we seemed likely to participate in it.

I chewed the straw bread vigorously for an hour, and succeeded in swallowing enough to fill my stomach, though not enough to satisfy my hunger. The younger children occupied themselves in peeling off the soft inner bark of the fir, which they ate ravenously. They were handsome, fair-skinned youngsters, but not so rosy and beautiful as those of the Norrland Swedes. We were obliged to wait more than two hours before the horses arrived, thus losing a large part of our daylight. The postilions fastened our sleds behind their own large sledges, with flat runners, which got through the snow more easily than ours. We lay down in the sledge, stretched ourselves at full length upon a bed of hay, covered our feet with the deerskin, and set off. We had gone about a Swedish mile when the postilions stopped to feed the horses before a house on the Russian side. There was nobody within, but some coals among the ashes on the hearth showed that it had been used, apparently, as a place of rest and shelter. A tall, powerful Finn, who was travelling alone, was there, smoking his pipe. We all sat down and did likewise, in the bare, dark hut. There were the three Finns, in complete dresses of reindeer skin, and ourselves, swaddled from head to foot, with only a small segment of scarlet face visible between our frosted furs and icy beards. It was a true Arctic picture, as seen by the pale dawn which glimmered on the wastes of snow outside.

We had a poor horse, which soon showed signs of breaking

down, especially when we again entered a belt of country where the wind had blown. the trees were clear, and the track filled up. At half-past eleven we saw the light of the sun on the tops of the hills, and at noon about half his disc was visible. The cold was intense; my hands became so stiff and benumbed that I had great difficulty in preventing them from freezing, and my companion's feet almost lost all feeling. It was well for us that we were frequently obliged to walk, to aid the horse. The country was a wilderness of mournful and dismal scenery—low hills and woods, stripped bare of snow, the dark firs hung with black, crape-like moss, alternating with morasses. Our Finnish postilions were pleasant, cheerful fellows. who insisted on our riding when there was the least prospect of a road. Near a solitary hut (the only one on the road) we met a man driving a reindeer. After this we lost all signs of our way, except the almost obliterated track of his pulk. The snow was deeper than ever, and our horses were ready to drop at every step. We had been five hours on the road; the driver said Kihlangi was "*ûx verst*" distant, and at three, finally, we arrived. We appreciated rather better what we had endured when we found that the temperature was 44° below zero.

I at once ordered horses, and a strapping young fellow was sent off in a bad humor to get them. We found it impossible, however, to procure milk or anything to eat, and as the cold was not to be borne else, we were obliged to resort to a bottle of cognac and our Haparanda bread. The old woman sat by the fire smoking, and gave not the least attention to our demands. I paid our postilions in Norwegian *orts*, which they laid upon a chair and counted, with the assist-

ance of the whole family. After the reckoning was finished they asked me what the value of each piece was, which gave rise to a second general computation. There was, apparently, more than they had expected, for they both made me a formal address of thanks, and took my hand. Seeing that I had produced a good effect I repeated my demand for milk. The old woman refused, but the men interfered in my behalf; she went out and presently returned with a bowl full, which she heated for us. By this time our horses had arrived, and one of our new postilions prepared himself for the journey, by stripping to the loins and putting on a clean shirt. He was splendidly built, with clean, firm muscle, a white glossy skin, and no superfluity of flesh. He then donned a reindeer of *pösk*, leggings and boots, and we started again.

It was nearly five o'clock, and superb moonlight. This time they mounted our sleds upon their own sledges, so that we rode much higher than usual. Our way lay up the Muonio River: the track was entirely snowed up, and we had to break a new one, guided by the fir-trees stuck in the ice. The snow was full three feet deep, and whenever the sledge got a little off the old road, the runners cut in so that we could scarcely move. The milk and cognac had warmed us tolerably, and we did not suffer much from the intense cold. My nose, however, had been rubbed raw, and I was obliged to tie a handkerchief across my face to protect it.

While journeying along in this way, the sledge suddenly tilted over, and we were flung head foremost into the snow. Our drivers righted the sledge, we shook ourselves and got on again, but had not gone ten yards before the same thing

happened again. This was no joke on such a night, but we took it good-humouredly, to the relief of the Finns, who seemed to expect a scolding. Very soon we went over a third time, and then a fourth, after which they kept near us and held on when there was any danger. I became very drowsy, and struggled with all my force to keep awake, for sleeping was too hazardous. Braisted kept his senses about him by singing, for our encouragement, the mariner's hymn:—

“Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.”

Thus hour after hour passed away. Fortunately we had good, strong horses, which walked fast and steadily. The scenery was always the same—low, wooded hills on either side of the winding, snowy plain of the river. We had made up our minds not to reach Parkajoki before midnight, but at half-past ten our track left the river, mounted the Swedish bank, and very soon brought us to a quadrangle of low huts, having the appearance of an inn. I could scarcely believe my eyes when we stopped before the door. “Is this Parkajoki?” I asked. “*Ja!*” answered the postilion. Braisted and I sprang out instantly, hugged each other in delight, and rushed into the warm inn. The thermometer still showed—44°, and we prided ourselves a little on having travelled for seventeen hours in such a cold with so little food to keep up our animal heat. The landlord, a young man, with a bristly beard of three weeks' growth, showed us into the milk room, where there was a bed of reindeer skins. His wife brought us some fresh hay, a

quilt and a sheepskin coverlet, and we soon forgot both our hunger and our frozen blood.

In the morning coffee was brought to us, and as nothing else was to be had, we drank four cups apiece. The land-lord asked half a *rigs* (13 cents) for our entertainment, and was overcome with gratitude when I gave him double the sum. We had the same sledges as the previous night, but new postilions and excellent horses. The temperature had risen to 5° below zero, with a cloudy sky and a light snow falling. We got off at eight o'clock, found a track partly broken, and went on at a merry trot up the river. We took sometimes one bank and sometimes the other, until, after passing the rapid of Eyanpaika (which was frozen solid, although large masses of transparent ice lay piled like rocks on either side), we kept the Swedish bank. We were in excellent spirits, in the hope of reaching Muorioniska before dark, but the steady trot of our horses brought us out of the woods by noon, and we saw before us the long, scattering village, a mile or two distant, across the river. To our left, on a gentle slope, stood a red, two-story building, surrounded by out-houses, with a few humbler habitations in its vicinity. This was Muoniovara, on the Swedish side—the end of our Finnish journey.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN LAPLAND.

As we drove up to the red two-story house, a short man with dark whiskers and a commercial air came forward to meet us. I accosted him in Swedish, asking him whether the house was an inn. He replied in the negative, adding that the only inn was in Muonioniska, on the Russian side, a mile or more distant. I then asked for the residence of Mr. Wolley, the English naturalist, whose name had been mentioned to me by Prof. Retzius and the botanist Hartman. He thereupon called to some one across the court, and presently appeared a tall, slender man dressed in the universal gray suit which travelling Englishmen wear, from the Equator to the Poles. He came up with extended hand, on hearing his own language; a few words sufficed for explanation, and he devoted himself to our interests with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. He lived with the Swede, Herr Forström, who was the merchant of the place; but the wife of the latter had just been confined, and there was no room in his house. Mr. Wolley proposed at first to send to the inn in Muonioniska, and engage a room, but afterwards arranged with a Norsk carpenter who lived on the

hill above, to give us quarters in his house, so that we might be near enough to take our meals together. Nothing could have suited us better. We took possession at once, and then descended the hill to a dinner—I had ventured to hint at our famished condition—of capercailie, cranberries, sof bread, whipped cream, and a glass of genuine port.

Warmed and comforted by such luxurious fare, we climbed the hill to the carpenter's house, in the dreary Arctic twilight, in the most cheerful and contented frame of mind. Was this, indeed, Lapland? Did we, indeed, stand already in the dark heart of the polar Winter? Yes; there was no doubt of it. The imagination could scarcely conceive a more desolate picture than that upon which we gazed—the plain of sombre snow, beyond which the black huts of the village were faintly discernible, the stunted woods and bleak hills, which night and the raw snow clouds had half obscured, and yonder fur-clad figure gliding silently along beside his reindeer. Yet, even here, where Man seemed to have settled out of pure spite against Nature, were comfort and hospitality and kindness. We entered the carpenter's house, lit our candles and pipes, and sat down to enjoy at ease the unusual feeling of shelter and of home. The building was of squared fir-logs, with black moss stuffed in the crevices, making it very warm and substantial. Our room contained a loom, two tables, two beds with linen of voluptuous softness and cleanness, an iron stove (the first we had seen in Sweden), and the usual washing apparatus, besides a piece of carpet on the floor. What more could any man desire? The carpenter, Herr Knoblock, spoke some German; his son, Ludwig, Mr. Wolley's servant, also looked after our

needs; and the daughter, a fair, blooming girl of about nineteen, brought us coffee before we were out of bed, and kept our fire in order. Why, Lapland was a very Sybaris in comparison with what I had expected.

Mr. Wolley proposed to us another luxury, in the shape of a vapour-bath, as Herr Forström had one of those bathing-houses which are universal in Finland. It was a little wooden building without windows. A Finnish servant-girl who had been for some time engaged in getting it in readiness, opened the door for us. The interior was very hot and moist, like an Oriental bathing-hall. In the centre was a pile of hot stones, covered with birch boughs, the leaves of which gave out an agreeable smell, and a large tub of water. The floor was strewn with straw, and under the roof was a platform extending across one end of the building. This was covered with soft hay, and reached by means of a ladder, for the purpose of getting the full effect of the steam. Some stools, and a bench for our clothes, completed the arrangements. There was also in one corner a pitcher of water, standing in a little heap of snow to keep it cool.

The servant-girl came in after us, and Mr. W. quietly proceeded to undress, informing us that the girl was bathing-master, and would do the usual scrubbing and shampooing. This, it seems, is the general practice in Finland, and is but another example of the unembarrassed habits of the people in this part of the world. The poorer families go into their bathing-rooms together—father, mother, and children—and take turns in polishing each other's backs. It would have been ridiculous to have shown any hesitation under the circumstances—in fact, an indignity to the honest

simple-hearted, virtuous girl—and so we deliberately undressed also. When at last we stood, like our first parents in Paradise, “naked and not ashamed,” she handed us bunches of birch-twigs with the leaves on, the use of which was suggested by the leaf of sculpture. We mounted to the platform and lay down upon our backs, whereupon she increased the temperature by throwing water upon the hot stones, until the heat was rather oppressive, and we began to sweat profusely. She then took up a bunch of birch-twigs which had been dipped in hot water, and switched us smartly from head to foot. When we had become thoroughly parboiled and lax, we descended to the floor, seated ourselves upon the stools, and were scrubbed with soap as thoroughly as propriety permitted. The girl was an admirable bather, the result of long practice in the business. She finished by pouring hot water over us, and then drying us with warm towels. The Finns frequently go out and roll in the snow during the progress of the bath. I ventured so far as to go out and stand a few seconds in the open air. The mercury was at zero, and the effect of the cold on my heated skin was delightfully refreshing.

I dressed in a violent perspiration, and then ran across to Herr Forström's house, where tea was already waiting for us. Here we found the *länsman* or magistrate of the Russian district opposite, a Herr Bråxen, who was decorated with the order of Stanislaus for his services in Finland during the recent war. He was a tall, dark-haired man, with a restless light in his deep-set eyes, and a gentleman in his demeanor. He entered into our plans with interest, and the evening was spent in consultation concerning them

Finally, it was decided that Herr Forström should send a messenger up the river to Palajoki (forty miles off), to engage Lapps and reindeer to take us across the mountains to Kautokeino, in Norway. As the messenger would be absent three or four days, we had a comfortable prospect of rest before us, and I went to bed with a light heart, to wake to the sixth birthday I have passed in strange lands.

In the morning, I went with Mr. Wolley to call upon a Finn, one of whose children was suffering from inflamed eyes, or snowthemia, as it might be called. The family were prolific, as usual—children of all sizes, with a regular gradation of a year between. The father, a short, shock-headed fellow, sat in one corner; the mother, who, like nine-tenths of all the matrons we had seen between Lapland and Stockholm, gave promise of additional humanity, greeted us with a comical, dipping courtesy—a sudden relaxing and stiffening again of the muscles of the knees—which might be introduced as a novelty into our fashionable circles. The boy's eyes were terribly blood-shot, and the lids swollen, but a solution of nitrate of silver, which Mr. W. applied, relieved him greatly in the course of a day or two. We took occasion to visit the stable, where half a dozen cows lay in darkness, in their warm stalls, on one side, with two bulls and some sheep on the other. There was a fire in one corner, over which hung a great kettle filled with a mixture of boiled hay and reindeer moss. Upon this they are fed while the sheep must content themselves with bunches of birch, willow and aspen twigs, gathered with the leaves on. The hay is strong and coarse, but nourishing, and the reindeer moss, a delicate white lichen, contains a glutinous in-

gredient, which probably increases the secretion of milk. The stable, as well as Forström's, which we afterwards inspected, was kept in good order. It was floored, with a gutter past each row of stalls, to carry off the manure. The cows were handsome white animals, in very good condition.

Mr. Wolley sent for his reindeer in the course of the morning, in order to give us a lesson in driving. After lunch, accordingly, we prepared ourselves for the new sensation. I put on a poesk of reindeer skin, and my fur-lined Russian boots. Ludwig took a pulk also, to assist us in case of need. These pulks are shaped very much like a canoe; they are about five feet long, one foot deep, and eighteen inches wide, with a sharp bow and a square stern. You sit upright against the stern-board, with your legs stretched out in the bottom. The deer's harness consists only of a collar of reindeer skin around the neck, with a rope at the bottom, which passes under the belly, between the legs, and is fastened to the bow of the pulk. He is driven by a single rein, attached to the base of the left horn, and passing over the back to the right hand of the driver, who thrusts his thumb into a loop at the end, and takes several turns around his wrist. The rein is held rather slack, in order that it may be thrown over to the right side when it slips to the left, which it is very apt to do.

I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein, and awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his horns. Ludwig set off first; my deer gave a startling leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which

had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance, as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift presentiment of the catastrophe flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arm, was standing still, facing me, with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) on his face. I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. Off we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until, the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snow-drifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom. My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white, solid mass, and my face began to tingle from its snow-bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white a beard suddenly emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Braisted, who was gathering himself up after his third shipwreck.

We took a fresh start, I narrowly missing another overturn, as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the grey Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low huts of Muonioniska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland travelling. It was delightfully novel and exhilarating; I thought of "Afraja," and the song of

‘Kulnasatz, my reindeer!’ and Bryant’s “Arctic Lover,” and whatever else there is of Polar poetry, urged my deer with shouts, and never once looked behind me until I had climbed the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time before they arrived, Braisted’s deer having become fractious and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, “There is nothing equal to this, except riding behind a right whale when he drives to windward, with every man trimming the boat, and the spray flying over your bows!”

We now turned northward through the village, flying around many sharp corners, but this I found comparatively easy work. But for the snow I had taken in, which now began to melt, I got on finely in spite of the falling flakes, which beat in our faces. Von Buch, in his journey through Lapland in 1807, speaks of Muonioniska as “a village with an inn where they have silver spoons.” We stopped at a house which Mr. Wolley stated was the very building, but it proved to be a more recent structure on the site of the old inn. The people looked at us with curiosity on hearing we were Americans. They had heard the name of America, but did not seem to know exactly where it was. On leaving the house, we had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby ploughed a cataract of fine snow into my face, completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest pitch, flung me out, and the deer, eager to make for home, dragged me by the arm for about twenty yards before I

could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although the temperature was only zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed, excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

During the first three days, the weather was raw, dark and lowering, with a temperature varying from 9° above to 13° below zero. On the morning of the 14th, however, the sky finally cleared, with a cold south wind, and we saw, for the first time, the range of snowy mountains in the east. The view from our hill, before so dismally bleak and dark, became broad and beautiful, now that there was a little light to see it by. Beyond the snowy floor of the lake and the river Muonio stretched the scattering huts of Muonioniska, with the church overlooking them, and the round, white peak of Ollastyntre rising above his belt of black woods to the south. Further to the east extended alternate streaks of dark forest and frozen marsh for eighteen miles, to the foot of the mountain range of Palastyntre, which stood like a line of colossal snow-drifts against the soft violet sky, their sides touched by the rosily-golden beams of the invisible sun. This and the valley of the Torneå, at Avasaxa, are two of the finest views in Lapland.

I employed part of my time in making some sketches of characteristic faces. Mr. Wolley, finding that I wished to procure good types of the Finns and Lapps, kindly assisted me—his residence of three years in Muoniovara enabling him to know who were the most marked and peculiar personages. Ludwig was despatched to procure an old fellow by the name of Niemi, a Finn, who promised to comply

with my wishes; but his ignorance made him suspicious, and it was necessary to send again. "I know what travellers are," said he, "and what a habit they have of getting people's skulls to carry home with them. Even if they are arrested for it, they are so rich, they always buy over the judges. Who knows but they might try to kill me for the sake of my skull?" After much persuasion, he was finally induced to come, and, seeing that Ludwig supposed he was still afraid, he said, with great energy: "I have made up my mind to go, even if a shower of knives should fall from heaven!" He was seventy-three years old, though he did not appear to be over sixty—his hair being thick and black, his frame erect and sturdy, and his colour crimson rather than pale. His eyebrows were jet-black and bushy, his eyes large and deep set, his nose strong and prominent, and the corners of his long mouth drawn down in a settled curve, expressing a melancholy grimness. The high cheek-bones, square brow, and muscular jaw belonged to the true Finnish type. He held perfectly still while I drew, scarcely moving a muscle of his face, and I succeeded in getting a portrait which everybody recognised.

I gave him a piece of money, with which he was greatly delighted; and, after a cup of coffee, in Herr Knoblock's kitchen, he went home quite proud and satisfied. "They do not at all look like dangerous persons," said he to the carpenter; "perhaps they do not collect skulls. I wish they spoke our language, that I might ask them how people live in their country. America is a very large, wild place. I know all about it, and the discovery of it. I was not there myself at the time, but Jenis Lampi, who lives in Kittila,

was one of the crew of the ship, and he told me how it happened. Jenis Lampi said they were going to throw the captain overboard, but he persuaded them to give him three days, and on the third day they found it. Now I should like to know whether these people, who come from that country, have laws as we have, and whether they live as comfortably." So saying, Isaaki Anderinpoika Niemi departed.

No sooner had he gone than the old Lapp woman, Elsa, who had been sent for, drove up in her pulk, behind a fast reindeer. She was in complete Lapp costume—a blue cloth gown with wide sleeves, trimmed with scarlet, and a curious pear-shaped cap of the same material, upon her head. She sat upon the floor, on a deer-skin, and employed herself in twisting reindeer sinews, which she rolled upon her cheek with the palm of her hand, while I was sketching her. It was already dark, and I was obliged to work by candle light, but I succeeded in catching the half-insane, witch-like expression of her face. When I took the candle to examine her features more closely, she cried out, "Look at me, O son of man!" She said that I had great powers, and was capable of doing everything, since I had come so far, and could make an image of her upon paper. She asked whether we were married, saying we could hardly travel so much if we were; yet she thought it much better to be married and stay at home. I gave her a rigsdaler, which she took with joyful surprise, saying "What! am I to get my coffee and tobacco, and be paid too? Thanks, O son of man, for your great goodness!" She chuckled very much over the drawing, saying that the dress was exactly right.

In the afternoon we took another reindeer drive to Muonioniska, paying a visit to Pastor Fali, the clergyman whom we had met at Forström's. This time I succeeded very well making the trip without a single overturn, though with several mishaps. Mr. Wolley lost the way, and we drove about at random for some time. My deer became restive, and whirled me around in the snow, filling my pulk. It was so dark that we could scarcely see, and, without knowing the ground, one could not tell where the ups and down were. The pastor received us courteously, treated us to coffee and pipes, and conversed with us for some time. He had not, as he said, a Swedish tongue, and I found it difficult to understand him. On our way back, Braisted's and Ludwig's deers ran together with mine, and, while going at full speed, B.'s jumped into my pulk. I tried in vain either to stop or drive on faster; he trampled me so violently that I was obliged to throw myself out to escape his hoofs. Fortunately the animals are not heavy enough to do any serious harm. We reached Forström's in season for a dinner of fat reindeer steak, cranberries, and a confect of the Arctic raspberry.

After an absence of three days Salomon, the messenger who had been sent up the river to engage reindeer for us, returned, having gone sixty miles before he could procure them. He engaged seven, which arrived the next evening, in the charge of a tall, handsome Finn, who was to be our conductor. We had, in the meantime, supplied ourselves with reindeer *poesks*, such as the Lapps wear,—our own furs being impracticable for pulk travelling—reindeer mittens and boas of squirrel tails strung on reindeer sinews. The carpenter's second son, Anton, a lad of fifteen, was engaged to accompany us as an interpreter.

CHAPTER X.

A REINDEER JOURNEY ACROSS LAPLAND.

WE left Muoniovara at noon on the 15th, fully prepared for a three days' journey across the wilds of Lapland. We were about to traverse the barren, elevated table-land, which divides the waters of the Bothnian Gulf from those of the Northern Ocean,—a dreary, unfriendly region, inhabited only by a few wandering Lapps. Even without the prevalence of famine, we should have had difficulty in procuring food from them, so we supplied ourselves with a saddle of reindeer, six loaves of rye bread, sugar, and a can of coffee. The carpenter lent us a cup and saucer, and Anton, who felt all the responsibility of a boy who is employed for the first time, stowed everything away nicely in the broad baggage pulk. We found it impossible to procure Lapp leggings and shoes at Muonivara, but our Russian boots proved an admirable substitute. The *poesk* of reindeer skin is the warmest covering for the body which could be devised. It is drawn over the head like a shirt, fitting closely around the neck and wrists, where it is generally trimmed with ermine, and reaching half-way below the knee. A thick woollen sash, wrapped first around the neck, the ends then

twisted together down to the waist, where they are passed tightly around the body and tied in front, not only increases the warmth and convenience of the garment, but gives it a highly picturesque air. Our sea-otter caps, turned down so as to cover the ears and forehead, were fastened upon our heads with crimson handkerchiefs, and our boas, of black and red squirrel tails, passed thrice around the neck, reached to the tips of our noses. Over our dog-skin mittens we drew gauntlets of reindeer skin, with which it was difficult to pick up or take hold of anything; but as the deer's rein is twisted around one's wrist, their clumsiness does not interfere with the facility of driving. It would seem impossible for even Arctic cold to penetrate through such defences—and yet it did.

Herr Forström prepared us for the journey by a good breakfast of reindeer's marrow, a justly celebrated Lapland delicacy, and we set out with a splendidly clear sky and a cold of 12° below zero. The Muonio valley was superb, towards sunrise, with a pale, creamy, saffron light on the snow, the forests on the tops of the hills burning like jagged masses of rough opal, and the distant range of Palastyntre bathed in pink light, with pure sapphire shadows on its northern slopes. These Arctic illuminations are transcendent; nothing can equal them, and neither pen nor pencil can describe them. We passed through Muonioniska, and kept up the Russian side, over an undulating, wooded country. The road was quite good, but my deer, in spite of his size and apparent strength, was a lazy beast, and gave me much trouble. I was obliged to get out of the pulk frequently and punch him in the flanks, taking my chance to tumble in

headlong as he sprang forward again. I soon became disgusted with reindeer travelling, especially when, after we had been on the road two hours and it was nearly dark we reached Upper Muonioniska, only eight miles. We there took the river again, and made better progress to Kyrkesuando, the first station, where we stopped an hour to feed the deer. Here there was a very good little inn, with a bed for travellers.

We had seven reindeer, two of which ran loose, so that we could change occasionally on the road. I insisted on changing mine at once, and received in return a smaller animal, which made up in spirit what he lacked in strength. Our conductor was a tall, handsome Finn, with blue eyes and a bright, rosy complexion. His name was Isaac, but he was better known by his nickname of *Pitka Isaaki*, or Long Isaac. He was a slow, good-humoured, prudent, careful fellow, and probably served our purpose as well as anybody we could have found. Anton, however, who made his first journey with us, was invaluable. His father had some misgivings on account of his timidity, but he was so ambitious to give satisfaction that we found him forward enough.

I have already described the country through which we passed, as it was merely a continuation of the scenery below Muonioniska — low, wooded hills, white plains, and everywhere snow, snow, snow, silence and death. The cold increased to 33° below zero, obliging me to bury my nose in my boa and to keep up a vigorous exercise of my toes to prevent them from freezing, as it is impossible to cover one's boots in a pulk. The night was calm, clear, and starry; but after an hour a bank of auroral light gradually arose in the

north, and formed a broad arch, which threw its lustre over the snow and lighted up our path. Almost stationary at first, a restless motion after a time agitated the gleaming bow; it shot out broad streamers of yellow fire, gathered them in and launched them forth again, like the hammer of Thor, which always returned to his hand, after striking the blow for which it had been hurled. The most wonderful appearance, however, was an immense square curtain, which fell from all the central part of the arch. The celestial scene-shifters were rather clumsy, for they allowed one end to fall lower than the other, so that it over-lapped and doubled back upon itself in a broad fold. Here it hung for probably half an hour, slowly swinging to and fro, as if moved by a gentle wind. What new spectacle was in secret preparation behind it we did not learn, for it was hauled up so bunglingly that the whole arch broke and fell in, leaving merely a pile of luminous ruins under the Polar Star.

Hungry and nearly frozen, we reached Palajoki at half-past nine, and were at once ushered into the guests' room, a little hut separated from the main building. Here, barring an inch of ice on the windows and numerous windy cracks in the floor, we felt a little comfort before an immense fire kindled in the open chimney. Our provisions were already adamantine; the meat was transformed into red Finland granite, and the bread into mica-slate. Anton and the old Finnish landlady, the mother of many sons, immediately commenced the work of thawing and cooking, while I, by the light of fir torches, took the portrait of a dark-haired, black-eyed, olive-skinned, big-nosed, thick-lipped youth, who gave his name as Eric Johan Sombasi. When our meal of meat,

bread, and coffee had been despatched, the old woman made a bed of reindeer skins for us in one corner, covered with a coarse sheet, a quilt, and a sheepskin blanket. She then took her station near the door, where several of the sons were already standing, and all appeared to be waiting in silent curiosity to see us retire. We undressed with genuine Finnish freedom of manner, deliberately enough for them to understand the peculiarities of our apparel, and they never took their eyes from us until we were stowed away for the night in our warm nest.

It was snowing and blowing when we arose. Long Isaac had gone to the woods after the reindeer, and we employed the delay in making a breakfast off the leavings of our supper. Crossing the Muonio at starting, we entered the Russian territory and drove up the bed of the Palajok, a tributary stream which comes down from the north. The sky became clearer as the dawn increased; the road was tolerably broken, and we sped merrily along the windings of the river, under its tall banks fringed with fir trees, which, loaded with snow, shone brilliantly white against the rosy sky. The temperature was 8° below zero, which felt unpleasantly warm, by contrast with the previous evening.

After a time we left the river and entered a rolling upland—alternate thickets of fir and birch, and wastes of frozen marsh, where our path was almost obliterated. After more than two hours' travel we came upon a large lake, at the further end of which, on the southern side of a hill, was the little hamlet of Suontajärvi. Here we stopped to bait the deer, Braisted's and mine being nearly fagged out. We entered one of the huts, where a pleasant woman was taking

charge of a year-old baby. There was no fire on the hearth and the wind whistled through the open cracks of the floor. Long Isaac and the woman saluted each other by placing their right arms around each other's waists, which is the universal manner of greeting in Finland. They only shake hands as a token of thanks for a favour.

We started again at noon, taking our way across a wilderness of lakes and snow-covered marshes, dotted with stunted birch-thickets. The road had entirely disappeared, but Eric of Palajoki, who accompanied us as an extra guide, went ahead with a strong reindeer and piloted us. The sagacity with which these animals find the track under a smooth covering of loose snow, is wonderful. They follow it by the feet, of course, but with the utmost ease and rapidity, often while going at full speed. I was struck by the sinuous, mazy character of our course, even where the ground was level, and could only account for it by the supposition that the first track over the light snow had followed the smoothest and firmest ridges of the marshes. Our progress was now slow and toilsome, and it was not long before my deer gave up entirely. Long Isaac, seeing that a change must be made, finally decided to give me a wild, powerful animal, which he had not yet ventured to intrust to either of us.

The deer was harnessed to my pulk, the rein carefully secured around my wrist, and Long Isaac let go his hold. A wicked toss of the antlers and a prodigious jump followed, and the animal rushed full tilt upon Braisted, who was next before me, striking him violently upon the back. The more I endeavored to rein him in, the more he plunged and

tore, now dashing against the led deer, now hurling me over the baggage pulk, and now leaping off the track into bottomless beds of loose snow. Long Isaac at last shouted to me to go ahead and follow Eric, who was about half a mile in advance. A few furious plunges carried me past our little caravan, with my pulk full of snow, and my face likewise. Now, lowering his neck and thrusting out his head, with open mouth and glaring eyes, the deer set off at the top of his speed.

Away I went, like a lance shot out from the aurora's armoury; the pulk slid over the snow with the swiftness of a fish through the water; a torrent of snow-spray poured into my lap and showered against my face, until I was completely blinded. Eric was overtaken so quickly that he had no time to give me the track, and as I was not in a condition to see or hear anything, the deer, with the stupidity of his race, sprang directly upon him, trampled him down, and dragged me and my pulk over him. We came to a stand in the deep snow, while Eric shook himself and started again. My deer now turned and made for the caravan, but I succeeded in pulling his head around, when he charged a second time upon Eric, who threw himself out of his pulk to escape. My strength was fast giving way, when we came to a ridge of deep, loose snow, in which the animals sank above their bellies, and up which they could hardly drag us. My deer was so exhausted when we reached the top, that I had no further difficulty in controlling him.

Before us stretched a trackless plain, bounded by a low mountain ridge. Eric set off at a fast trot, winding hither and thither, as his deer followed the invisible path. I kept

close behind him, white as a Polar bear, but glowing like a volcano under my furs. The temperature was 10° below zero, and I could have wished it ten degrees colder. My deer, although his first savage strength was spent, was still full of spirit, and I began to enjoy this mode of travel. We soon entered the hills, which were covered with thickets of frozen birch, with here and there a tall Scotch fir, completely robed in snow. The sun, which had showed about half his disc at noon, was now dipping under the horizon, and a pure orange glow lighted up the dazzling masses of the crystal woods. All was silver-clear, far and near, shining, as if by its own light, with an indescribable radiance. We had struck upon a well-beaten track on entering the hills, and flew swiftly along through this silent splendour, this jewelled solitude, under the crimson and violet mode of the sky. Here was true Northern romance; here was poetry beyond all the Sagas and Eddas that ever were written.

We passed three Lapps, with heavy hay-sleds, drawn by a reindeer apiece, and after a time issued from the woods upon a range of hills entirely bare and white. Before us was the miserable hamlet of Lippajärvi, on the western side of the barren mountain of Lippivara, which is the highest in this part of Lapland, having an altitude of 1900 feet above the sea. I have rarely seen anything quite so bleak and God-forsaken as this village. A few low black huts, in a desert of snow—that was all. We drove up to a sort of station-house, where an old, white-headed Finn received me kindly, beat the snow off my poesk with a birch broom, and hung my boa near the fire to dry. There was a wild, fierce-looking Lapp in the room, who spoke some Norwegian

and at once asked who and what I was. His head was covered with a mop of bright brown hair, his eyes were dark blue and gleamed like polished steel, and the flushed crimson of his face was set off by the strong bristles of a beard of three weeks growth. There was something savage and ferocious in his air, as he sat with his clenched fists planted upon his knees, and a heavy knife in a wooden scabbard hanging from his belt. When our caravan arrived I transferred him to my sketch-book. He gave me his name as Ole Olsen Thore, and I found he was a character well known throughout the country.

Long Isaac proposed waiting until midnight, for moon rise, as it was already dark, and there was no track beyond Lippajärvi. This seemed prudent, and we therefore, with the old woman's help, set about boiling our meat, thawing bread, and making coffee. It was necessary to eat even beyond what appetite demanded, on account of the long distances between the stations. Drowsiness followed repletion, as a matter of course, and they gave us a bed of skins in an inner-room. Here, however, some other members of the family were gathered around the fire, and kept up an incessant chattering, while a young married couple, who lay in one corner, bestowed their endearments on each other, so that we had but little benefit of our rest. At midnight all was ready, and we set out. Long Isaac had engaged a guide and procured fresh deer in place of those which were fatigued. There was a thick fog, which the moon scarcely brightened, but the temperature had risen to zero, and was as mild as a May morning. For the first time in many days our beards did not freeze.

We pursued our way in complete silence. Our little caravan, in single file, presented a strange, shadowy, mysterious appearance as it followed the winding path, dimly seen through the mist, first on this side and then on that; not a sound being heard, except the crunching of one's own pulk over the snow. My reindeer and myself seemed to be the only living things, and we were pursuing the phantoms of other travellers and other deer, who had long ago perished in the wilderness. It was impossible to see more than a hundred yards; some short, stunted birches, in their spectral coating of snow, grew along the low ridges of the deep, loose snow, which separated the marshes, but nothing else interrupted the monotony of the endless grey ocean through which we went floundering, apparently at hap-hazard. How our guides found the way was beyond my comprehension, for I could discover no distinguishable landmarks. After two hours or more we struck upon a cluster of huts called Palajärvi, seven miles from Lippajärvi, which proved that we were on the right track.

The fog now became thicker than ever. We were upon the water-shed between the Bothnian Gulf and the Northern Ocean, about 1400 feet above the sea. The birches became mere shrubs, dotting the low mounds which here and there arose out of the ocean of snow. The pulks all ran in the same track and made a single furrow, so that our gunwales were generally below the sea-level. The snow was packed so tight, however, that we rarely shipped any. Two hours passed, and I was at length roused from a half-sleep by the evidence of our having lost the way. Long Isaac and the guide stopped and consulted every few mi

notes, striking sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, but without any result. We ran over ridges of heavy, hard tussocks, blown bare of snow, which pitched our pulks right and left, just as I have bumped over the coral reefs of Loo-Choo in a ship's cutter. Then followed deep beds of snow-drifts, which tasked the utmost strength of our deer, low birch thickets and hard ridges again, over which we plunged in the wildest way possible.

After wandering about for a considerable time, we suddenly heard the barking of a dog at some distance on our left. Following the welcome sound, we reached a scrubby ridge, where we were saluted with a whole chorus of dogs, and soon saw the dark cone of a Lapp tent. Long Isaac aroused the inmates, and the shrill cry of a baby proclaimed that there was life and love, even here. Presently a clumsy form, enveloped in skins, waddled out and entered into conversation with our men. I proposed at once to engage a Lapp to guide us as far as Eitajärvi, which they informed us was two Norwegian (fourteen English) miles farther. The man agreed, but must first go off to the woods for his deer, which would detain us two hours. He put on his snow-skates and started, and I set about turning the delay to profit by making acquaintance with the inmates of the tents. We had now reached the middle of the village; the lean wolfish dogs were yelling on all sides, and the people began to bestir themselves. Streams of sparks issued from the open tops of the tents, and very soon we stood as if in the midst of a group of volcanic cones.

The Lapps readily gave us permission to enter. We lifted the hanging door of reindeer hide, crept in, stumbling

over a confused mixture of dogs and deer-skins, until we found room to sit down. Two middle-aged women, dressed in poesks, like the men, were kindling a fire between some large stones in the centre, but the air inside was still as cold as outside. The damp birch sticks gave out a thick smoke, which almost stifled us, and for half an hour we could scarcely see or breathe. The women did not appear to be incommoded in the least, but I noticed that their eyes were considerably inflamed. After a time our company was increased by the arrival of two stout, ruddy girls of about seventeen, and a child of two years old, which already wore a complete reindeer costume. They were all very friendly and hospitable in their demeanour towards us, for conversation was scarcely possible. The interior of the tent was hung with choice bits of deer's hide, from the inside of the flanks and shoulders, designed, apparently, for mittens. Long Isaac at once commenced bargaining for some of them, which he finally purchased. The money was deposited in a rather heavy bag of coin, which one of the women drew forth from under a pile of skins. Our caps and Russian boots excited their curiosity, and they examined them with the greatest minuteness.

These women were neither remarkably small nor remarkably ugly, as the Lapps are generally represented. The ground-tone of their complexion was rather tawny, to be sure, but there was a glowing red on their cheeks, and their eyes were a dark bluish-grey. Their voices were agreeable, and the language (a branch of the Finnish) had none of that barbaric harshness common to the tongues of nomadic tribes. These favorable features, nevertheless, were far from recon-

ciling me to the idea of a trial of Lapp life. When I saw the filth, the poverty, and discomfort in which they lived, I decided that the present experience was all-sufficient. Roasting on one side and freezing on the other, with smarting eyes and asphyxiated lungs, I soon forgot whatever there was of the picturesque in my situation, and thought only of the return of our Lapp guide. The women at last cleared away several dogs, and made room for us to lie down—a more tolerable position, in our case; though how a whole family, with innumerable dogs, stow themselves in the compass of a circle eight feet in diameter, still remains a mystery.

The Lapp returned with his reindeer within the allotted time, and we took our leave of the encampment. A strong south wind had arisen, but did not dissipate the fog, and for two hours we had a renewal of our past experiences, in thumping over hard ridges and ploughing through seas of snow. Our track was singularly devious, sometimes doubling directly back upon itself without any apparent cause. At last, when a faint presentiment of dawn began to glimmer through the fog, the Lapp halted and announced that he had lost the way. Bidding us remain where we were, he struck off into the snow and was soon lost to sight. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed, however, before we heard his cries at a considerable distance. Following, as we best could, across a plain nearly a mile in diameter, we found him at last in a narrow dell between two hills. The ground now sloped rapidly northward, and I saw that we had crossed the water-shed, and that the plain behind us must be the lake Jedeckejaure, which, according to Von Buch, is 1370 feet above the sea.

On emerging from the dell we found a gentle slope before us, covered with hard ice, down which our pulks flew like the wind. This brought us to another lake, followed by a similar slope, and so we descended the icy terraces, until, in a little more than an hour, some covered haystacks gave evidence of human habitation, and we drew up at the huts of Eitajärvi, in Norway. An old man, who had been watching our approach, immediately climbed upon the roof and removed a board from the chimney, after which he ushered us into a bare, cold room, and kindled a roaring fire on the hearth. Anton unpacked our provisions, and our hunger was so desperate, after fasting for twenty hours, that we could scarcely wait for the bread to thaw and the coffee to boil. We set out again at noon, down the frozen bed of a stream which drains the lakes, but had not proceeded far before both deers and pulks began to break through the ice, probably on account of springs under it. After being almost swamped, we managed to get up the steep snow-bank and took to the plain again, making our own road over ridge and through hollow. The caravan was soon stopped, that the pulks might be turned bottom upwards and the ice scraped off, which, like the barnacles on a ship's hull, impeded their progress through the snow. The broad plain we were traversing stretched away to the north without a break or spot of color to relieve its ghastly whiteness; but toward the south-west, where the sunset of an unrisen sun spread its roseate glow through the mist, arose some low mounds, covered with drooping birches, which shone against the soft, mellow splendor, like sprays of silver embroidered on rose-colored satin.

Our course, for about fifteen miles, lay alternately upon the stream (where the ice was sufficiently strong) and the wild plain. Two or three Lapp tents on the bank exhibited the usual amount of children and dogs, but we did not think it worth while to extend the circle of our acquaintance in that direction. At five o'clock, after it had long been dark, we reached half a dozen huts called Siepe, two Norwegian miles from Kautokeino. Long Isaac wished to stop here for the night, but we resolutely set ourselves against him. The principal hut was filthy, crowded with Lapps, and filled with a disagreeable smell from the warm, wet poesks hanging on the rafters. In one corner lay the carcasses of two deer-calves which had been killed by wolves. A long bench, a table, and a rude frame covered with deerskins, and serving as a bed, comprised all the furniture. The usual buckets of sour milk, with wooden ladles, stood by the door. No one appeared to have any particular occupation, if we except the host's wife, who was engaged with an infant in reindeer breeches. We smoked and deliberated while the deers ate their balls of moss, and the result was, that a stout yellow-haired Lapp youngster was engaged to pilot us to Kautokeino.

Siepe stands on a steep bank, down which our track led to the stream again. As the caravan set off, my deer, which had behaved very well through the day, suddenly became fractious, sprang off the track, whirled himself around on his hind legs, as if on a pivot, and turned the pulk completely over, burying me in the snow. Now, I had come from Muoniovara, more than a hundred miles, without being once overturned, and was ambitious to make the whole

journey with equal success. I therefore picked myself up highly disconcerted, and started afresh. The very same thing happened a second and a third time, and I don't think I shall be considered unreasonable for becoming furiously angry. I should certainly have committed cervicide had any weapon been at hand. I seized the animal by the horns, shook, cuffed, and kicked him, but all to no purpose. Long Isaac, who was passing in his pulk, made some remark, which Anton, with all the gravity and conscientiousness of his new position of interpreter, immediately translated.

"Long Isaac says," he shouted, "that the deer will go well enough, if you knew how to drive him." "Long Isaac may go to the devil!" was, I am sorry to say, my profane reply, which Anton at once translated to him.

Seating myself in the pulk again, I gave the deer the rein, and for a time kept him to the top of his speed, following the Lapp, who drove rapidly down the windings of the stream. It was quite dark, but our road was now somewhat broken, and for three hours our caravan swiftly and silently sped on its way. Then, some scattered lights appeared in the distance; our tired deers leaped forward with fresher spirit, and soon brought us to the low wooden huts of Kautokeino. We had travelled upwards of sixty miles since leaving Lippajärvi, breaking our own road through deep snow for a great part of the way. During this time our deers had not been changed. I cannot but respect the pro-
toking animals after such a treat.

CHAPTER XI.

KAUTOKEINO.—A DAY WITHOUT A SUN.

WHILE in Dresden, my friend Ziegler had transferred to me a letter of introduction from Herr Berger, a merchant of Hammerfest, to his housekeeper in Kautokeino. Such a transfer might be considered a great stretch of etiquette in those enlightened regions of the world where hospitality requires certificates of character; but, in a benighted country like Lapland, there was no danger of very fine distinctions being drawn, and Ziegler judged that the house which was to have been placed at his disposal had he made the journey, would as readily open its doors to me. At Muoniovara, I learned that Berger himself was now in Kautokeino, so that I needed only to present him with his own letter. We arrived so late, however, that I directed Long Isaac to take us to the inn until morning. He seemed reluctant to do this, and I could not fathom the reason of his hesitation, until I had entered the hovel to which we were conducted. A single room, filled with smoke from a fire of damp birch sticks, was crammed with Lapps of all sizes, and of both sexes. There was scarcely room to spread a deerskin on the floor while the smell exhaled from their greasy garments and

their unwashed bodies was absolutely stifling. I have travelled too much to be particularly nice in my choice of lodgings, but in this instance I instantly retreated, determined to lie on the snow, under my overturned pulk, rather than pass the night among such bed-fellows.

We drove on for a short distance, and drew up before a large, substantial log-house, which Long Isaac informed me was the residence of the *Länsman*, or magistrate of the district. I knocked at the door, and inquired of the Norwegian servant girl who opened it, where Herr Berger lived. Presently appeared a stout, ruddy gentleman—no less than Herr Berger himself—who addressed me in fluent English. A few words sufficed to explain everything, and in ten minutes our effects were deposited in the guest's room of the *Länsman's* house, and ourselves, stripped of our Polar hides, were seated on a sofa, in a warm, carpeted room, with a bountiful supper-table before us. Blessed be civilization! was my inward ejaculation. Blessed be that yearning for comfort in Man, which has led to the invention of beds, of sofas, and easy chairs: which has suggested cleanliness of body and of habitation, and which has developed the noble art of cooking! The dreary and perilous wastes over which we had passed were forgotten. With hearts warmed in both senses, and stomachs which reacted gratefully upon our hearts, we sank that night into a paradise of snowy linen which sent a consciousness of pleasure even into the oblivion of sleep.

The *Länsman*, Herr Lie, a tall handsome man of twenty three, was a native of Altengaard, and spoke tolerable English. With him and Herr Berger, we found a third per-

son, a theological student, stationed at Kautokeino to learn the Lapp tongue. Pastor Hvorslef, the clergyman, was the only other Norwegian resident. The village, separated from the Northern Ocean, by the barren, uninhabited ranges of the Kiölen Mountains, and from the Finnish settlements on the Muonio by the swampy table-lands we had traversed, is one of the wildest and most forlorn places in all Lapland. Occupying, as it does, the centre of a large district, over which the Lapps range with their reindeer herds during the summer, it is nevertheless a place of some importance, both for trade and for the education, organization, and proper control of the barely-reclaimed inhabitants. A church was first built here by Charles XI. of Sweden, in 1660, although, in the course of subsequent boundary adjustments, the district was made over to Norway. Half a century afterwards, some families of Finns settled here; but they appear to have gradually mixed with the Lapps, so that there is little of the pure blood of either race to be found at present. I should here remark that throughout Norwegian Lapland the Lapps are universally called *Finns*, and the Finns, *Quäns*. As the change of names, however, might occasion some confusion, I shall adhere to the more correct Swedish manner of designating them, which I have used hitherto.

Kautokeino is situated in a shallow valley, or rather basin, opening towards the north-east, whither its river flows to join the Alten. Although only 835 feet above the sea, and consequently below the limits of the birch and the fir in this latitude, the country has been stripped entirely bare for miles around, and nothing but the scattering groups of

low, dark huts, breaks the snowy monotony. It is with great difficulty that vegetables of any kind can be raised. Potatoes have once or twice been made to yield eight-fold, but they are generally killed by the early autumn frosts before maturity. On the southern bank of the river, the ground remains frozen the whole year round, at a depth of only nine feet. The country furnishes nothing except reindeer meat, milk, and cheese. Grain, and other supplies of all kinds, must be hauled up from the Alten Fiord, a distance of 112 miles. The carriage is usually performed in winter, when, of course, everything reaches its destination in a frozen state. The potatoes are as hard as quartz pebbles, sugar and salt become stony masses, and even wine assumes a solid form. In this state they are kept until wanted for use, rapidly thawed, and immediately consumed, whereby their flavour is but little impaired. The potatoes, cabbage, and preserved berries on the Länsman's table were almost as fresh as if they had never been frozen.

Formerly, the place was almost entirely deserted during the summer months, and the resident missionary and Länsman returned to Alten until the Lapps came back to their winter huts; but, for some years past, the stationary population has increased, and the church is kept open the whole year. Winter, however, is the season when the Lapps are found at home, and when their life and habits are most characteristic and interesting. The population of Kautokeino is then, perhaps, about 800; in summer it is scarcely one-tenth of this number. Many of the families—especially those of mixed Finnish blood—live in wooden huts, with the luxury of a fireplace and chimney, and a window or two

but the greater part of them burrow in low habitations of earth, which resemble large mole-hills raised in the crust of the soil. Half snowed over and blended with the natural inequalities of the earth, one would never imagine, but for the smoke here and there issuing from holes, that human beings existed below. On both sides of the stream are rows of storehouses, wherein the Lapps deposit their supplies and household articles during their summer wanderings. These structures are raised upon birch posts, each capped with a smooth, horizontal board, in order to prevent the rats and mice from effecting an entrance. The church is built upon a slight eminence to the south, with its low red belfry standing apart, as in Sweden, in a small grove of birches, which have been spared for a summer ornament to the sanctuary.

We awoke at eight o'clock to find a clear twilight and a cold of 10° below zero. Our stay at Muoniovara had given the sun time to increase his altitude somewhat, and I had some doubts whether we should succeed in beholding a day of the Polar winter. The Länsman, however, encouraged us by the assurance that the sun had not yet risen upon his residence, though nearly six weeks had elapsed since his disappearance, but that his return was now looked for every day, since he had already begun to shine upon the northern hills. By ten o'clock it was light enough to read; the southern sky was a broad sea of golden orange, dotted with a few crimson cloud-islands, and we set ourselves to watch with some anxiety the gradual approach of the exiled god. But for this circumstance, and two other drawbacks, I should have gone to church to witness the Lapps at their religious exercises. Pastor Hvoslef was ill, and the service consisted

only of the reading of some prayers by the Lapp schoolmaster; added to which, the church is never warmed, even in the coldest days of winter. One cause of this may, perhaps, be the dread of an accidental conflagration; but the main reason is, the inconvenience which would arise from the thawing out of so many antiquated reindeer garments, and the effluvia given out by the warmed bodies within them. Consequently, the temperature inside the church is about the same as outside, and the frozen moisture of the worshippers' breath forms a frosty cloud so dense as sometimes to hide the clergyman from the view of his congregation. Pastor Hvoslef informed me that he had frequently preached in a temperature of 35° below zero. "At such times," said he, "the very words seem to freeze as they issue from my lips, and fall upon the heads of my hearers like a shower of snow." "But," I ventured to remark, "our souls are controlled to such a degree by the condition of our bodies, that I should doubt whether any true devotional spirit could exist at such a time. Might not even religion itself be frozen?" "Yes," he answered, "there is no doubt that all the better feelings either disappear, or become very faint, when the mercury begins to freeze." The pastor himself was at that time suffering the penalty of indulging a spirit of reverence which for a long time led him to officiate with uncovered head.

The sky increased in brightness as we watched. The orange flushed into rose, and the pale white hills looked even more ghastly against the bar of glowing carmine which fringed the horizon. A few long purple streaks of cloud hung over the sun's place, and higher up in the vault floated some loose masses, tinged with fiery crimson on their

lower edges. About half-past eleven, a pencil of bright red light shot up—a signal which the sun uplifted to herald his coming. As it slowly moved westward along the hills, increasing in height and brilliancy until it became a long tongue of flame, playing against the streaks of cloud we were apprehensive that the near disc would rise to view. When the Länsmän's clock pointed to twelve, its base had become so bright as to shine almost like the sun itself; but after a few breathless moments the unwelcome glow began to fade. We took its bearing with a compass, and after making allowance for the variation (which is here very slight) were convinced that it was really past meridian, and the radiance, which was that of morning a few minutes before, belonged to the splendours of evening now. The colours of the firmament began to change in reverse order, and the dawn, which had almost ripened to sunrise, now withered away to night without a sunset. We had at last seen a day without a sun.

The snowy hills to the north, it is true, were tinged with a flood of rosy flame, and the very next day would probably bring down the tide-mark of sunshine to the tops of the houses. One day, however, was enough to satisfy me. You, my heroic friend*, may paint with true pencil, and still truer pen, the dreary solemnity of the long Arctic night: but, greatly as I enjoy your incomparable pictures, much as

* This was written in Lapland; and at the same time my friend Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of immortal memory, lay upon his death-bed, in Havana. I retain the words, which I then supposed would meet his eye, that I may add my own tribute of sorrow for the untimely death of one of the truest, bravest, and noblest-hearted men I ever knew.

I honour your courage and your endurance, you shall never tempt me to share in the experience. The South is a cup which one may drink to inebriation; but one taste from the icy goblet of the North is enough to allay curiosity and quench all further desire. Yet the contrast between these two extremes came home to me vividly but once during this journey. A traveller's mind must never stray too far from the things about him, and long habit has enabled me to throw myself entirely into the conditions and circumstances of each separate phase of my wandering life, thereby preserving distinct the sensations and experiences of each, and preventing all later confusion in the memory. But one day, at Muoniovara, as I sat before the fire in the afternoon darkness, there flashed across my mind a vision of cloudless Egypt—palm-trees rustling in the hot wind, yellow mountain-walls rising beyond the emerald plain of the Nile, the white pencils of minarets in the distance, the creamy odour of bean-blossoms in the air—a world of glorious vitality, where Death seemed an unaccountable accident. Here, Life existed only on sufferance, and all Nature frowned with a robber's demand to give it up. I flung my pipe across the room and very soon, behind a fast reindeer, drove away from the disturbing reminiscence.

I went across the valley to the schoolmaster's house to make a sketch of Kautokeino, but the frost was so thick on the windows that I was obliged to take a chair in the open air and work with bare hands. I soon learned the value of rapidity in such an employment. We spent the afternoon in the Länsman's parlor, occasionally interrupted by the visits of Lapps, who, having heard of our arrival, were very

curious to behold the first Americans who ever reached this part of the world. They came into the room with the most perfect freedom, saluted the Länsmän, and then turned to stare at us until they were satisfied, when they retired to give place to others who were waiting outside. We were obliged to hold quite a levee during the whole evening. They had all heard of America, but knew very little else about it, and many of them questioned us, through Herr Berger, concerning our religion and laws. The fact of the three Norwegian residents being able to converse with us astonished them greatly. The Lapps of Kautokeino have hitherto exalted themselves over the Lapps of Karasjok and Karessuando, because the Länsmän, Berger, and Pastor Hvoslef could speak with English and French travellers in their own language, while the merchants and pastors of the latter places are acquainted only with Norwegian and Swedish; and now their pride received a vast accession. "How is it possible?" said they to Herr Berger, "these men come from the other side of the world, and you talk with them as fast in their own language as if you had never spoken any other!" The schoolmaster, Lars Kaino, a one-armed fellow, with a more than ordinary share of acuteness and intelligence, came to request that I would take his portrait, offering to pay me for my trouble. I agreed to do it gratuitously, on condition that I should keep it myself, and that he should bring his wife to be included in the sketch.

He assented, with some sacrifice of vanity, and came around the next morning, in his holiday suit of blue cloth, trimmed with scarlet and yellow binding. His wife, a short woman of about twenty-five, with a face as flat and round

as a platter, but a remarkably fair complexion, accompanied him, though with evident reluctance, and sat with eyes modestly cast down while I sketched her features. The circumstance of my giving Lars half a dollar at the close of the sitting was immediately spread through Kautokeino, and before night all the Lapps of the place were ambitious to undergo the same operation. Indeed, the report reached the neighboring villages, and a Hammerfest merchant, who came in the following morning from a distance of seven miles, obtained a guide at less than the usual price, through the anxiety of the latter to arrive in time to have his portrait taken. The shortness of the imperfect daylight, however, obliged me to decline further offers, especially as there were few Lapps of pure, unmixed blood among my visitors.

Kautokeino was the northern limit of my winter journey I proposed visiting Altengaard in the summer, on my way to the North Cape, and there is nothing in the barren tract between the two places to repay the excursion. I had already seen enough of the Lapps to undeceive me in regard to previously-formed opinions respecting them, and to take away the desire for a more intimate acquaintance. In features, as in language, they resemble the Finns sufficiently to indicate an ethnological relationship. I could distinguish little, if any, trace of the Mongolian blood in them. They are fatter, fairer, and altogether handsomer than the nomadic offshoots of that race, and resemble the Esquimaux (to whom they have been compared) in nothing but their rude, filthy manner of life. Von Buch ascribes the difference in stature and physical stamina between them and the Finns to the use of the vapor bath by the latter and the aversion

no water of the former. They are a race of Northern gipsies, and it is the restless blood of this class rather than any want of natural capacity which retards their civilisation. Although the whole race has been converted to Christianity, and education is universal among them--no Lapp being permitted to marry until he can read--they have but in too many respects substituted one form of superstition for another. The spread of temperance among them, however, has produced excellent results, and, in point of morality, they are fully up to the prevailing standard in Sweden and Norway. The practice, formerly imputed to them, of sharing their connubial rights with the guests who visited them, is wholly extinct,—if it ever existed. Theft is the most usual offence, but crimes of a more heinous character are rare.

Whatever was picturesque in the Lapps has departed with their paganism. No wizards now ply their trade of selling favorable winds to the Norwegian coasters, or mutter their incantations to discover the concealed grottoes of silver in the Kiölen mountains. It is in vain, therefore, for the romantic traveller to seek in them the materials for weird stories and wild adventures. They are frightfully pious and commonplace. Their conversion has destroyed what little of barbaric poetry there might have been in their composition, and, instead of chanting to the spirits of the winds, and clouds, and mountains, they have become furious ranters, who frequently claim to be possessed by the Holy Ghost. As human beings, the change, incomplete as it is, is nevertheless to their endless profit; but as objects of interest to the traveller, it has been to their detriment. It would be far more picturesque to describe a sabaoth of Lap-

land witches than a prayer-meeting of shouting converts, yet no friend of his race could help rejoicing to see the latter substituted for the former. In proportion, therefore, as the Lapps have become enlightened (like all other savage tribes), they have become less interesting. Retaining nearly all that is repulsive in their habits of life, they have lost the only peculiarities which could persuade one to endure the inconveniences of a closer acquaintance.

I have said that the conversion of the Lapps was in some respects the substitution of one form of superstition for another. A tragic exemplification of this fact, which produced the greatest excitement throughout the North, took place in Kautokeino four years ago. Through the preaching of Lestadius and other fanatical missionaries, a spiritual epidemic, manifesting itself in the form of visions, trances, and angelic possessions, broke out among the Lapps. It infected the whole country, and gave rise to numerous disturbances and difficulties in Kautokeino. It was no unusual thing for one of the congregation to arise during church service, declare that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and call upon those present to listen to his revelations. The former Länsmän arrested the most prominent of the offenders, and punished them with fine and imprisonment. This begat feelings of hatred on the part of the fanatics, which soon ripened into a conspiracy. The plot was matured during the summer months, when the Lapps descended towards the Norwegian coast with their herds of reindeer.

I have the account of what followed from the lips of Pastor Hvosløf, who was then stationed here, and was also one of the victims of their resentment. Early one morning

in October, when the inhabitants were returning from their summer wanderings, he was startled by the appearance of the resident merchant's wife, who rushed into his house in a frantic state, declaring that her husband was murdered. He fancied that the woman was bewildered by some sudden fright, and, in order to quiet her, walked over to the merchant's house. Here he found the unfortunate man lying dead upon the floor, while a band of about thirty Lapps headed by the principal fanatics, were forcing the house of the Länsmän, whom they immediately dispatched with their knives and clubs. They then seized the pastor and his wife, beat them severely with birch-sticks, and threatened them with death unless they would acknowledge the divine mission of the so-called prophets.

The greater part of the day passed in uncertainty and terror, but towards evening appeared a crowd of friendly Lapps from the neighbouring villages, who, after having received information, through fugitives, of what had happened, armed themselves and marched to the rescue. A fight ensued, in which the conspirators were beaten, and the prisoners delivered out of their hands. The friendly Lapps, unable to take charge of all the criminals, and fearful lest some of them might escape during the night, adopted the alternative of beating every one of them so thoroughly that they were all found the next morning in the same places where they had been left the evening before. They were tried at Alten, the two ringleaders executed, and a number of the others sent to the penitentiary at Christiania. This summary justice put a stop to all open and violent manifestations of religious frenzy, but it still exists to some extent though only indulged in secret.

We paid a visit to Pastor Hvoslef on Monday, and had the pleasure of his company to dinner in the evening. He is a Christian gentleman in the best sense of the term and though we differed in matters of belief, I was deeply impressed with his piety and sincerity. Madame Hvoslef and two rosy little Arctic blossoms shared his exile—for this is nothing less than an exile to a man of cultivation and intellectual tastes. In his house I saw—the last thing one would have expected to find in the heart of Lapland—a piano. Madame Hvoslef, who is an accomplished performer, sat down to it, and gave us the barcarole from Massaniello. While in the midst of a maze of wild Norwegian melodies, I saw the Pastor whisper something in her ear. At once, to our infinite amazement, she boldly struck up “Yankee Doodle!” Something like an American war-whoop began to issue from Braisted’s mouth, but was smothered in time to prevent an alarm. “How on earth did that air get into Lapland!” I asked. “I heard Ole Bull play it at Christiania,” said Madame Hvoslef, “and learned it from memory afterwards.”

The weather changed greatly after our arrival. From 23° below zero on Sunday evening, it rose to 8½° above, on Monday night, with a furious hurricane of snow from the north. We sent for our deer from the hills early on Tuesday morning, in order to start on our return to Muoniovara. The Lapps, however, have an Oriental disregard of time, and as there was no chance of our getting off before noon, we improved part of the delay in visiting the native schools and some of the earthen huts, or, rather, dens, in which most of the inhabitants live. There were two schools, each contain-

ing about twenty scholars—fat, greasy youngsters, swaddled in reindeer skins, with blue eyes, light brown or yellow hair and tawny red cheeks, wherever the original colour could be discerned. As the rooms were rather warm, the odour of Lapp childhood was not quite as fresh as a cowslip and we did not tarry long among them.

Approaching the side of a pile of dirt covered with snow, we pushed one after another, against a small square door, hung at such a slant that it closed of itself, and entered an ante-den used as a store-room. Another similar door ushered us into the house, a rude, vaulted space, framed with poles, sticks and reindeer hides, and covered compactly with earth, except a narrow opening in the top to let out the smoke from a fire kindled in the centre. Pieces of reindeer hide, dried flesh, bags of fat, and other articles, hung from the frame and dangled against our heads as we entered. The den was not more than five feet high by about eight feet in diameter. The owner, a jolly, good-humoured Lapp, gave me a low wooden stool, while his wife, with a pipe in her mouth, squatted down on the hide which served for a bed and looked at me with amiable curiosity. I contemplated them for a while with my eyes full of tears (the smoke being very thick,) until finally both eyes and nose could endure no more, and I sought the open air again.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN TO MUONIOVARA.

WHILE at Kautokeino I completed my Lapp outfit by purchasing a scarlet cap, stuffed with eider down, a pair of *bællinger*, or reindeer leggings, and the *komager*, or broad, boat-shaped shoes, filled with dry soft hay, and tightly bound around the ankles, which are worn by everybody in Lapland. Attired in these garments, I made a very passable Lapp, barring a few superfluous inches of stature, and at once realized the prudence of conforming in one's costume to the native habits. After the first feeling of awkwardness is over, nothing can be better adapted to the Polar Winter than the Lapp dress. I walked about at first with the sensation of having each foot in the middle of a large feather bed, but my blood preserved its natural warmth even after sitting for hours in an open pulk. The *bællinger*, fastened around the thighs by drawing-strings of reindeer sinew, are so covered by the *poesk* that one becomes, for all practical purposes, a biped reindeer, and may wallow in the snow as much as he likes without the possibility of a particle getting through his hide.

The temperature was, nevertheless, singularly mild when

we set out on our return. There had been a violent storm of wind and snow the previous night, after which the mercury rose to 16° above zero. We waited until noon before our reindeers could be collected, and then set off, with the kind farewell wishes of the four Norwegian inhabitants of the place. I confess to a feeling of relief when we turned our faces southward, and commenced our return to daylight. We had at last seen the Polar night, the day without a sunrise; we had driven our reindeer under the arches of the aurora borealis; we had learned enough of the Lapps to convince us that further acquaintance would be of little profit; and it now seemed time to attempt an escape from the limbo of Death into which we had ventured. Our faces had already begun to look pale and faded from three weeks of alternate darkness and twilight, but the novelty of our life preserved us from any feeling of depression and prevented any perceptible effect upon our bodily health, such as would assuredly have followed a protracted experience of the Arctic Winter. Every day now would bring us further over the steep northern shoulder of the Earth, and nearer to that great heart of life in the south, where her blood pulses with eternal warmth. Already there was a perceptible increase of the sun's altitude, and at noonday a thin upper slice of his disc was visible for about half an hour.

By Herr Berger's advice, we engaged as guide to Lippa järvi, a Lapp, who had formerly acted as postman, and professed to be able to find his way in the dark. The wind had blown so violently that it was probable we should have to break our own road for the whole distance. Leaving Kautokeino, we travelled up the valley of a frozen stream.

towards desolate ranges of hills, or rather shelves of the table-land, running north-east and south-west. They were spotted with patches of stunted birch, hardly rising above the snow. Our deer were recruited, and we made very good progress while the twilight lasted. At some Lapp tents, where we stopped to make inquiries about the ice, I was much amused by the appearance of a group of children, who strikingly resembled bear-cubs standing on their hind legs. They were coated with reindeer hide from head to foot, with only a little full-moon of tawny red face visible.

We stopped at Siepe an hour to bait the deer. The single wooden hut was crowded with Lapps, one of whom, apparently the owner, spoke a little Norwegian. He knew who we were, and asked me many questions about America. He was most anxious to know what was our religion, and what course the Government took with regard to different sects. He seemed a little surprised, and not less pleased, to hear that all varieties of belief were tolerated, and that no one sect possessed any peculiar privileges over another. (It is only very recently that dissenters from the Orthodox Church have been allowed to erect houses of worship in Norway.) While we were speaking on these matters, an old woman, kneeling near us, was muttering prayers to herself, wringing her hands, sobbing, and giving other evidences of violent religious excitement. This appeared to be a common occurrence, as none of the Lapps took the slightest notice of it. I have no doubt that much of that hallucination which led to the murders at Kautokeino still exists among the people, kept alive by secret indulgence. Those missionaries have much to answer for who have planted the

seeds of spiritual disease among this ignorant and impressionable race.

The night was cold and splendidly clear. We were obliged to leave the river on account of rotten ice, and took to the open plains, where our deers sank to their bellies in the loose snow. The leading animals became fractious, and we were obliged to stop every few minutes, until their paroxysms subsided. I could not perceive that the Lapps themselves exercised much more control over them than we, who were new to the business. The domesticated reindeer still retains his wild instincts, and never fails to protest against the necessity of labor. The most docile will fly from the track, plunge, face about and refuse to draw, when you least expect it. They are possessed by an incorrigible stupidity. Their sagacity applies only to their animal wants, and they seem almost totally deficient in memory. They never become attached to men, and the only sign of recognition they show, is sometimes to allow certain persons to catch them more easily than others. In point of speed they are not equal to the horse, and an hour's run generally exhausts them. When one considers their size, however, their strength and power of endurance seem marvellous. Herr Berger informed me that he had driven a reindeer from Alten to Kautokeino, 112 miles, in twenty-six hours, and from the latter place to Muoniovara in thirty. I was also struck by the remarkable adaptation of the animal to its uses. Its hoof resembles that of the camel, being formed for snow, as the latter for sand. It is broad, cloven and flexible, the separate divisions spreading out so as to present a resisting surface when the foot is set down, and

falling together when it is lifted. Thus in snow where a horse would founder in the space of a hundred yards, the deer easily works his way, mile after mile, drawing the sliding, canoe-like pulk, burdened with his master's weight, after him.

The Lapps generally treat their animals with the greatest patience and forbearance, but otherwise do not exhibit any particular attachment for them. They are indebted to them for food, clothing, habitation and conveyance, and their very existence may therefore almost be said to depend on that of their herds. It is surprising, however, what a number of deer are requisite for the support of a family. Von Buch says that a Lapp who has a hundred deer is poor, and will be finally driven to descend to the coast, and take to fishing. The does are never made to labour, but are kept in the woods for milking and breeding. Their milk is rich and nourishing, but less agreeable to the taste than that of the cow. The cheese made from it is strong and not particularly palatable. It yields an oil which is the sovereign specific for frozen flesh. The male deer used for draft are always castrated, which operation the old Lapp women perform by slowly chewing the glands between their teeth until they are reduced to a pulp, without wounding the hide.

During this journey I had ample opportunity of familiarising myself with reindeer travel. It is picturesque enough at the outset, but when the novelty of the thing is worn off nothing is left but a continual drain upon one's patience. Nothing can exceed the coolness with which your deer jumps off the track, slackens his tow-rope, turns around and looks you in the face, as much as to say: "What are

you going to do about it?" The simplicity and stupidity of his countenance seem to you to be admirably feigned, and unless you are an old hand you are inevitably provoked. This is particularly pleasant on the marshy table-lands of Lapland, where, if he takes a notion to bolt with you, your pulk bounces over the hard tussocks, sheers sideways down the sudden pitches, or swamps itself in beds of loose snow. Harness a frisky sturgeon to a "dug-out," in a rough sea, and you will have some idea of this method of travelling. While I acknowledge the Providential disposition of things which has given the reindeer to the Lapp, I cannot avoid thanking Heaven that I am not a Lapp, and that I shall never travel again with reindeer.

The aberrations of our deer obliged us to take a very sinuous course. Sometimes we headed north, and sometimes south, and the way seemed so long that I mistrusted the quality of our guide; but at last a light shone ahead. It was the hut of Eitajärvi. A lot of pulks lay in front of it, and the old Finn stood already with a fir torch, waiting to light us in. On arriving, Anton was greeted by his sister Caroline, who had come thus far from Muoniovara, on her way to visit some relatives at Altengaard. She was in company with some Finns, who had left Lippajärvi the day previous, but losing their way in the storm, had wandered about for twenty-four hours, exposed to its full violence. Think of an American girl of eighteen sitting in an open pulk, with the thermometer at zero, a furious wind and blinding snow beating upon her, and neither rest nor food for a day! There are few who would survive twelve hours, yet Caroline was as fresh, lively, and cheerful as ever, and

immediately set about cooking our supper. We found a fire in the cold guest's room, the place swept and cleaned, and a good bed of deer-skins in one corner. The temperature had sunk to 12° below zero, and the wind blew through wide cracks in the floor, but between the fire and the reciprocal warmth of our bodies we secured a comfortable sleep—a thing of the first consequence in such a climate.

Our deer started well in the morning, and the Lapp guide knew his way perfectly. The wind had blown so strongly that the track was cleared rather than filled, and we slipped up the long slopes at a rapid rate. I recognised the narrow valley where we first struck the northern streams, and the snowy plain beyond, where our first Lapp guide lost his way. By this time it was beginning to grow lighter, showing us the dreary wastes of table-land which we had before crossed in the fog. North of us was a plain of unbroken snow, extending to a level line on the horizon, where it met the dark violet sky. Were the colour changed, it would have perfectly represented the sandy plateaux of the Nubian Desert, in so many particulars does the extreme North imitate the extreme South. But the sun, which never deserts the desert, had not yet returned to these solitudes. Far, far away, on the edge of the sky, a dull red glimmer showed where he moved. Not the table-land of Pamir, in Thibet, the cradle of the Oxus and the Indus, but this lower Lapland terrace, is entitled to the designation of the "Roof of the World." We were on the summit, creeping along her mountain rafters, and looking southward, off her shelving eaves, to catch a glimpse of the light playing on her majestic front. Here, for once, we seemed to look down on

the horizon, and I thought of Europe and the Tropics as lying below. Our journey northward had been an ascent but now the world's steep sloped downward before us into sunshine and warmer air. In ascending the Andes or the Himalayas, you pass through all climates and belts of vegetation between the Equator and the Pole, and so a journey due north, beyond the circle of the sun, simply reverses the phenomenon, and impresses one like the ascent of a mountain on the grandest possible scale.

In two hours from the time we left Eitajärvi we reached the Lapp encampment. The herds of deer had been driven in from the woods, and were clustered among the birch bushes around the tents. We had some difficulty in getting our own deer past them, until the Lapps came to our assistance. We made no halt, but pushed on, through deeper snows than before, over the desolate plain. As far as Palajärvi we ran with our gunwales below the snow-level, while the foremost pulks were frequently swamped under the white waves that broke over them. We passed through a picturesque gorge between two hills about 500 feet high, and beyond it came upon wide lakes covered deep with snow, under which there was a tolerable track, which the leading deer was able to find with his feet. Beyond these lakes there was a ridge, which we had no sooner crossed than a dismally grand prospect opened before us. We overlooked a valley-basin, marked with belts of stunted birch, and stretching away for several miles to the foot of a bleak snowy mountain, which I at once recognised as Lippavara. After rounding its western point and turning southward again, we were rejoiced with the sight of some fir trees, from which the snow had been

shaken, brightening even with their gloomy green the white monotony of the Lapland wilderness. It was like a sudden gleam of sunshine.

We reached Lippajärva at twelve, having made twenty-eight miles of hard travel in five hours. Here we stopped two hours to cook a meal and change our deer, and then pushed on to reach Palajoki the same night. We drove through the birch woods, no longer glorious as before, for the snow had been shaken off, and there was no sunset light to transfigure them. Still on, ploughing through deep seas in the gathering darkness, over marshy plains, all with a slant southward, draining into the Muonio, until we reached the birchen ridge of Suontajärvi, with its beautiful firs rising here and there, silent and immovable. Even the trees have no voices in the North, let the wind blow as it will. There is nothing to be heard but the sharp whistle of the dry snow—the same dreary music which accompanies the African simoom. The night was very dark, and we began to grow exceedingly tired of sitting flat in our pulks. I looked sharp for the Palajock Elv, the high fir-fringed banks of which I remembered, for they denoted our approach to the Muonio; but it was long, long before we descended from the marshes upon the winding road of snow-covered ice. In vain I shifted my aching legs and worked my benumbed hands, looking out ahead for the embouchure of the river. Braisted and I encouraged each other, whenever we were near enough to hear, by the reminder that we had only one more day with reindeer. After a long time spent in this way, the high banks flattened, level snows and woods succeeded, and we sailed into the port of Palajoki.

The old Finnish lady curtsied very deeply as she recognised us, and hastened to cook our coffee and reindeer, and to make us a good bed with sheets. On our former visit the old lady and her sons had watched us undress and get into bed, but on this occasion three buxom daughters, of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, appeared about the time for retiring, and stationed themselves in a row near the door, where they watched us with silent curiosity. As we had shown no hesitation in the first case, we determined to be equally courageous now, and commenced removing our garments with great deliberation, allowing them every opportunity of inspecting their fashion and the manner of wearing them. The work thus proceeded in mutual silence until we were nearly ready for repose, when Braisted, by pulling off a stocking and displaying a muscular calf, suddenly alarmed the youngest, who darted to the door and rushed out. The second caught the panic, and followed, and the third and oldest was therefore obliged to do likewise, though with evident reluctance. I was greatly amused at such an unsophisticated display of curiosity. The perfect composure of the girls, and the steadiness with which they watched us, showed that they were quite unconscious of having committed any impropriety.

The morning was clear and cold. Our deer had strayed so far into the woods that we did not get under way before the forenoon twilight commenced. We expected to find a broken road down the Muonio, but a heavy snow had fallen the day previous, and the track was completely filled. Long Isaac found so much difficulty in taking the lead, his deer constantly bolting from the path, that Anton finally relieved

him, and by standing upright in the pulk and thumping the deer's flanks, succeeded in keeping up the animal's spirits and forcing a way. It was slow work, however, and the sun, rolling his whole disc above the horizon, announced mid-day before we reached Kyrkessuando. As we drove up to the little inn, we were boisterously welcomed by Häl, Herr Forström's brown wolf-dog, who had strayed thus far from home. Our deer were beginning to give out, and we were very anxious to reach Muoniovara in time for dinner, so we only waited long enough to give the animals a feed of moss and procure some hot milk for ourselves.

The snow-storm, which had moved over a narrow belt of country, had not extended below this place, and the road was consequently well broken. We urged our deer into a fast trot, and slid down the icy floor of the Muonio, past hills whose snows flashed scarlet and rose-orange in the long splendour of sunset. Hunger and the fatigue which our journey was producing at last, made us extremely sensitive to the cold, though it was not more than 20° below zero. My blood became so chilled, that I was apprehensive the extremities would freeze, and the most vigorous motion of the muscles barely sufficed to keep at bay the numbness which attacked them. At dusk we drove through Upper Muonioniska, and our impatience kept the reindeers so well in motion that before five o'clock (although long after dark,) we were climbing the well-known slope to Herr Forström's house at Muoniovara. Here we found the merchant, not yet departed to the Lapp fair at Karessuando, and Mr. Wolley, who welcomed us with the cordiality of an old friend. Our snug room at the carpenter's was already warmed and set in order, and

after our reindeer drive of 250 miles through the wildest parts of Lapland, we felt a home-like sense of happiness and comfort in smoking our pipes before the familiar iron stove.

The trip to Kautokeino embraced about all I saw of Lapp life during the winter journey. The romance of the tribe, as I have already said, has totally departed with their conversion, while their habits of life scarcely improved in the least, are sufficiently repulsive to prevent any closer experience than I have had, unless the gain were greater. Mr. Wolley, who had been three years in Lapland, also informed me that the superstitious and picturesque traditions of the people have almost wholly disappeared, and the coarse mysticism and rant which they have engrafted upon their imperfect Christianity does not differ materially from the same excrescence in more civilized races. They have not even (the better for them, it is true) any characteristic and picturesque vices—but have become, certainly to their own great advantage, a pious, fanatical, moral, ignorant and commonplace people. I have described them exactly as I found them, and as they have been described to me by those who knew them well. The readers of “Afraja” may be a little disappointed with the picture, as I confess I have been (in an artistic sense, only) with the reality; but the Lapps have lost many vices with their poetic *diablerie*, and nobody has a right to complain.

It is a pity that many traits which are really characteristic and interesting in a people cannot be mentioned on account of that morbid prudery so prevalent in our day, which insults the unconscious innocence of nature. Oh, that one could imitate the honest unreserve of the old travellers—the

conscientiousness which insisted on telling not only the truth, but the whole truth! This is scarcely possible, now; but at the same time I have not been willing to emasculate my accounts of the tribes of men to the extent perhaps required by our ultra-conventionalism, and must insist, now and then, on being allowed a little Flemish fidelity to nature. In the description of races, as in the biography of individuals, the most important half of life is generally omitted.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT THE FINNS.

WE remained but another day in Muoniovara, after our return from Kautokeino, and this was devoted to preparations for the return journey to Haparanda. My first intention had been to make an excursion across the country to the iron mountains of Gellivara, thence to Quickjock, at the foot of the Northern Alp, Sulitelma, "Queen of Snows," and so southward through the heart of Swedish Lappmark; but I found that such a journey would be attended with much difficulty and delay. In the first place, there were no broken roads at this season, except on the routes of inland trade; much of the intermediate country is a wilderness where one must camp many nights in the snow; food was very scarce, the Lapps having hardly enough for their own necessities, and the delays at every place where guides and reindeer must be changed, would have prolonged the journey far beyond the time which I had allotted to the North. I began to doubt, also, whether one would be sufficiently repaid for the great fatigue and danger which such a trip would have involved. There is no sensation of which one wearies sooner than disgust; and, much as I enjoy a degree of

barbarism in milder climates, I suspected that a long companionship with Lapps in a polar winter would be a little too much for me. So I turned my face toward Stockholm, heartily glad that I had made the journey, yet not dissatisfied that I was looking forward to its termination.

Before setting out on our return, I shall devote a few pages to the Finns. For the principal facts concerning them, I am mostly indebted to Mr. Wolley, whose acquaintance with the language, and residence of three years in Lapland, have made him perfectly familiar with the race. As I have already remarked, they are a more picturesque people than the Swedes, with stronger lights and shades of character, more ardent temperaments, and a more deeply-rooted national feeling. They seem to be rather clannish and exclusive, in fact, disliking both Swedes and Russians, and rarely intermarrying with them. The sharply-defined boundaries of language and race, at the head of the Bothnian Gulf, are a striking evidence of this. Like their distant relatives, the Hungarian Magyars, they retain many distinct traces of their remote Asiatic origin. It is partly owing to this fact, and partly to that curious approach of extremes which we observe in nature no less than in humanity, that all suggestive traits of resemblance in these regions point to the Orient rather than to Europe.

I have already described the physical characteristics of the Finns, and have nothing to add, except that I found the same type everywhere, even among the mixed-blooded Quäns of Kautokeino—high cheek-bones, square, strong jaws, full yet firm lips, low, broad foreheads, dark eyes and hair, and a deeper, warmer red on the cheeks than on those of the rosy

Swedes. The average height is, perhaps, not quite equal to that of the latter race, but in physical vigor I can see no inferiority, and there are among them many men of splendid stature, strength, and proportion. Von Buch ascribes the marked difference of stature between the Finns and the Lapps, both living under precisely the same influences of climate, to the more cleanly habits of the former and their constant use of the vapor-bath; but I have always found that blood and descent, even where the variation from the primitive stock is but slight, are more potent than climate or custom. The Finns have been so long christianised and civilised (according to the European idea of civilisation), that whatever peculiar characteristic they retain must be looked for mainly in those habits which illustrate their mental and moral natures. In their domestic life, they correspond in most particulars to the Swedes of the same class.

They are passionate, and therefore prone to excesses—imaginative, and therefore, owing to their scanty education, superstitious. Thus the religious element, especially the fantastic aberrations thereof engendered by Lestadius and other missionaries, while it has tended greatly to repress the vice, has in the same proportion increased the weakness. Drunkenness, formerly so prevalent as to be the curse of Lapland, is now exceedingly rare, and so are the crimes for which it is responsible. The most flagrant case which has occurred in the neighborhood of Muoniovara for some years past, was that of a woman who attempted to poison her father-in-law by mixing the scrapings of lucifer matches with his coffee, in order to get rid of the burden of supporting him.

Although the evidence was very convincing, the matter was hushed up, in order to avoid a scandal upon the Church, the woman being a steadfast member. In regard to drunkenness, I have heard it stated that, while it was formerly no unusual thing for a Finn to be frozen to death in this condition, the same catastrophe never befell a Lapp, owing to his mechanical habit of keeping his arms and feet in motion—a habit which he preserves even while utterly stupefied and unconscious.

A singular spiritual epidemic ran through Polar Finland three or four years ago, cotemporary with the religious excitement in Norwegian Lapland, and partly occasioned by the same reckless men. It consisted of sobbings, strong nervous convulsions, and occasional attacks of that state of semi-consciousness called trance, the subjects of which were looked upon as having been possessed by the Spirit, and transported to the other world, where visions like those of John on Patmos, were revealed to them. The missionaries, instead of repressing this unhealthy delusion, rather encouraged it, and even went so far as to publish as supernatural revelations, the senseless ravings of these poor deluded people. The epidemic spread until there was scarcely a family some member of which was not affected by it, and even yet it has not wholly subsided. The fit would come upon the infected persons at any time, no matter where they were or how employed. It usually commenced with a convulsive catching of the breath, which increased in violence, accompanied by sobbing, and sometimes by cries or groans, until the victim was either exhausted or fell into a trance, which lasted some hours. The persons who were affected were

always treated with the greatest respect during the attack no one ventured to smile, no matter how absurd a form the visitation might take. The principle of abstinence from strong drinks was promulgated about the same time, and much of the temperance of the Finns and Lapps is undoubtedly owing the impression made upon their natures by these phenomena.

The same epidemic has often prevailed in the United States, England and Germany. The barking and dancing mania which visited Kentucky thirty or forty years ago, and the performances of the "Holy Rollers," were even more ludicrous and unnatural. Such appearances are a puzzle alike to the physiologist and the philosopher; their frequency shows that they are based on some weak spot in human nature; and in proportion as we pity the victims we have a right to condemn those who sow the seeds of the pestilence. True religion is never spasmodic; it is calm as the existence of God. I know of nothing more shocking than such attempts to substitute rockets and blue lights for Heaven's eternal sunshine.

So far as regards their moral character, the Finns have as little cause for reproach as any other people. We found them as universally honest and honourable in their dealings as the Northern Swedes, who are not surpassed in the world in this respect. Yet their countenances express more cunning and reserve, and the virtue may be partly a negative one, resulting from that indolence which characterises the frigid and the torrid zone. Thus, also, notwithstanding physical signs which denote more ardent animal passions than their neighbors, they are equally chaste, and have as

high a standard of sexual purity. Illegitimate births are quite rare, and are looked upon as a lasting shame and disgrace to both parties. The practice of "bundling" which, until recently, was very common among Finnish lovers, very seldom led to such results, and their marriage speedily removed the dishonour. Their manners, socially, in this respect, are curiously contradictory. Thus, while both sexes freely mingle in the bath, in a state of nature, while the women unhesitatingly scrub, rub and dry their husbands, brothers or male friends, while the salutation for both sexes is an embrace with the right arm, a kiss is considered grossly immodest and improper. A Finnish woman expressed the greatest astonishment and horror, at hearing from Mr. Wolley that it was a very common thing in England for a husband and wife to kiss each other. "If my husband were to attempt such a thing," said she, "I would beat him about the ears so that he would feel it for a week." Yet in conversation they are very plain and unreserved, though by no means gross. They acknowledge that such things as generation, gestation and parturition exist, and it may be that this very absence of mystery tends to keep chaste so excitable and imaginative a race.

Notwithstanding their superstition, their love of poetry, and the wild, rich, musical character of their language, there is a singular absence of legendary lore in this part of Finland. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that their ancestors have emigrated hither, principally within the last two centuries, from the early home of the race—Tavastland, the shores of the Pajana Lake, and the Gulf of Finland. It is a difficult matter to preserve family traditions among

them, or even any extended genealogical record, from the circumstance that a Finn takes his name, not only from his father's surname, but from his residence. Thus, Isaki takes the name of "Anderinpoika" from his father Anderi, and adds "Niemi," the local name of his habitation. His son Nils will be called Nils Isakipoika, with the addition of the name of his residence, wherever that may be; and his family name will be changed as often as his house. There may be a dozen different names in the course of one generation, and the list soon becomes too complicated and confused for an uneducated memory. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Finn knows very little except about what happened during his own life, or, at best, his father's. I never heard the Kalewala spoken of, and doubt very much whether it is known to the natives of this region. The only songs we heard, north of Haparanda, were hymns—devout, but dismal. There must be ballads and household songs yet alive, but the recent spiritual fever has silenced them for the time.

I was at first a little surprised to find the natives of the North so slow, indolent and improvident. We have an idea that a cold climate is bracing and stimulating—*ergo*, the further north you go, the more active and energetic you will find the people. But the touch of ice is like that of fire. The tropics relax, the pole benumbs, and the practical result is the same in both cases. In the long, long winter, when there are but four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness—when the cows are housed, the wood cut, the hay gathered, the barley bran and fir bark stowed away for bread, and the summer's catch of fish salted—what can a man do

when his load of wood or hay is hauled home, but eat, gossip and sleep? To bed at nine, and out of it at eight in the morning, smoking and dozing between the slow performance of his few daily duties, he becomes at last as listless and dull as a hibernating bear. In the summer he has perpetual daylight, and need not hurry. Besides, why should he give himself special trouble to produce an unusually large crop of flax or barley, when a single night may make his labours utterly profitless? Even in midsummer the blighting frost may fall: nature seems to take a cruel pleasure in thwarting him: he is fortunate only through chance; and thus a sort of Arab fatalism and acquiescence in whatever happens, takes possession of him. His improvidence is also to be ascribed to the same cause. Such fearful famine and suffering as existed in Finland and Lapland during the winter of 1856-7 might no doubt have been partially prevented, but no human power could have wholly forestalled it.

The polar zone was never designed for the abode of man. In the pre-Adamite times, when England was covered with palm-forests, and elephants ranged through Siberia, things may have been widely different, and the human race then (if there was any) may have planted vineyards on these frozen hills and lived in bamboo huts. But since the geological *émeutes* and revolutions, and the establishment of the terrestrial *régime*, I cannot for the life of me see whatever induced beings endowed with human reason, to transplant themselves hither and here take root, while such vast spaces lie waste and useless in more genial climes. A man may be pardoned for remaining where the providences of birth and education have thrown him, but I cannot excuse the

first colonists for inflicting such a home upon centuries of descendants. Compare even their physical life—the pure animal satisfaction in existence, for that is not a trifling matter after all—with that of the Nubians, or the Malays, or the Polynesians! It is the difference between a poor hare, hunted and worried year after year by hounds and visions of hounds and the familiar, confiding wren, happiest of creatures, because secure of protection everywhere. Oh that the circle of the ecliptic would coincide with that of the equator! That the sun would shine from pole to pole for evermore, and all lands be habitable and hospitable, and the Saharan sands (according to Fourier) be converted into bowers of the Hesperides, and the bitter salt of the ocean brine (*vide* the same author) become delicious champagne punch, wherein it would be pleasure to drown! But I am afraid that mankind is not yet fit for such a millennium.

Meanwhile it is truly comforting to find that even here, where men live under such discouraging circumstances that one would charitably forgive them the possession of many vices, they are, according to their light, fully as true, and honest, and pure, as the inhabitants of the most favoured countries in the world. Love for each other, trust in each other, faith in God, are all vital among them; and their shortcomings are so few and so easily accounted for, that one must respect them and feel that his faith in man is not lessened in knowing them. You who spend your lives at home can never know how much good there is in the world. In rude unrefined races, evil naturally rises to the surface, and one can discern the character of the stream beneath its scum. It is only in the highest civilization where the out-

side is goodly to the eye, too often concealing an interior foul to the core.

But I have no time to moralise on these matters. My duty is that of a chronicler; and if I perform that conscientiously, the lessons which my observations suggest will need no pointing out. I cannot close this chapter, however, without confessing my obligations to Mr. Wolley, whose thorough knowledge of the Lapps and Finns enabled me to test the truth of my own impressions, and to mature opinions which I should otherwise, from my own short experience, have hesitated in stating. Mr. Wolley, with that pluck and persistence of English character which Emerson so much admires, had made himself master of all that Lapland can furnish to the traveller, but intended remaining another year for scientific purposes. If he gives to the world—as I hope and trust he will—the result of this long and patient inquiry and investigation, we shall have at last a standard authority for this little-known corner of Europe. We were also indebted to Mr. Wolley for much personal kindness, which I take pleasure in acknowledging in the only way he cannot prevent.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPERIENCES OF ARCTIC WEATHER.

WE bade a final adieu to Muoniovara on the afternoon of the 24th of January, leaving Mr. Wolley to wait for June and the birds in that dismal seclusion. Instead of resuming *skjuts*, we engaged horses as far as Kengis from Herr Forström and a neighbouring Finn, with a couple of shock-headed natives as postillions. Our sleds were mounted upon two rough Finnish sledges, the only advantage of which was to make harder work for the horses—but the people would have it so. The sun was down, but a long, long twilight succeeded, with some faint show of a zodiacal light. There was a tolerable track on the river, but our Finns walked their horses the whole way, and we were nearly seven hours in making Parkajoki. The air was very sharp; my nose, feet and hands kept me busily employed, and I began to fear that I was becoming unusually sensitive to cold, for the thermometer indicated but 15° below zero when we started. At Parkajoki, however, my doubts were removed and my sensations explained, on finding that the temperature had fallen to 44° below.

We slept warmly and well on our old bed of reindeer skin

in one corner of the milk-room. When Braisted, who rose first, opened the door, a thick white mist burst in and rolled heavily along the floor. I went out, attired only in my shirt and drawers, to have a look at the weather. I found the air very still and keen, though not painfully cold—but I was still full of the warmth of sleep. The mercury, however, had sunk into the very bulb of the thermometer, and was frozen so solid that I held it in the full glare of the fire for about a minute and a half before it thawed sufficiently to mount. The temperature was probably 50° below zero, if not more—greater than any we had yet experienced. But it was six o'clock, and we must travel. Fortifying ourselves with coffee and a little meat, and relying for defence in case of extremity on a bottle of powerful rum with which we had supplied ourselves, we muffled up with more than usual care, and started for Kihlangi.

We devoted ourselves entirely to keeping warm, and during the ride of six hours suffered very little except from the gradual diminution of our bodily temperature. It was a dreary journey, following the course of the Muonio between black, snow-laden forests. The sun rose to a height of seven or eight degrees at meridian; when we came over the same road, on our way north, he only showed half his disc. At Kihlangi the people recognised us, and were as well disposed as their stupidity would allow. The old woman cooked part of our reindeer joint, which, with half a dozen cups of strong coffee, brought back a comfortable warmth to our extremities. There were still twenty-four miles to be traversed; the horses were already exhausted, and the temperature only rose to— 42° at mid-day, after

which it fell again. We had a terrible journey. Step by step the horses slowly pulled us through the snow, every hour seeming lengthened to a day, as we worked our benumbed fingers and toes until the muscles were almost powerless, and yet it was dangerous to cease. Gradually the blood grew colder in the main channels; insidious chills succeeded, followed by a drowsy torpor, like that which is produced by a heavy dose of opium, until we were fain to have recourse to the rum, a horrid, vitriolic beverage, which burned our throats and stomachs like melted lead, yet gave us a temporary relief.

We almost despaired of reaching Jokijalka, on finding, about ten o'clock at night, that our postillions had taken us to the village of Kolare, and stopped before a large log house, where they seemed to think we would spend the night. Everybody had gone to bed, we knew not where we were and had set our hearts upon the comfortable guest's room at Jokijalki. It was impossible to make the fellows understand me, but they saw that we were angry, and after a short consultation passed on. We again entered the snowy woods, which were dimly lighted up by an aurora behind us—a strange, mysterious, ghastly illumination, like the phosphorescent glow of a putrefying world. We were desperately cold, our very blood freezing in our veins, and our limbs numb and torpid. To keep entirely awake was impossible. We talked incessantly, making random answers, as continual fleeting dreams crossed the current of our consciousness. A heavy thump on the back was pardoned by him who received it, and a punch between the eyes would have been thankfully accepted had it been necessary.

At last, at last, Kolare church on the river bank came in sight; we crossed to the Russian side, and drove into the yard of the inn. It was nearly midnight, 47° below zero and we had been for seventeen hours exposed to such a temperature. Everybody had long been asleep. Locks and bolts are unknown, however, so we rushed into the family room, lit fir splinters, and inspected the faces of the sleeping group until we found the landlord, who arose and kindled a fresh fire in the milk-room. They made us coffee and a small bed, saying that the guest's room was too cold, which indeed it was, being little less than the outside temperature. On opening the door in the morning, the cold air rushed in as thick and white as steam. We had a little meat cooked, but could not eat enough, at such an early hour, to supply much fuel. As for taking anything with us for refreshment on the road, it was out of the question. One of our Finns turned back to Muoniovara with the laziest horse, and we got another from our Russian landlord. But it was a long, long journey to the next station (twenty miles), and the continuance of the extreme cold began to tell upon us. This part of the road was very heavy, as on the journey up—seemingly a belt of exposed country where the snow drifts more than elsewhere.

At Kexisvara we found two of the three pleasant women, who cooked our last fragment of reindeer meat, and sent off for horses to Kardis. We here parted with our other Finn, very glad to get rid of his horse, and take a fresh start. We had no difficulty now in making our way with the people, as they all recognised us and remembered our over-payments; besides which, I had enlarged my Finnish voca-

bulary at Muoniovara. Our horses were better, our sledges lighter and we were not long in reaching the iron-works at Kengis, which we passed at dusk. I should willingly have called upon the hospitable *bruk-patron*, but we were in too great a hurry to get out of the frigid zone. We were warmed by our meal, and sang lustily as we slid down the Torneå, finding its dreary, sparsely-settled banks cheerful and smiling by contrast with the frightful solitudes we had left. After some hours the postillion stopped before a house on the Swedish bank to hay his horses. We went up and found a single inhabitant, a man who was splitting fir for torches, but the conversation was limited to alternate puffs from our pipes. There was a fine aurora behind us—a low arch of white fire, with streamers radiating outward, shifting and dancing along its curve.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we reached Kardis, half unconscious from the cold. Our horse ran into the wrong place, and we lost sight of the baggage-sled, our only guide in the darkness. We could no longer trust the animal's instinct, but had to depend on our own, which is perhaps truer at least, I have often found in myself traces of that blind, unreasoning faculty which guides the bee and the bird, and have never been deceived in trusting to it. We found the inn, and carried a cloud of frozen vapor into the kitchen with us, as we opened the door. The graceful wreaths of ice-smoke rolled before our feet, as before those of ascending saints in the old pictures, but ourselves, hair from head to foot, except two pairs of eyes, which looked out through icy loop-holes, resembled the reverse of saints. I told the landlord in Finnish that we wanted to sleep—" *mia tarvi nuku*

d." He pointed to a bed in the corner, out of which rose a sick girl, of about seventeen, very pale, and evidently suffering. They placed some benches near the fire, removed the bedding, and disposed her as comfortably as the place permitted. We got some hot milk and hard bread, threw some reindeer skins on the vacant truck, and lay down, but not to sleep much. The room was so close and warm, and the dozen persons in it so alternately snoring and restless, that our rest was continually disturbed. We, therefore, rose early and aroused the lazy natives.

The cold was still at 47° below zero. The roads were so much better, however, that we descended again to our own runners, and our lively horses trotted rapidly down the Torneå. The signs of settlement and comparative civilisation which now increased with every mile were really cheering. Part of our way lay through the Swedish woods and over the intervening morasses, where the firs were hung with weepers of black-green moss, and stood solid and silent in their mantles of snow, lighted with a magnificent golden flush at sunrise. The morning was icy-clear and dazzling. There was not the least warmth in the sun's rays, but it was pleasant to see him with a white face once more. We could still stare at him without winking, but the reflection from the jewelled snow pained our eyes. The cold was so keen that we were obliged to keep our faces buried between our caps and boas, leaving only the smallest possible vacancy for the eyes. This was exceedingly disagreeable, on account of the moisture from the breath, which kept the squirrel tails constantly wet and sticky. Nevertheless, the cold penetrated through the little aperture; my eyes and forehead were like

marble, the eyeballs like lumps of ice, sending a sharp pang of cold backward into the brain. I realised distinctly how a statue must feel.

Beyond Pello, where we stopped to "fire up," our road lay mostly on the Russian side. While crossing the Torneå at sunset, we met a drove of seventy or eighty reindeer, in charge of a dozen Lapps, who were bringing a cargo from Haparanda. We were obliged to turn off the road and wait until they had passed. The landlord at Juoxengi, who was quite drunk, hailed us with a shout and a laugh, and began talking about Kautokeino. We had some difficulty in getting rid of his conversation, and his importunities for us to stay all night. This was the place where they tried to make us leave, on the way up. I replied to the landlord's torrent of Finnish with some choice specimens of Kentucky oratory, which seemed to make but little impression on him. He gave us excellent horses, however, and we sped away again, by the light of another brilliant auroral arch.

Our long exposure to the extreme cold, coupled as it was with lack of rest and nourishment, now began to tell upon us. Our temperature fell so low that we again had recourse to the rum, which alone, I verily believe, prevented us from freezing bodily. One is locked in the iron embrace of the polar air, until the very life seems to be squeezed out of him. I huddled myself in my peesk, worked my fingers and toes, buried my nose in the damp, frozen fur, and laboured like a Hercules to keep myself awake and alive—but almost in vain. Braisted and I kept watch over each other, or attempted it, for about the only consciousness either of us had was that of the peril of falling asleep. We talked

of anything and everything, sang, thumped each other, but the very next minute would catch ourselves falling over the side of the sled. A thousand dreams worried my brain and mixed themselves with my talk; and the absurdities thus created helped to arouse me. Speaking of seeing some wolves in the woods of California, I gravely continued: "I took out my sword, sharpened it on the grindstone and dared him to come on," when a punch in the ribs stopped me. Another time, while talking of hippopotami in the White Nile, I said: "If you want any skins, you must go to the Hudson's Bay Company. They have a depôt of them on Vancouver's Island." Braisted gave me much trouble, by assuring me in the most natural wide-awake voice that he was not in the least sleepy, when the reins had dropped from his hands and his head rocked on his shoulder. I could never be certain whether he was asleep or awake. Our only plan was not to let the conversation flag a minute.

At Torakankorwa we changed horses without delay, and hurried on to Matarengi. On turning out of the road to avoid a hay-sled, we were whirled completely over. There was no fun in this, at such a time. I fell head foremost into deep snow, getting a lump in my right eye, which completely blinded me for a time. My forehead, eyebrows, and the bridge of my nose were insufferably painful. On reaching Matarengi I found my nose frozen through, and considerably swollen. The people were in bed, but we went into the kitchen, where a dozen or more were stowed about, and called for the landlord. Three young girls, who were in bed in one corner, rose and dressed themselves in our presence without the least hesitation, boiled some milk, and gave

us bread and butter. We had a single small bed, which kept us warm by obliging us to lie close. Sometime in the night, two Swedes arrived, who blustered about and made so much noise, that Braisted finally silenced them by threats of personal violence, delivered in very good English.

In the morning the mercury froze, after showing 49° below zero. The cold was by this time rather alarming, especially after our experiences of the previous day. The air was hazy with the fine, frozen atoms of moisture, a raw wind blew from the north, the sky was like steel which has been breathed upon—in short, the cold was visible to the naked eye. We warmed our gloves and boots, and swathed our heads so completely that not a feature was to be seen. I had a little loophole between my cap and boa, but it was soon filled up with frost from my breath, and helped to keep in the warmth. The road was hard and smooth as marble. We had good horses, and leaving Avasaxa and the polar circle behind us, we sped down the solid bed of the Torneå to Niemis. On the second stage we began to freeze for want of food. The air was really terrible; nobody ventured out of doors who could stay in the house. The smoke was white and dense, like steam; the wind was a blast from the Norseman's hell, and the touch of it on your face almost made you scream. Nothing can be more severe—flaying, branding with a hot iron, cutting with a dull knife, &c., may be something like it, but no worse.

The sun rose through the frozen air a little after nine and mounted quite high at noon. At Päckilå we procured some hot milk and smoked reindeer, tolerable horses and a stout boy of fourteen to drive our baggage-sled. Every one

we met had a face either frozen, or about to freeze. Such a succession of countenances, fiery red, purple, blue, black almost, with white frost spots, and surrounded with rings of icy hair and fur, I never saw before. We thanked God again and again that our faces were turned southward, and that the deadly wind was blowing on our backs. When we reached Korpykilä, our boy's face, though solid and greasy as a bag of lard, was badly frozen. His nose was quite white and swollen, as if blistered by fire, and there were frozen blotches on both cheeks. The landlord rubbed the parts instantly with rum, and performed the same operation on our noses.

On this day, for the first time in more than a month, we saw daylight, and I cannot describe how cheering was the effect of those pure, white, brilliant rays, in spite of the iron landscape they illumined. It was no longer the setting light of the level Arctic sun; not the twilight gleams of shifting colour, beautiful, but dim; not the faded, mock daylight which sometimes glimmered for a half-hour at noon; but the true white, full, golden day, which we had almost forgotten. So nearly, indeed, that I did not for some time suspect the cause of the unusual whiteness and brightness. Its effect upon the trees was superb. The twigs of the birch and the needles of the fir were coated with crystal, and sparkled like jets of jewels spouted up from the immaculate snow. The clumps of birches can be compared to nothing but frozen fountains—frozen in full action, with their showery sheaves of spray arrested before they fell. It was a wonderful, a fairy world we beheld—too beautiful to be lifeless, but every face we met reminded us the more that this was

the chill beauty of Death—of dead Nature. Death was in the sparkling air, in the jewelled trees, in the spotless snow. Take off your mitten, and his hand will grasp yours like a vice; uncover your mouth, and your frozen lips will soon acknowledge his kiss.

Even while I looked the same icy chills were running through my blood, precursors of that drowsy torpor which I was so anxious to avoid. But no; it *would come*, and I dozed until both hands became so stiff that it was barely possible to restore their powers of motion and feeling. It was not quite dark when we reached Kuckulā, the last station, but thence to Haparanda our horses were old and lazy, and our postillion was a little boy, whose weak voice had no effect. Braisted kept his hands warm in jerking and urging, but I sat and froze. Village after village was passed, but we looked in vain for the lights of Torneå. We were thoroughly exhausted with our five days' battle against the dreadful cold, when at last a row of lights gleamed across the river, and we drove up to the inn. The landlord met us with just the same words as on the first visit, and, strange enough, put us into the same room, where the same old Norrland merchant was again quartered in the same stage of tipsiness. The kind Fredrika did not recognise us in our Lapp dresses, until I had unrobed, when she cried out in joyful surprise, "Why, you were here before!"

We had been so completely chilled that it was a long time before any perceptible warmth returned. But a generous meal, with a bottle of what was called "*gammal scherry*" (though the Devil and his servants, the manufacturers of chemical wines, only knew what it was), started the flagging

circulation. We then went to bed, tingling and stinging in every nerve from the departing cold. Every one complained of the severity of the weather, which, we were told, had not been equalled for many years past. But such a bed, and such a rest as I had! Lying between clean sheets, with my feet buried in soft fur, I wallowed in a flood of downy, delicious sensations until sunrise. In the morning we ventured to wash our faces and brush our teeth for the first time in five days, put on clean shirts, and felt once more like responsible beings. The natives never wash when the weather is so cold, and cautioned us against it. The wind had fallen but the mercury again froze at 47° below zero. Nevertheless, we went out after breakfast to call upon Dr. Wretholm, and walk over the Torneå.

The old Doctor was overjoyed to see us again. "Ah!" said he, "it is a good fortune that you have got back alive. When the weather was so cold, I thought of you, travelling over the Norwegian *fjeller*, and thought you must certainly be frozen to death." His wife was no less cordial in her welcome. They brought us ale and Swedish punch, with reindeer cheese for our frozen noses, and insisted on having their horse put into the sled to take us over to Torneå and bring us back to dinner. The doctor's boy drove us, facing the wind with our faces exposed, at -42° , but one night's rest and good food enabled us to bear it without inconvenience. Torneå is a plain Swedish town, more compactly built than Haparanda, yet scarcely larger. The old church is rather picturesque, and there were some tolerable houses which appeared to be government buildings, but the only things particularly Russian which we noticed were a Cos-

sack sentry, whose purple face showed that he was nearly frozen, and a guide-post with "150 versts to Uleaborg" upon it. On returning to the Doctor's we found a meal ready, with a capital salad of frozen salmon, *bouillon*, ale, and coffee. The family were reading the Swedish translation of "Dred" in the *Aftonblad*, and were interested in hearing some account of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. We had a most agreeable and interesting visit to these kind, simple-hearted people.

I made a sunset sketch of Torneå. I proposed also to draw Fredrika, but she at once refused, in great alarm. "Not for anything in the world," said she, "would I have it done!" What superstitious fears possessed her I could not discover. We made arrangements to start for Kalix the next day, on our way to Stockholm. The extreme temperature still continued. The air was hazy with the frozen moisture—the smoke froze in solid masses—the snow was brittle and hard as metal—iron stuck like glue—in short, none of the signs of an Arctic winter were wanting. Nevertheless, we trusted to the day's rest and fatter fare on the road for strength to continue the battle.

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF THE RETURN JOURNEY.

WE left Haparanda on the 30th of January. After six days of true Arctic weather—severer than any registered by De Haven's expedition, during a winter in the polar ice—the temperature rose suddenly to 26° below zero. We were happy and jolly at getting fairly started for Stockholm at last, and having such mild (!) weather to travel in. The difference in our sensations was remarkable. We could boldly bare our faces and look about us; our feet kept warm and glowing, and we felt no more the hazardous chill and torpor of the preceding days. On the second stage the winter road crossed an arm of the Bothnian Gulf. The path was well marked out with fir-trees—a pretty avenue, four or five miles in length, over the broad, white plain. On the way we saw an eruption of the ice, which had been violently thrown up by the confined air. Masses three feet thick and solid as granite were burst asunder and piled atop of each other.

We travelled too fast this day for the proper enjoyment of the wonderful scenery on the road. I thought I had exhausted my admiration of these winter forests—but no,

miracles will never cease. Such fountains, candelabra, Gothic pinnacles, tufts of plumes, colossal sprays of coral, and the embodiments of the fairy pencillings of frost on window panes, wrought in crystal and silver, are beyond the power of pen or pencil. It was a wilderness of beauty; we knew not where to look, nor which forms to choose, in the dazzling confusion. Silent and all unmoved by the wind they stood, sharp and brittle as of virgin ore—not trees of earth, but the glorified forests of All-Father Odin's paradise, the celestial city of Asgaard. No living forms of vegetation are so lovely. Tropical palms, the tree-ferns of Penang, the lotus of Indian rivers, the feathery bamboo, the arrowy areca—what are they beside these marvellous growths of winter, these shining sprays of pearl, ivory and opal, gleaming in the soft orange light of the Arctic sun?

At Sångis we met a handsome young fellow with a moustache, who proved to be the *Länsman* of Kalix. I was surprised to find that he knew all about us. He wondered at our coming here north, when we might stay at home thought once would be enough for us, and had himself been no further than Stockholm. I recognised our approach to Näsby by the barrels set in the snow—an ingenious plan of marking the road in places where the snow drifts, as the wind creates a whirl or eddy around them. We were glad to see Näsby and its two-story inn once more. The pleasant little hand-maiden smiled all over her face when she saw us again. Näsby is a crack place: the horses were ready at once, and fine creatures they were, taking us up the Kalix to Månsbyn, eight miles in one hour. The road was hard as a rock and smooth as a table, from much ploughing and rolling

The next day was dark and lowering, threatening snow, with a raw wind from the north-west, and an average temperature of 15° below zero. We turned the north-western corner of the Bothnian Gulf in the afternoon, and pushed on to Old Luleå by supper-time. At Persö, on the journey north, I had forgotten my cigar-case, an old, familiar friend of some years' standing, and was overjoyed to find that the servant-girl had carefully preserved it, thinking I might return some day. We drove through the streets of empty stables and past the massive church of Old Luleå, to the inn, where we had before met the surly landlord. There he was again, and the house was full, as the first time. However we obtained the promise of a bed in the large room, and meanwhile walked up and down to keep ourselves warm. The guests' rooms were filled with gentlemen of the neighborhood, smoking and carousing. After an hour had passed, a tall, handsome, strong fellow came out of the rooms, and informed us that as we were strangers he would give up the room to us and seek lodgings elsewhere. He had drunk just enough to be mellow and happy, and insisted on delaying his own supper to let us eat first. Who should come along at this juncture but the young fellow we had seen in company with Brother Horton at Mansbyn, who hailed us with: "Thank you for the last time!" With him was a very gentlemanly man who spoke English. They were both accompanied by ladies, and were returning from the ball of Piteå. The guests all treated us with great courtesy and respect, and the landlord retired and showed his surly face no more. Our first friend informed me that he had been born and brought up in the neighborhood, but could not recollect such a severe winter.

As we descended upon the Luleå River in the morning we met ten sleighs coming from the ball. The horses were all in requisition at the various stations, but an extra supply had been provided, and we were not detained anywhere. The Norrland sleds are so long that a man may place his baggage in the front part and lie down at full length behind it. A high back shields the traveller from the wind, and upon a step in the rear stands the driver, with a pair of rein as long as a main-top-bowline, in order to reach the horse, who is at the opposite end of a very long pair of shafts. In these sleds one may travel with much comfort, and less danger of overturning, though not so great speed as in the short, light, open frames we bought in Sundsvall. The latter are seldom seen so far north, and were a frequent object of curiosity to the peasants at the stations. There is also a sled with a body something like a Hansom cab, entirely closed, with a window in front, but they are heavy, easily overturned, and only fit for luxurious travellers.

We approached Piteå at sunset. The view over the broad embouchure of the river, studded with islands, was quite picturesque, and the town itself, scattered along the shore and over the slopes of the hills made a fair appearance. It reminded me somewhat of a small New-England country town, with its square frame houses and an occasional garden. Here I was rejoiced by the sight of a cherry-tree, the most northern fruit-tree which I saw. On our way up, we thought Piteå, at night and in a snow-storm, next door to the North Pole. Now, coming from the north, seeing its snowy hills and house-roofs rosy with the glow of sunset, it was warm and southern by contrast. The four principal towns of

West and North Bothnia are thus characterised in an old verse of Swedish doggerel: Umeå, *the fine*; Piteå, *the needle-making*; Luleå, *the lazy*; and in Torneå, *everybody gets drunk*.

We took some refreshment, pushed on and reached Abyn between nine and ten o'clock, having travelled seventy miles since morning. The sleighing was superb. How I longed for a dashing American cutter, with a span of fast horses, a dozen strings of bells and an ebony driver! Such a turnout would rather astonish the northern solitudes, and the slow, quaint northern population. The next day we had a temperature of 2° above zero, with snow falling, but succeeded in reaching Skellefteå for breakfast. For the last two or three miles we travelled along a hill side overlooking a broad, beautiful valley, cleared and divided into cultivated fields, and thickly sprinkled with villages and farm-houses. Skellefteå itself made an imposing appearance, as the lofty dome of its Grecian church came in sight around the shoulder of the hill. We took the wrong road, and in turning about split one of our shafts, but Braisted served it with some spare rope, using the hatchet-handle as a marlingspike, so that it held stoutly all the rest of the way to Stockholm.

We went on to Burea that night, and the next day to Djekneboda, sixty miles farther. The temperature fluctuated about the region of zero, with a heavy sky and light snow-falls. As we proceeded southward the forests became larger, and the trees began to show a dark green foliage where the wind had blown away the snow, which was refreshing to see, after the black or dark indigo hue they wear

farther north. On the 4th of February, at noon, we passed through Umeå, and congratulated ourselves on getting below the southern limit of the Lapland climate. There is nothing to say about these towns; they are mere villages with less than a thousand inhabitants each, and no peculiar interest, either local or historical, attaching to any of them. We have slept in Luleå, and Piteå, and dined in Umeå,—and further my journal saith not.

The 5th, however, was a day to be noticed. We started from Angersjö, with a violent snow storm blowing in our teeth—thermometer at zero. Our road entered the hilly country of Norrland, where we found green forests, beautiful little dells, pleasant valleys, and ash and beech intermingled with the monotonous but graceful purple birch. We were overwhelmed with gusts of fine snow shaken from the trees as we passed. Blinding white clouds swept the road, and once again we heard the howl of the wind among boughs that were free to toss. At Afwa, which we reached at one o'clock, we found a pale, weak, sickly young Swede, with faded moustaches, who had decided to remain there until next day. This circumstance induced us to go on, but after we had waited half an hour and were preparing to start, the weather being now ten times worse than before, he announced his resolution to start also. He had drunk four large glasses of milk and two cups of coffee during the half hour.

We went ahead, breaking through drifts of loose snow which overtopped our sleds, and lashed by the furious wind, which drove full in our faces. There were two or three plows at work, but we had no benefit from them, so long as

we were not directly in their wake. Up and down went our way, over dark hills and through valleys wild with the storm, and ending in chaos as they opened toward the Bothnian Gulf. Hour after hour passed by, the storm still increased, and the snow beat in our eyes so that we were completely blinded. It was impossible to keep them open, and yet the moment we shut them the lashes began to freeze together. I had a heavy weight of ice on my lids, and long icicles depending from every corner of my beard. Yet our frozen noses appeared to be much improved by the exposure, and began to give promise of healing without leaving a red blotch as a lasting record of what they had endured. We finally gave up all attempts to see or to guide the horse, but plunged along at random through the chaos, until the postillion piloted our baggage-sled into the inn-yard of Onska, and our horse followed it. The Swede was close upon our heels, but I engaged a separate room, so that we were freed from the depressing influence of his company. He may have been the best fellow in the world, so far as his heart was concerned, but was too weak in the knees to be an agreeable associate. There was no more stiffness of fibre in him than in a wet towel, and I would as soon wear a damp shirt as live in the same room with such a man. After all, it is not strange that one prefers nerve and energy, even when they are dashed with a flavour of vice, to the negative virtues of a character too weak and insipid to be tempted.

Our inn, in this little Norrland village, was about as comfortable and as elegant as three-fourths of the hotels in Stockholm. The rooms were well furnished; none of the usual appliances were wanting; the attendance was all that

could be desired ; the fare good and abundant, and the charges less than half of what would be demanded in the capital. Yet Stockholm, small as it is, claims to be for Sweden what Paris is to France, and its inhabitants look with an eye of compassion on those of the provinces. Norrland, in spite of its long winter, has a bracing, healthy climate, and had it not been for letters from home, facilities for studying Swedish, occasional recreation and the other attractions of a capital, I should have preferred waiting in some of those wild valleys for the spring to open. The people, notwithstanding their seclusion from the world, have a brighter and more intelligent look than the peasants of Uppland, and were there a liberal system of common school education in Sweden, the raw material here might be worked up into products alike honourable and useful to the country.

The Norrlanders seem to me to possess an indolent, almost phlegmatic temperament, and yet there are few who do not show a latent capacity for exertion. The latter trait, perhaps, is the true core and substance of their nature; the former is an overgrowth resulting from habits and circumstances. Like the peasants, or rather small farmers, further north, they are exposed to the risk of seeing their summer's labours rendered fruitless by a single night of frost. Such a catastrophe, which no amount of industry and foresight can prevent, recurring frequently (perhaps once in three years on an average), makes them indifferent, if not reckless; while that patience and cheerfulness which is an integral part of the Scandinavian as of the Saxon character, renders them contented and unrepining under such repeated

disappointments. There is the stuff here for a noble people, although nature and a long course of neglect and misrule have done their best to destroy it.

The Norrlanders live simply, perhaps frugally, but there seems to be little real destitution among them. We saw sometimes in front of a church, a representation of a beggar with his hat in his hand, under which was an iron box, with an appeal to travellers to drop something in for the poor of the parish; but of actual beggars we found none. The houses, although small, are warm and substantial, mostly with double windows, and a little vestibule in front of the door, to create an intermediate temperature between the outer and inner air. The beds, even in many of the inns, are in the family room, but during the day are either converted into sofas or narrow frames which occupy but little space. At night, the bedstead is drawn out to the required breadth, single or double, as may be desired. The family room is always covered with a strong home-made rag carpet, the walls generally hung with colored prints and lithographs, illustrating religion or royalty, and as many greenhouse plants as the owner can afford to decorate the windows. I have seen, even beyond Umeå, some fine specimens of cactus, pelargonium, calla, and other exotics. It is singular that, with the universal passion of the Swedes for flowers and for music, they have produced no distinguished painters or composers—but, indeed, a Linnæus.

We spent the evening cosily in the stately inn's best room, with its white curtains, polished floor, and beds of sumptuous linen. The great clipper-plows were out early in the morning, to cut a path through the drifts of the storm, but it was

nearly noon before the road was sufficiently cleared to enable us to travel. The temperature, by contrast with what we had so recently endured, seemed almost tropical—actually 25° above zero, with a soft, southern breeze, and patches of brilliant blue sky between the parting clouds. Our deliverance from the Arctic cold was complete.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION OF THE ARCTIC TRIP.

On leaving Onska, we experienced considerable delay on account of the storm. The roads were drifted to such an extent that even the ploughs could not be passed through in many places, and the peasants were obliged to work with their broad wooden spades. The sky, however, was wholly clear and of a pure daylight blue, such as we had not seen for two months. The sun rode high in the firmament, like a strong healthy sun again, with some warmth in his beams as they struck our faces, and the air was all mildness and balm. It was heavenly, after our Arctic life. The country, too, boldly undulating, with fir-forested hills, green and warm in the sunshine, and wild, picturesque valleys sunk between, shining in their covering of snow, charmed us completely. Again we saw the soft blue of the distant ranges as they melted away behind each other, suggesting space, and light, and warmth. Give me daylight and sunshine, after all! Our Arctic trip seems like a long, long night full of splendid dreams, but yet night and not day.

On the road, we bought a quantity of the linen handkerchiefs of the country, at prices varying from twenty-five to

forty cents a piece, according to the size and quality. The bedding, in all the inns, was of home-made linen, and I do not recollect an instance where it was not brought out, fresh and sweet from the press, for us. In this, as in all other household arrangements, the people are very tidy and cleanly though a little deficient as regards their own persons. Their clothing, however, is of a healthy substantial character, and the women consult comfort rather than ornament. Many of them wear cloth pantaloons under their petticoats, which, therefore, they are able to gather under their arms in wading through snow-drifts. I did not see a low-necked dress or a thin shoe north of Stockholm.

“The damsel who trips at daybreak
Is shod like a mountaineer.”

Yet a sensible man would sooner take such a damsel to wife than any delicate Cinderella of the ball-room. I protest I lose all patience when I think of the habits of our American women, especially our country girls. If ever the Saxon race does deteriorate on our side of the Atlantic, as some ethnologists anticipate, it will be wholly their fault.

We stopped for the night at Hörnäs, and had a charming ride the next day among the hills and along the inlets of the Gulf. The same bold, picturesque scenery, which had appeared so dark and forbidding to us on our way north, now, under the spring-like sky, cheered and inspired us. At the station of Docksta, we found the peasant girls scrubbing the outer steps, barefooted. At night, we occupied our old quarters at Weda, on the Angermann river. The next morning the temperature was 25° above zero, and at noon rose to 39°. It was delightful to travel once more with cap-lappets

turned up, fur collar turned down, face and neck free, and hands bare. On our second stage we had an overgrown, insolent boy for postillion, who persisted in driving slow, and refused to let us pass him. He finally became impertinent, whereupon Braisted ran forward and turned his horse out of the road, so that I could drive past. The boy then seized my horse by the head; B. pitched him into a snow-bank, and we took the lead. We had not gone far before we took the road to Hernösand, through mistake, and afterwards kept it through spite, thus adding about seven miles to our day's journey. A stretch of magnificent dark-green forests brought us to a narrow strait which separates the island of Hernösand from the main land. The ice was already softening, and the upper layer repeatedly broke through under us.

Hernösand is a pretty town, of about 2000 inhabitants, with a considerable commerce. It is also the capital of the most northern bishopric of Sweden. The church, on an eminence above the town, is, next to that of Skelefteå, the finest we saw in the north. We took a walk while breakfast was preparing, and in the space of twenty minutes saw all there was to be seen. By leaving the regular road, however, we had incurred a delay of two hours, which did not add to our amiability. Therefore, when the postillion, furiously angry now as well as insolent, came in to threaten us with legal prosecution in case we did not pay him heavy damages for what he called an assault, I cut the discussion short by driving him out of the room, and that was the last we saw of him. We reached Fjäl as the moon rose,—a globe of silver fire in a perfect violet sky. Two merry boys

who sang and shouted the whole way, drove us like the wind around the bay to Wifsta. The moonlight was as bright as the Arctic noonday, and the snowy landscape flashed and glittered under its resplendent shower. From the last hill we saw Sundsvall, which lay beneath us, with its wintry roofs, like a city of ivory and crystal, shining for us with the fairy promise of a warm supper and a good bed.

On the 9th, we drove along the shores of the magnificent bay of Sundsvall. Six vessels lay frozen in, at a considerable distance from the town. Near the southern extremity of the bay, we passed the village of Svartvik, which, the postillion informed us, is all owned by one person, who carries on ship-building. The appearance of the place justified his statements. The labourers' houses were mostly new, all built on precisely the same model, and with an unusual air of comfort and neatness. In the centre of the village stood a handsome white church, with a clock tower, and near it the parsonage and school-house. At the foot of the slope were the yards, where several vessels were on the stocks, and a number of sturdy workmen busy at their several tasks. There was an air of "associated labour" and the "model lodging-house" about the whole place, which was truly refreshing to behold, except a touch of barren utilitarianism in the cutting away of the graceful firs left from the forest and thus depriving the houses of all shade and ornament. We met many wood-teams, hauling knees and spars, and were sorely troubled to get out of their way. Beyond the bay, the hills of Norrland ceased, sinking into those broad monotonous undulations which extend nearly all the way to

Stockholm. Gardens with thriving fruit-trees now began to be more frequent, giving evidence of a climate where man has a right to live. I doubt whether it was ever meant that the human race should settle in any zone so frigid that fruit cannot ripen.

Thenceforth we had the roughest roads which were ever made upon a foundation of snow. The increase in travel and in the temperature of the air, and most of all, the short, loosely-attached sleds used to support the ship-timber, had worn them into a succession of holes, channels, and troughs, in and out of which we thumped from morning till night. On going down hill, the violent shocks frequently threw our runners completely into the air, and the wrench was so great that it was a miracle how the sled escaped fracture. All the joints, it is true, began to work apart, and the ash shafts bent in the most ticklish way; but the rough little conveyance which had already done us such hard service held out gallantly to the end. We reached Mo Myskie on the second night after leaving Sundsvall, and I was greeted with "*Salaam aleikoom, ya Sidi!*" from the jolly old Tripolitan landlord. There was an unusual amount of travel northward on the following day, and we were detained at every station, so that it was nearly midnight before we reached the extortionate inn at Gefle. The morning dawned with a snow-storm, but we were within 120 miles of Stockholm, and drove in the teeth of it to Elfkarleby. The renowned cascades of the Dal were by no means what I expected, but it was at least a satisfaction to see living water, after the silent rivers and fettered rapids of the North.

The snow was now getting rapidly thinner. So scant

was it on the exposed Upsala plain that we fully expected being obliged to leave our sleds on the way. Even before reaching Upsala, our postillions chose the less-travelled field-roads whenever they led in the same direction, and beyond that town we were charged additional post-money for the circuits we were obliged to make to keep our runners on the snow. On the evening of the 13th we reached Rotebro, only fourteen miles from Stockholm, and the next morning, in splendid sunshine, drove past Haga park and palace, into the North-Gate, down the long Drottninggatan and up to Kahn's Hotel, where we presented our sleds to the *valet-de-place*, pulled off our heavy boots, threw aside our furs for the remainder of the winter, and sat down to read the pile of letters and papers which Herr Kahn brought us. It was precisely two months since our departure in December, and in that time we had performed a journey of 2200 miles, 250 of which were by reindeer, and nearly 500 inside of the Arctic Circle. Our frozen noses had peeled off, and the new skin showed no signs of the damage they had sustained—so that we had come out of the fight not only without a scar, but with a marked increase of robust vitality.

I must confess, however, that, interesting as was the journey, and happily as we endured its exposures, I should not wish to make it again. It is well to see the North, even *after* the South; but, as there is no one who visits the tropics without longing ever after to return again, so, I imagine, there is no one who, having once seen a winter inside the Arctic Circle, would ever wish to see another. In spite of the warm, gorgeous, and ever-changing play of colour

hovering over the path of the unseen sun, in spite of the dazzling auroral dances and the magical transfiguration of the forests, the absence of true daylight and of all signs of warmth and life exercises at last a depressing influence on the spirits. The snow, so beautiful while the sunrise setting illumination lasts, wears a ghastly monotony at all other times, and the air, so exhilarating, even at the lowest temperature, becomes an enemy to be kept out, when you know its terrible power to benumb and destroy. To the native of a warmer zone, this presence of an unseen destructive force in nature weighs like a nightmare upon the mind. The inhabitants of the North also seem to undergo a species of hibernation, as well as the animals. Nearly half their time is passed in sleep; they are silent in comparison with the natives of the other parts of the world; there is little exuberant gaiety and cheerfulness, but patience, indifference, apathy almost. Aspects of nature which appear to be hostile to man, often develop and bring into play his best energies, but there are others which depress and paralyse his powers. I am convinced that the extreme North, like the Tropics, is unfavourable to the best mental and physical condition of the human race. The proper zone of man lies between 30° and 55° North.

To one who has not an unusual capacity to enjoy the experiences of varied travel, I should not recommend such a journey. With me, the realization of a long-cherished desire, the sense of novelty, the opportunity for contrasting extremes, and the interest with which the people inspired me, far outweighed all inconveniences and privations. In fact, I was not fully aware of the gloom and cold in which I had

lived until we returned far enough southward to enjoy eight hours of sunshine, and a temperature above the freezing point. It was a second birth into a living world. Although we had experienced little positive suffering from the intense cold, except on the return from Muoniovara to Haparanda, our bodies had already accommodated themselves to a low temperature, and the sudden transition to 30° above zero came upon us like the warmth of June. My friend, Dr. Kane, once described to me the comfort he felt when the mercury rose to 7° below zero, making it pleasant to be on deck. The circumstance was then incomprehensible to me, but is now quite plain. I can also the better realise the terrible sufferings of himself and his men, exposed to a storm in a temperature of -47° , when the same degree of cold, with a very light wind, turned my own blood to ice.

Most of our physical sensations are relative, and the mere enumeration of so many degrees of heat or cold gives no idea of their effect upon the system. I should have frozen at home in a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effect of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65° to 70° North:

15° above zero—Unpleasantly warm.

Zero—Mild and agreeable.

10° below zero—Pleasantly fresh and bracing

20° below zero—Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally.

30° below zero—Very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities: eat the fattest food, and plenty of it

40° below—Intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently, that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.

50° below—A struggle for life.

* We kept a record of the temperature from the time we left Sundsvall (Dec. 21) until our return to Stockholm. As a matter of interest, I subjoin it, changing the degrees from Reaumur to Fahrenheit: We tested the thermometer repeatedly on the way, and found it very generally reliable, although in extremely low temperature it showed from one to two degrees more than a spirit thermometer. The observations were taken at from 9 to 8 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M., and 7 to 11 P. M., whenever it was possible.

		<i>Morning.</i>	<i>Noon.</i>	<i>Evening.</i>
December	21 . .	+ 6	..	zero.
"	22 . .	+ 6	..	- 3
"	23 . .	-22	-29	-22
"	24 . .	- 6	-22	-22
"	25 . .	-35	-38	mer frozen.
"	26 . .	-30	-24	-31
"	27 (storm) .	-18	-18	-12
"	28 (storm) .	zero.	zero.	zero.
"	29 . .	- 6	-13	-13
"	30 . .	- 6	-13	-22
"	31 (storm) .	- 3	+ 9	+ 9
January	1, 1857 .	+ 3	+ 3	+ 3
"	2 . .	- 6	- 6	- 6
"	3 . .	-30	-22	-23
"	4 . .	-18	..	-22
"	5 . .	-31	-30	-33
"	6 . .	-20	- 4	zero.
"	7 . .	+ 4	+18	+25
"	8 . .	+18	..	-11
"	9 . .	-28	-44	-44
"	10 (storm)	- 5	..	- 2
"	11 (storm)	- 2	zero	- 5

		<i>Morning.</i>	<i>Noon.</i>	<i>Evening</i>
January	12, 1857 (storm)	— 5	— 4	— 4
"	13 (storm)	+ 5	+ 5	+ 5
"	14 . .	— 6	—13	— 6
"	15 . .	— 8	—13	—33
"	16 . .	— 9	—10	—11
"	17 (fog)	zero.	zero.	zero.
"	18 . .	—10	—18	—23
"	19 (storm)	— 3	— 3	— 9
"	20 . .	+20	..	+ 6
"	21 . .	— 4	zero.	zero.
"	22 . .	+ 2	— 6	—13
"	23 . .	—13	— 3	—13
"	24 . .	—15	—22	—44
"	25 mer. froz. .	—50?	—42	mer frozer
"	26 . .	—45	—35	—39
"	27 . frozen	—47?	—45	—35
"	28 . frozen	—49?	—47	—44
"	29 . .	—47?	—43	—43
"	30 . .	—27	—11	—35
"	31 . .	—17	—16	— 7
February	1 . .	zero.	— 9	—13
"	2 . .	+ 2	+ 6	zero.
"	3 . .	zero.	zero.	zero.
"	4 . .	— 9	zero.	— 3
"	5 (storm)	+ 3	+ 3	+ 3
"	6 . .	+25	+25	+18
"	7 . .	+14	+18	+25
"	8 . .	+25	+39	+22
"	9 . .	+ 5	+22	+16
"	10 . .	+25	+37	+37
"	11 . .	+34	+34	+32
"	12 . .	+32	+37	+23
"	13 . .	+16	+30	+21
"	14 . .	+25	+30	+25

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE IN STOCKHOLM.

THE Swedes are proud of Stockholm, and justly so. No European capital, except Constantinople, can boast such picturesque beauty of position, and none whatever affords so great a range of shifting yet ever lovely aspects. Travelers are fond of calling it, in the imitative nomenclature of commonplace, the "Venice of the North"—but it is no Venice. It is not that swan of the Adriatic, singing her death-song in the purple sunset, but a northern eaglet, nested on the islands and rocky shores of the pale green Mälar lake. The *Stad*, or city proper, occupies three islands, which lie in the mouth of the narrow strait, by which the waters of the lake, after having come a hundred miles from the westward, and washed in their course the shores of thirteen hundred islands, pour themselves into the outer archipelago which is claimed by the Baltic Sea. On the largest of these islands, according to tradition, Agne, King of Sweden, was strangled with his own golden chain, by the Finnish princess Skiolfä, whom he had taken prisoner. This was sixteen hundred years ago, and a thousand years later, Bir

ger Jarl, on the same spot, built the stronghold which was the seed out of which Stockholm has grown.

This island, and the adjoining *Riddarholm*, or Island of the Knights, contain all the ancient historic landmarks of the city, and nearly all of its most remarkable buildings. The towers of the Storkyrka and the Riddarholm's Church lift themselves high into the air; the dark red mass of the *Riddarhus*, or House of Nobles, and the white turrets and quadrangles of the penitentiary are conspicuous among the old white, tile-roofed blocks of houses; while, rising above the whole, the most prominent object in every view of Stockholm, is the *Slot*, or Royal Palace. This is one of the noblest royal residences in Europe. Standing on an immense basement terrace of granite, its grand quadrangle of between three and four hundred feet square, with wings (resembling, in general design, the Pitti Palace at Florence), is elevated quite above the rest of the city, which it crowns as with a mural diadem. The chaste and simple majesty of this edifice, and its admirable proportions, are a perpetual gratification to the eye, which is always drawn to it, as a central point, and thereby prevented from dwelling on whatever inharmonious or unsightly features there may be in the general view.

Splendid bridges of granite connect the island with the northern and southern suburbs, each of which is much greater in extent than the city proper. The palace fronts directly upon the *Norrbro*, or Northern Bridge, the great thoroughfare of Stockholm, which leads to the Square of Gustavus Adolphus, flanked on either side by the palace of the Crown Prince and the Opera House. The northern suburb is the

fashionable quarter, containing all the newest streets and the handsomest private residences. The ground rises gradually from the water, and as very little attention is paid to grading, the streets follow the undulations of the low hills over which they spread, rising to the windmills on the outer heights and sinking into the hollows between. The southern suburb, however, is a single long hill, up the steep side of which the houses climb, row after row, until they reach the Church of St. Catherine, which crowns the very summit. In front of the city (that is eastward, and toward the Baltic), lie two other islands, connected by bridges with the northern suburb. Still beyond is the Djurgård, or Deer-Park, a singularly picturesque island, nearly the whole of which is occupied by a public park, and the summer villas of the wealthy Stockholmers. Its natural advantages are superior to those of any other park in Europe. Even in April, when there was scarcely a sign of spring, its cliffs of grey rock, its rolling lawns of brown grass, and its venerable oaks, with their iron trunks and gnarled, contorted boughs, with blue glimpses of ice-free water on all sides, attracted hundreds of visitors daily.

The streets of Stockholm are, with but two or three exceptions, narrow and badly paved. The municipal regulations in regard to them appear to be sadly deficient. They are quite as filthy as those of New-York, and the American reader will therefore have some idea of their horrid condition. A few *trottoirs* have been recently introduced, but even in the Drottning-gatan, the principal street, they are barely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. The pavements are rough, slippery, and dangerous both to man

and beast. I have no doubt that the great number of cripples in Stockholm is owing to this cause. On the other hand, the houses are models of solidity and stability. They are all of stone, or brick stuccoed over, with staircases of stone or iron, wood being prohibited by law, and roofs of copper slate or tiles. In fact, the Swedes have singularly luxurious ideas concerning roofs, spending much more money upon them, proportionately, than on the house itself. You even see wooden shanties with copper roofs, got up regardless of expense. The houses are well lighted (which is quite necessary in the dark streets), and supplied with double windows against the cold. The air-tight Russian stove is universal. It has the advantage of keeping up sufficient warmth with a very small supply of fuel, but at the expense of ventilation. I find nothing yet equal to the old fashioned fire-place in this respect, though I must confess I prefer the Russian stove to our hot-air furnaces. Carpets are very common in Sweden, and thus the dwellings have an air of warmth and comfort which is not found in Germany and other parts of the Continent. The arrangements for sleeping and washing are tolerable, though scanty, as compared with England, but the cleanliness of Swedish houses makes amends for many deficiencies.

The manner of living in Stockholm, nevertheless, is not very agreeable to the stranger. There is no hotel, except Kahn's, where one can obtain both beds and meals. The practice is to hire rooms, generally with the privilege of having your coffee in the morning, and to get your meals at a restaurant, of which there are many, tolerably cheap and not particularly good. Even Davison's, the best and most

fashionable, has but an ordinary *cuisine*. Rooms are quite dear—particularly during our sojourn, when the Diet was in session and the city crowded with country visitors—and the inclusive expenses of living were equal to Berlin and greater than in Paris. I found that it cost just about as much to be stationary here, as to travel with post-horses in the Northern provinces. The Swedes generally have a cup of coffee on getting out of bed, or before, a substantial breakfast at nine, dinner at three, and tea in the evening. The wealthier families dine an hour or two later, but the crowds at the restaurants indicate the prevailing time. Dinner, and frequently breakfast, is prefaced with a *smörgås* (butter-goose), consisting of anchovies, pickled herrings, cheese and brandy. Soup which is generally sweet, comes in the middle and sometimes at the end of dinner, and the universal dessert is preserved fruit covered with whipped cream. I have had occasion to notice the fondness of the Swedes for sugar, which some persons seem to apply to almost every dish, except fish and oysters. I have often seen them season crab soup with powdered sugar. A favorite dish is raw salmon, buried in the earth until it is quite sodden—a great delicacy, they say, but I have not yet been hungry enough to eat it. Meat, which is abundant, is rarely properly cooked, and game, of which Sweden has a great variety, is injured by being swamped in sauces. He must be very fastidious, however, who cannot live passably well in Stockholm, especially if he has frequent invitations to dine with private families, many of whom have very excellent cooks.

My Swedish friends all said, “ You should see Stockholm

in summer! You have passed the worst part of the whole year among us, and you leave just when our fine days begin.² I needed no assurance, however, of the summer charm of the place. In those long, golden evenings, which give place to an unfading twilight, when the birch is a network of silver and green, and the meadows are sown with the bright wild flowers of the North, those labyrinths of land and water must be truly enchanting. But were the glories of the Northern Summer increased tenfold, I could not make my home where such a price must be paid for them. From the time of our arrival, in February, until towards the close of April, the weather was of that kind which aggravates one to the loss of all patience. We had dull, raw, cloudy skies, a penetrating, unnerving, and depressing atmosphere, mud under foot, alternating with slushy snow,—in short, everything that is disagreeable in winter, without its brisk and bracing qualities. I found this season much more difficult to endure than all the cold of Lapland, and in spite of pleasant society and the charms of rest after a fatiguing journey, our sojourn in Stockholm was for a time sufficiently tedious.

At first, we lived a rather secluded life in our rooms in the Beridarebangatan, in the northern suburb, devoting ourselves principally to gymnastics and the study of the Swedish language,—both of which can be prosecuted to more advantage in Stockholm than anywhere else. For, among the distinguished men of Sweden may be reckoned Ling, the inventor of what may be termed anatomical gymnastics. His system not only aims at reducing to a science the muscular development of the body, but, by means of both ac-

live and passive movements, at reaching the seat of disease and stimulating the various organs to healthy action. In the former of these objects, Ling has certainly succeeded; there is no other system of muscular training that will bear comparison with his; and if he has to some extent failed in the latter, it is because, with the enthusiasm of a man possessed by a new discovery, he claimed too much. His successor, Prof. Branting, possesses equal enthusiasm, and his faith in gymnastics, as a panacea for all human infirmities, is most unbounded. The institution under his charge is supported by Government, and, in addition to the officers of the army and navy, who are obliged to make a complete gymnastic course, is largely attended by invalids of all ages and classes.

Neither of us required the system as a medical application. I wished to increase the girth of my chest, somewhat diminished by a sedentary life, and Braisted needed a safety-valve for his surplus strength. However, the professor, by dint of much questioning, ascertained that one of us was sometimes afflicted with cold feet, and the other with head-aches, and thereupon clapped us both upon the sick list. On entering the hall, on the first morning of our attendance, a piece of paper containing the movements prescribed for our individual cases, was stuck in our bosoms. On inspecting the lists, we found we had ten movements apiece, and no two of them alike. What they were we could only dimly guess from such cabalistic terms as "*Stöd-gångst*," "*Krhalfligg*," "*Simhäng*," or "*Högstrgrsitt*." The hall, about eighty feet in length by thirty in height was furnished with the usual appliances for gymnastic exer

sises. Some fifty or sixty patients were present, part of whom were walking up and down the middle passage with an air of great solemnity, while the others, gathered in various little groups on either side, appeared to be undergoing uncouth forms of torture. There was no voluntary exercise, if I except an old gentleman in a black velvet coat, who repeatedly suspended himself by the hands, head downwards, and who died of apoplexy not long afterwards; every one was being exercised upon. Here, a lathy young man, bent sideways over a spar, was struggling, with a very red face, to right himself, while a stout teacher held him down; there, a corpulent gentleman, in the hands of five robust assistants, was having his body violently revolved upon the base of his hip joints, as if they were trying to unscrew him from his legs; and yonder again, an individual, suspended by his arms from a cross-bar, had his feet held up and his legs stretched apart by another, while a third pounded vigorously with closed fists upon his seat of honour. Now and then a prolonged yell, accompanied with all sorts of burlesque variations, issued from the throats of the assembly. The object of this was at first not clear to me, but I afterwards discovered that the full use of the lungs was considered by Ling a very important part of the exercises. Altogether, it was a peculiar scene, and not without a marked grotesque character.

On exhibiting my *matsedel*, or "bill of fare," to the first teacher who happened to be disengaged, I received my first movement, which consisted in being held with my back against a post, while I turned my body from side to side against strong resistance, employing the muscles of the chest

only. I was then told to walk for five minutes before taking the second movement. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the various contortions I was made to perform ; suffice it to say, that I felt very sore after them, which Professor Branting considered a promising sign, and that, at the end of a month, I was taken off the sick list and put among the *friskas*, or healthy patients, to whom more and severer movements, in part active, are allotted. This department was under the special charge of Baron Vegesach, an admirable teacher, and withal a master of fencing with the bayonet, a branch of defensive art which the Swedes have the honour of originating. The drill of the young officers in bayonet exercise was one of the finest things of the kind I ever saw. I prospered so well under the Baron's tuition, that at the end of the second month I was able to climb a smooth mast, to run up ropes with my hands, and to perform various other previous impossibilities, while my chest had increased an inch and a half in circumference, the addition being solid muscle.

During the time of my attendance I could not help but notice the effect of the discipline upon the other patients, especially the children. The weak and listless gradually straightened themselves; the pale and sallow took colour and lively expression; the crippled and paralytic recovered the use of their limbs; in short, all, with the exception of two or three hypochondriacs, exhibited a very marked improvement. The cheerfulness and geniality which pervaded the company, and of which Professor Branting himself was the best example, no doubt assisted the cure. All, both teachers and pupils, met on a platform of the most absolute

equality, and willingly took turns in lending a hand wherever it was needed. I have had my feet held up by a foreign ambassador, while a pair of Swedish counts applied the proper degree of resistance to the muscles of my arms and shoulders. The result of my observation and experience was, that Ling's system of physical education is undoubtedly the best in the world, and that, as a remedial agent in all cases of congenital weakness or deformity, as well as in those diseases which arise from a deranged circulation, its value can scarcely be over-estimated. It may even afford indirect assistance in more serious organic diseases, but I do not believe that it is of much service in those cases where chemical agencies are generally employed. Professor Branting, however, asserts that it is a specific for all diseases whatsoever, including consumption, malignant fevers, and venereal affections. One thing at least is certain—that in an age when physical training is most needed and most neglected, this system deserves to be introduced into every civilised country, as an indispensable branch in the education of youth.

I found the Swedish language as easy to read as it is difficult to speak correctly. The simplicity of its structure, which differs but slightly from English, accounts for the former quality, while the peculiar use of the definite article as a terminal syllable, attached to the noun, is a great impediment to fluent speaking. The passive form of the verb also requires much practice before it becomes familiar, and the mode of address in conversation is awkward and inconvenient beyond measure. The word *you*, or its correspondent is never used, except in speaking to inferiors; wher

ever it occurs in other languages, the title of the person addressed must be repeated; as, for example: "How is the Herr Justizrad? I called at the Herr Justizråd's house this morning, but the Herr Justizråd was not at home." Some of the more progressive Swedes are endeavouring to do away with this absurdity, by substituting the second person plural, *ni*, which is already used in literature, but even they only dare to use it in their own private circle. The Swedes, especially in Stockholm, speak with a peculiar drawl and singing accent, exactly similar to that which is often heard in Scotland. It is very inferior to the natural, musical rhythm of Spanish, to which, in its vocalisation, Swedish has a great resemblance. Except Finnish, which is music itself, it is the most melodious of northern languages, and the mellow flow of its poetry is often scarcely surpassed by the Italian. The infinitive verb always ends in *a*, and the language is full of soft, gliding iambics, which give a peculiar grace to its poetry.

It is rather singular that the Swedish prose, in point of finish and elegance, is far behind the Swedish poetry. One cause of this may be, that it is scarcely more than fifty years since the prose writers of the country began to use their native language. The works of Linnæus, Swedenborg, and other authors of the past century must now be translated into Swedish. Besides, there are two prose dialects—a conversational and a declamatory, the latter being much more artificial and involved than the former. All public addresses, as well as prose documents of a weighty or serious character, must be spoken or written in this pompous and antiquated style, owing to which, naturally, the country is

almost destitute of orators. But the poets,—especially men of the sparkling fancy of Bellman, or the rich lyrical inspiration of Tegner, are not to be fettered by such conventionalities; and they have given the verse of Sweden an ease, and grace, and elegance, which one vainly seeks in its prose. In Stockholm, the French taste, so visible in the manners of the people, has also affected the language, and a number of French words and forms of expression, which have filtered through society, from the higher to the lower classes, are now in general use. The spelling, however, is made to conform to Swedish pronunciation, and one is amused at finding on placards such words as "*trottoar*," "*salong*," and "*paviljong*."

No country is richer in song-literature than Sweden. The popular songs and ballads of the different provinces, wedded to airs as original and characteristic as the words, number many hundreds. There are few Swedes who cannot sing, and I doubt whether any country in Europe would be able to furnish so many fine voices. Yet the taste for what is foreign and unaccustomed rules, and the minstrels of the cafes and the Djurgård are almost without exception German. Latterly, two or three bands of native singers have been formed, who give concerts devoted entirely to the country melodies of Sweden; and I believe they have been tolerably successful.

In these studies, relieved occasionally by rambles over the hills, whenever there was an hour's sunshine, and by occasional evenings with Swedish, English, and American friends, we passed the months of March and April, waiting for the tardy spring. Of the shifting and picturesque views which

Stockholm presents to the stranger's eye, from whatever point he beholds her, we never wearied; but we began at last to tire of our ice-olation, and to look forward to the re-opening of the Gotha Canal, as a means of escape. Day after day it was a new satisfaction to behold the majestic palace crowning the island-city and looking far and wide over the frozen lakes; the tall, slender spire of the Riddarholm, soaring above the ashes of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus, was always a welcome sight; but we had seen enough of the hideous statues which ornament the public squares, (Charles XII. not among them, and the imbecile Charles XIII. occupying the best place); we grew tired of the monotonous perambulators on the Forrbro, and the tameness and sameness of Stockholm life in winter: and therefore hailed the lengthening days which heralded our deliverance.

As to the sights of the capital, are they not described in the guide-books? The champion of the Reformation lies in his chapel, under a cloud of his captured banners: opposite to him, the magnificent madman of the North, with hundreds of Polish and Russian ensigns rustling above his heads. In the royal armory you see the sword and the bloody shirt of the one, the bullet-pierced hat and cloak of the other, still coated with the mud of the trench at Fredrickshall. There are robes and weapons of the other Carls and Gustavs, but the splendour of Swedish history is embodied in these two names, and in that of Gustavus Vasa, who lies entombed in the old cathedral at Upsala. When I had grasped their swords, and the sabre of Czar Peter, captured at Narva, I felt that there were no other relics in Sweden which could make my heart throb a beat the faster

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANNERS AND MORALS OF STOCKHOLM.

As a people, the Swedes are very hospitable, and particularly so toward foreigners. There is perhaps no country in Europe where travellers are treated with so much kindness and allowed so many social privileges. This is fortunate, as the conventionalities of the country are more rigid than the laws of the Medes and Persians. Nothing excites greater scandal than an infraction of the numberless little formalities with which the descendants of the honest, spontaneous, impulsive old Scandinavians have, somehow or other, allowed themselves to be fettered, and were not all possible allowance made for the stranger, he would have but a dismal time of it. Notwithstanding these habits have become a second nature, they are still a false nature, and give a painfully stiff and constrained air to society. The Swedes pride themselves on being the politest people in Europe. Voltaire called them the "Frenchmen of the North," and they are greatly flattered by the epithet. But how much better, to call themselves *Swedes*?—to preserve the fine, manly characteristics of their ancient stock, rather than imitate a people so alien to them in blood, in character, and in antecedents

Those meaningless social courtesies which sit well enough upon the gay, volatile, mercurial Frenchman, seem absurd affectations when practiced by the tall, grave, sedate Scandinavian. The intelligent Swedes feel this, but they are powerless to make headway against the influence of a court which was wholly French, even before Bernadotte's time. "We are a race of apes," said one of them to me bitterly. Gustavus III. was thoroughly French in his tastes, but the ruin of Swedish nationality in Stockholm was already commenced when he ascended the throne.

Stockholm manners, at present, are a curious mixture of English and French, the latter element, of course, being predominant. In costume, the gentlemen are English, with exaggeration. Nowhere are to be seen such enormously tall and stiff black chimney-pots (misnamed *hats*), nowhere such straight-cut overcoats, descending to the very heels. You might stick all the men you see into pasteboard cards, like a row of pins, so precisely are they clothed upon the same model. But when you meet one of these grim, funereal figures, he pulls off his hat with a politeness which is more than French; he keeps it off, perhaps, while he is speaking; you shake hands and accept his invitation to enter his house. After you are within, he greets you a second time with the same ceremonies, as if you had then first met; he says, "*Tak for sist!*" (equivalent to; "thank you for the pleasure of your company the last time we met!") and, after your visit is over, you part with equal formality. At dinner the guests stand gravely around the table with clasped hands, before sitting down. This is repeated on rising, after which they bow to each other and shake hands with the host and hostess

Formerly they used to say "I thank you for the meal," a custom still retained in Denmark and Norway. Not long ago the guests were obliged to make a subsequent visit of ceremony to thank the host for his entertainment, and he was obliged to invite them all to a second dinner, in consequence thereof; so that giving one dinner always involved giving two. Fortunately the obligation was cancelled by the second, or the visits and dinners might have gone on alternately, *ad infinitum*.

At dinners and evening parties, white gloves and white cravats are invariably worn, and generally white vests. The same custom is observed at funerals, even the drivers of the hearse and carriages being furnished with resplendent white gloves for the occasion. I have a horror of white cravats, and took advantage of the traveller's privilege to wear a black one. I never could understand why, in England, where the boundaries of caste are so distinctly marked, a gentleman's full dress should be his servant's livery. The chimney-pots are no protection to the head in raw or very cold weather, and it required no little courage in me to appear in fur or felt. "I wish I could wear such a comfortable hat," said a Swede to me; "but I *dare not*; you are a traveller, and it is permitted; but a Swede would lose his position in society, if he were to do so." Another gentleman informed me that his own sisters refused to appear in the streets with him, because he wore a cap. A former English Consul greatly shocked the people by carrying home his own marketing. A few gentlemen have independence enough to set aside, in their own houses, some of the more disagreeable features of this conventionalism, and the success of two or

three, who held weekly soirees through the winter, on a more free and unrestrained plan, may in the end restore somewhat of naturalness and spontaneity to the society of Stockholm.

The continual taking off of your hat to everybody you know, is a great annoyance to many strangers. A lift of the hat, as in Germany, is not sufficient. You must remove it entirely, and hold it in the air a second or two before you replace it. King Oscar once said to an acquaintance of mine, who was commiserating him for being obliged to keep his hat off, the whole length of the Drottning-gatan, in a violent snow-storm: "You are quite right; it was exceedingly disagreeable, and I could not help wishing that instead of being king of Sweden, I were king of Thibet, where, according to Huc, the polite salutation is simply to stick out your tongue." The consideration extended to foreigners is, I am told, quite withdrawn after they become residents; so that, as an Englishman informed me, Stockholm is much more pleasant the first year than the second. The principle, on the whole, is about the same as governs English, and most American society, only in Sweden its tyranny is more severely felt, on account of the French imitations which have been engrafted upon it.

I do not wish to be understood as saying a word in censure of that genial courtesy which is characteristic of the Swedes, not less of the *bonder*, or country farmers, than of the nobility. They are by nature a courteous people, and if, throughout the country, something of the primness and formality of ancient manners has been preserved, it the rather serves to give a quaint and picturesque grace to society. The affectation of French manners applies prin-

cipally to the capital, which, both in manners and morals can by no means be taken as a standard for the whole country. The Swedes are neither licentious, nor extravagantly over-mannered: the Stockholmers are both. During the whole of our journey to Lapland, we were invariably treated with a courtesy which bordered on kindness, and had abundant opportunities of noticing the general amenity which exists in the intercourse even of the poorest classes. The only really rude people we saw, were travelling traders, especially those from the capital, who thought to add to their importance by a little swaggering.

I recollect hearing of but a single instance in which the usual world-wide rules of hospitality were grossly violated. This occurred to an English traveller, who spent some time in the interior of the country. While taking tea one evening with a prominent family of the province, he happened to make use of his thumb and fore-finger in helping himself to a lump of sugar. The mistress of the house immediately sent out the servant, who reappeared after a short time with another sugar-bowl, filled with fresh lumps. Noticing this, the traveller, in order to ascertain whether his harmless deviation from Swedish customs had really contaminated the whole sugar-bowl, sweetened his second cup in the same manner. The result was precisely the same: the servant was again sent out, and again returned with a fresh supply. The traveller, thereupon, coolly walked to the stove, opened the door, and threw in his cup, saucer, and tea-spoon affecting to take it for granted that they never could be used again.

Speaking of King Oscar reminds me that I should not

fail to say a word about this liberal and enlightened monarch. There is probably no king in Europe at present, who possesses such extensive acquirements, or is animated by a more genuine desire for the good of his kingdom. The slow progress which Sweden has made in introducing needful reforms is owing to the conservative spirit of the nobility and the priesthood, who possess half the legislative power. I do not believe there is a greater enemy to progress than an established church. Oscar is deservedly popular throughout Sweden, and I wish I could believe that his successor will exhibit equal intelligence and liberality. During my stay I saw all the members of the Royal Family frequently, and once had an informal self-presentation to the whole of them. I was descending the stairway of Kahn's Hotel one afternoon, when a tall, black-bearded, Frenchy gentleman coming up, brushed so close to me in the narrow passage that he received the full benefit of a cloud of smoke which I was ejaculating. It was the Crown Prince, as a servant whispered to me, but as my cigar was genuine Havana, and he is said to be a connoisseur of the article, there was no harm done. As I reached the street door a dragoon dashed up, preceding the carriages containing the Royal Family, who were coming to view Professor Enslén's panoramas. First, the Crown Princess, with her children; she bowed gracefully in answer to my greeting. The Princess Eugénia, a lady of twenty-seven, or thereabouts, with a thoroughly cheerful and amiable face, came next and nodded, smiling. With her was the Queen, a daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, a handsome woman for her years, with the dark hair and eyes of her grandmother, Josephine. King

Oscar followed, at the head of a company of officers and nobles, among whom was his second son, Prince Oscar, the handsomest young man in Stockholm. He wore his Admiral's uniform, and made me a naval salute as he passed. The King is about medium height, with a symmetrical head, a bold, finely-cut nose, keen, intelligent eyes, and a heavy grey moustache. There was something gallant, dashing, and manly in his air, despite his fifty-seven years. He gave me the impression of an honest, energetic and thoroughly accomplished man; and this is the character he bears throughout Sweden, except with a small class, who charge him with being insincere, and too much under the influence of the Queen, against whom, however, they can find no charge, except that of her Catholicism.

I was sorry to notice, not only in Stockholm, but more or less throughout Sweden, a spirit of detraction in regard to everything Swedish. Whenever I mentioned with admiration the name of a distinguished Swede, I was almost always sure to hear, in return, some disparaging remark, or a story to his disadvantage. Yet, singularly enough, the Swedes are rather sensitive to foreign criticism, seeming to reserve for themselves the privilege of being censorious. No amount of renown, nor even the sanctity which death gives to genius, can prevent a certain class of them from exhibiting the vices and weaknesses of their countrymen. Much the severest things which I heard said about Sweden, were said by Swedes themselves, and I was frequently obliged to rely upon my own contrary impressions, to protect me from the chance of being persuaded to paint things worse than they really are.

Just before leaving Stockholm I made application through the Hon. Mr. Schroeder, our Minister Resident, and Baron Lagerheim, for the privilege of an interview with the king. A few days previously, however, he had been attacked with that illness which has obliged him to withdraw from the labours of government, and was advised by his physicians to receive no one. He sent me a very kind message, with an invitation to renew my request as soon as his health should be restored. Gentlemen who had opportunities of knowing the fact, assured me that his health broke down under an accumulation of labour and anxiety, in his endeavours to bring the question of religious liberty before the Diet—a measure in which he had to contend with the united influence of the clergy, the House of Peasants, whom the clergy rule to a great extent, and a portion of the House of Nobles. It is not often that a king is in advance of the general sentiment of his people, and in losing the services of Oscar, I fear that Sweden has lost her best man. The Crown Prince, now Prince Regent, is said to be amiably weak in his character, rather reactionary in his views, and very ambitious of military glory. At least, that is the average of the various opinions which I heard expressed concerning him.

After speaking of the manners of Stockholm, I must not close this chapter without saying a few words about its morals. It has been called the most licentious city in Europe, and, I have no doubt, with the most perfect justice. Vienna may surpass it in the amount of conjugal infidelity, but certainly not in general incontinence. Very nearly half the registered births are illegitimate, to say nothing of the ille-

gitimate children born *in wedlock*. Of the servant-girls, shop-girls, and seamstresses in the city, it is very safe to say that scarcely ten out of a hundred are chaste, while, as rakish young Swedes have coolly informed me, many girls of respectable parentage, belonging to the middle class, are not much better. The men, of course, are much worse than the women and even in Paris one sees fewer physical signs of excessive debauchery. Here, the number of broken-down young men and blear-eyed, hoary sinners, is astonishing. I have never been in any place where licentiousness was so open and avowed—and yet, where the slang of a sham morality was so prevalent. There are no houses of prostitution in Stockholm, and the city would be scandalised at the idea of allowing such a thing. A few years ago two were established and the fact was no sooner known than a virtuous mob arose and violently pulled them down! At the restaurants, young blades order their dinners of the female waiters, with an arm around their waists, while the old men place their hands unblushingly upon their bosoms. All the baths in Stockholm are attended by women (generally middle-aged and hideous, I must confess), who perform the usual scrubbing and sham-pooing with the greatest nonchalance. One does not wonder when he is told of young men who have passed safely through the ordeals of Berlin and Paris, and have come at last to Stockholm to be ruined.*

* The substance of the foregoing paragraph was contained in a letter published in *The New-York Tribune* during my travels in the North, and which was afterwards translated and commented upon by the Swedish papers. The latter charged me with having drawn too dark a picture and I therefore took some pains to test my statements, both by means of

It is but fair to say that the Swedes account for the large proportion of illegitimate births, by stating that many unfortunate females come up from the country to hide their shame in the capital, which is no doubt true. Everything that I have said has been derived from residents of Stockholm who, proud as they are, and sensitive, cannot conceal this

the Government statistics, and the views of my Swedish friends. I see no reason to change my first impression: had I accepted all that was told me by natives of the capital, I should have made the picture much darker. The question is simply whether there is much difference between the general adoption of illicit connections, or the existence of open prostitution. The latter is almost unknown; the former is almost universal, the supply being kept up by the miserable rates of wages paid to female servants and seamstresses. The former get, on an average, fifty *rigsdaler* (\$13) per year, out of which they must clothe themselves: few of the latter can make one *rigsdaler* a day. These connections are also encouraged by the fact, that marriage legitimates all the children previously born. In fact, during the time of my visit to Stockholm, a measure was proposed in the House of Clergy, securing to bastards the same right of inheritance, as to legitimate children. Such measures, however just they may be so far as the innocent offspring of a guilty connection are concerned, have a direct tendency to impair the sanctity of marriage, and consequently the general standard of morality.

This, the most vital of all the social problems, is strangely neglected. The diseases and excesses which it engenders are far more devastating than those which spring from any other vice, and yet no philanthropist is bold enough to look the question in the face. The virtuous shrink from it, the vicious don't care about it, the godly simply condemn, and the ungodly indulge—and so the world rolls on, and hundreds of thousands go down annually to utter ruin. It is useless to attempt the extirpation of a vice which is inherent in the very nature of man, and the alternative of either utterly ignoring, or of attempting to check and regulate it, is a question of the most vital importance to the whole hu-

glaring depravity. The population of Stockholm, as is proved by statistics, has only been increased during the last fifty years by immigration from the country, the number of deaths among the inhabitants exceeding the births by several hundreds every year. I was once speaking with a Swede about these facts, which he seemed inclined to doubt. "But," said I, "they are derived from your own statistics." "Well," he answered, with a naïve attempt to find some compensating good, "you must at least admit that the Swedish statistics are as exact as any in the world!"

Drunkenness is a leading vice among the Swedes, as we had daily evidence. Six years ago the consumption of brandy throughout the kingdom was *nine gallons* for every man, woman, and child annually; but it has decreased considerably since then, mainly through the manufacture of beer and porter. "*Bajerskt öl*" (Bavarian beer) is now to be had everywhere, and is rapidly becoming the favourite drink of the people. Sweden and the United States will in the end establish the fact that lager beer is more efficacious in preventing intemperance than any amount of prohibitory law. Brandy-drinking is still, nevertheless, one of the greatest curses of Sweden. It is no unusual thing to see boys of twelve or fourteen take their glass of fiery *finkel* before dinner. The celebrated Swedish punch, made of arrack, wine, and sugar, is a universal evening drink, and one of the most insidious ever invented, despite its agreeable flavor. There is a movement in favor of total abstinence, but it seems to have made but little progress, except as it is connected with some of the new religious ideas, which are now preached throughout the country.

I have rarely witnessed a sadder example of ruin, than one evening in a Stockholm café. A tall, distinguished-looking man of about forty, in an advanced state of drunkenness, was seated at a table opposite to us. He looked at me awhile, apparently endeavoring to keep hold of some thought with which his mind was occupied. Rising at last he staggered across the room, stood before me, and repeated the words of Bellman :

“Så vandra våra stora män'
Från ljuset ned til skuggan.” *

A wild, despairing laugh followed the lines, and he turned away, but came back again and again to repeat them. He was a nobleman of excellent family, a man of great intellectual attainments, who, a few years ago, was considered one of the most promising young men in Sweden. I saw him frequently afterwards, and always in the same condition, but he never accosted me again. The Swedes say the same thing of Bellman himself, and of Tegner, and many others, with how much justice I care not to know, for a man's faults are to be accounted for to God, and not to a gossiping public.

' " Thus our great men wander from the light down into the shades ' "

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEY TO GOTTENBURG AND COPENHAGEN.

I NEVER knew a more sudden transition from winter to summer than we experienced on the journey southward from Stockholm. When we left that city on the evening of the 6th of May, there were no signs of spring except a few early violets and anemones on the sheltered southern banks in Haga Park ; the grass was still brown and dead, the trees bare, and the air keen ; but the harbour was free from ice and the canal open, and our winter isolation was therefore at an end. A little circulation entered into the languid veins of society ; steamers from Germany began to arrive ; fresh faces appeared in the streets, and less formal costumes—merchants and bagmen only, it is true, but people of a more dashing and genial air. We were evidently, as the Swedes said, leaving Stockholm just as it began to be pleasant and lively.

The steamer left the Riddarholm pier at midnight, and took her way westward up the Mälar Lake to Södertelje. The boats which ply on the Gotha canal are small, but neat and comfortable. The price of a passage to Gottenburg, a distance of 370 miles, is about \$8.50. This, however, does

not include meals, which are furnished at a fixed price, amounting to \$6 more. The time occupied by the voyage varies from two and a half to four days. In the night we passed through the lock at Södertelje, where St. Olaf, when a heathen Viking, cut a channel for his ships into the long Baltic estuary which here closely approaches the lake, and in the morning found ourselves running down the eastern shore of Sweden, under the shelter of its fringe of jagged rocky islets. Towards noon we left the Baltic, and steamed up the long, narrow Bay of Söderköping, passing, on the way, the magnificent ruins of Stegeborg Castle, the first mediæval relic I had seen in Sweden. Its square massive walls, and tall round tower of grey stone, differed in no respect from those of cotemporary ruins in Germany.

Before reaching Söderköping, we entered the canal, a very complete and substantial work of the kind, about eighty feet in breadth, but much more crooked than would seem to be actually necessary. For this reason the boats make but moderate speed, averaging not more than six or seven miles an hour, exclusive of the detention at the locks. The country is undulating, and neither rich nor populous before reaching the beautiful Roxen Lake, beyond which we entered upon a charming district. Here the canal rises, by eleven successive locks, to the rich uplands separating the Roxen from the Wetter, a gently rolling plain, chequered, so far as the eye could reach, with green squares of springing wheat and the dark mould of the newly ploughed barley fields. While the boat was passing the locks, we walked forward to a curious old church, called Vreta Kloster. The building dates from the year 1128, and contains the

tombs of three Swedish kings, together with that of the Count Douglas, who fled hither from Scotland in the time of Cromwell. The Douglas estate is in this neighbourhood, and is, I believe, still in the possession of the family. The church must at one time have presented a fine, venerable appearance: but all its dark rich colouring and gilding are now buried under a thick coat of white-wash.

We had already a prophecy of the long summer days of the North, in the perpetual twilight which lingered in the sky, moving around from sunset to sunrise. During the second night we crossed the Wetter Lake, which I did not see; for when I came on deck we were already on the Viken, the most beautiful sheet of water between Stockholm and Gottenburg. Its irregular shores, covered with forests of fir and birch, thrust out long narrow headlands which divide it into deep bays, studded with wild wooded islands. But the scenery was still that of winter, except in the absence of ice and snow. We had not made much southing, but we expected to find the western side of Sweden much warmer than the eastern. The highest part of the canal, more than 300 feet above the sea, was now passed, however, and as we descended the long barren hills towards the Wener Lake I found a few early wild flowers in the woods. In the afternoon we came upon the Wener, the third lake in Europe, being one hundred miles in extent by about fifty in breadth. To the west, it spread away to a level line against the sky; but, as I looked southward, I perceived two opposite promontories, with scattered islands between, dividing the body of water into almost equal portions. The scenery of the Wener has great resemblance to that of the northern portion of Lake

Michigan. Further down on the eastern shore, the hill of Kinnekulle, the highest land in Southern Sweden, rises to the height of nearly a thousand feet above the water, with a graceful and very gradual sweep; but otherwise the scenery is rather tame, and, I suspect, depends for most of its beauty upon the summer foliage.

There were two or three intelligent and agreeable passengers on board, who showed a more than usual knowledge of America and her institutions. The captain, however, as we walked the deck together, betrayed the same general impression which prevails throughout the Continent (Germany in particular), that we are a thoroughly *material* people, having little taste for or appreciation of anything which is not practical and distinctly utilitarian. Nothing can be further from the truth; yet I have the greatest difficulty in making people comprehend that a true feeling for science, art, and literature can co-exist with our great practical genius. There is more intellectual activity in the Free States than in any other part of the world, a more general cultivation, and, taking the collective population, I venture to say, a more enlightened taste. Nowhere are greater sums spent for books and works of art, or for the promotion of scientific objects. Yet this cry of "Materialism" has become the cant and slang of European talk concerning America, and is obtruded so frequently and so offensively that I have sometimes been inclined to doubt whether the good breeding of Continental society has not been too highly rated.

While on the steamer, I heard an interesting story of a Swedish nobleman, who is at present attempting a practica

protest against the absurd and fossilised ideas by which his class is governed. The nobility of Sweden are as proud as they are poor, and, as the father's title is inherited by each of his sons, the country is overrun with Counts and Barons who, repudiating any means of support that is not somehow connected with the service of the government, live in a continual state of debt and dilapidation. Count R——, however, has sense enough to know that honest labor is always honourable, and has brought up his eldest son to earn his living by the work of his own hands. For the past three years, the latter has been in the United States, working as a day-labourer on farms and on Western railroads. His experiences, I learn, have not been agreeable, but he is a young man of too much spirit and courage to give up the attempt, and has hitherto refused to listen to the entreaties of his family, that he shall come home and take charge of one of his father's estates. The second son is now a clerk in a mercantile house in Gottenburg, while the Count has given his daughter in marriage to a radical and untitled editor, whose acquaintance I was afterwards so fortunate as to make, and who confirmed the entire truth of the story.

We were to pass the locks at Trollhätta in the middle of the night, but I determined to visit the celebrated falls of the Götha River, even at such a time, and gave orders that we should be called. The stupid boy, however, woke up the wrong passenger, and the last locks were reached before the mistake was discovered. By sunrise we had reached Lilla Edet, on the Götha River, where the buds were swelling on the early trees, and the grass, in sunny places, showed a little sprouting greenness. We shot rapidly down the swift

brown stream, between brown, bald, stony hills, whose forests have all been stripped off to feed the hostile camp-fires of past centuries. Bits of bottom land, held in the curves of the river, looked rich and promising, and where the hills fell back a little, there were groves and country-houses—but the scenery, in general, was bleak and unfriendly, until we drew near Gottenburg. Two round, detached forts, built according to Vauban's ideas (which the Swedes say he stole from Sweden, where they were already in practice) announced our approach, and before noon we were alongside the pier. Here, to my great surprise, a Custom-house officer appeared and asked us to open our trunks. "But we came by the canal from Stockholm!" "That makes no difference," he replied; "your luggage must be examined." I then appealed to the captain, who stated that, in consequence of the steamer's being obliged to enter the Baltic waters for two or three hours between Södertelje and Söderköping, the law took it for granted that we might have boarded some foreign vessel during that time and procured contraband goods. In other words, though sailing in a narrow sound, between the Swedish islands and the Swedish coast, we had virtually been in a foreign country! It would scarcely be believed that this sagacious law is of quite recent enactment.

We remained until the next morning in Gottenburg. This is, in every respect, a more energetic and wide-awake place than Stockholm. It has not the same unrivalled beauty of position, but is more liberally laid out and kept in better order. Although the population is only about 40,000, its commerce is much greater than that of the capital and so are, proportionately, its wealth and public spirit.

The Magister Hedlund, a very intelligent and accomplished gentleman, to whom I had a letter from Mügge, the novelist, took me up the valley a distance of five or six miles, to a very picturesque village among the hills, which is fast growing into a manufacturing town. Large cotton, woollen, and paper mills bestride a strong stream, which has such a fall that it leaps from one mill-wheel to another for the distance of nearly half a mile. On our return, we visited a number of wells hollowed in the rocky strata of the hills, to which the country people have given the name of "The Giant's Pots." A clergyman of the neighbourhood, even, has written a pamphlet to prove that they were the work of the antediluvian giants, who excavated them for the purpose of mixing dough for their loaves of bread and batter for their puddings. They are simply those holes which a pebble grinds in a softer rock, under the rotary action of a current of water, but on an immense scale, some of them being ten feet in diameter, by fifteen or eighteen in depth. At Herr Hedlund's house, I met a number of gentlemen, whose courtesy and intelligence gave me a very favourable impression of the society of the place.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the steamer Viken, from Christiania, arrived, and we took passage for Copenhagen. After issuing from the *Skärgeard*, or rocky archipelago which protects the approach to Gottenburg from the sea, we made a direct course to Elsinore, down the Swedish coast, but too distant to observe more than its general outline. This part of Sweden, however—the province of Halland—is very rough and stony, and not until after passing the Sound does one see the fertile hills and vales of

Scania. The Cattegat was as smooth as an inland sea, and our voyage could not have been pleasanter. In the afternoon Zealand rose blue from the wave, and the increase in the number of small sailing craft denoted our approach to the Sound. The opposite shores drew nearer to each other, and finally the spires of Helsingborg, on the Swedish shore, and the square mass of Kronborg Castle, under the guns of which the Sound dues have been so long demanded, appeared in sight. In spite of its bare, wintry aspect, the panorama was charming. The picturesque Gothic buttresses and gables of Kronborg rose above the zigzag of its turfed outworks; beyond were the houses and gardens of Helsingör (Elsinore)—while on the glassy breast of the Sound a fleet of merchant vessels lay at anchor, and beyond, the fields and towns of Sweden gleamed in the light of the setting sun. Yet here, again, I must find fault with Campbell, splendid lyrist as he is. We should have been sailing

*"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"*

only that the level shore, with its fair gardens and groves, wouldn't admit the possibility of such a thing. The music of the line remains the same, but you must not read it on the spot.

There was a beautiful American clipper at anchor off the Castle. "There," said a Danish passenger to me, "is one of the ships which have taken from us the sovereignty of the Sound." "I am very glad of it," I replied; "and I can only wonder why the maritime nations of Europe have so long submitted to such an imposition." "I am glad, also," said

he, "that the question has at last been settled, and our privilege given up—and I believe we are all, even the Government itself, entirely satisfied with the arrangement." I heard the same opinion afterwards expressed in Copenhagen and felt gratified, as an American, to hear the result attributed to the initiative taken by our Government; but I also remembered the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and could not help wishing that the same principle might be applied at home. We have a Denmark, lying between New-York and Philadelphia, and I have often paid *sana* dues for crossing her territory.

At dusk, we landed under the battlements of Copenhagen. "Are you travellers or merchants?" asked the Custom-house officers. "Travellers," we replied. "Then," was the answer, "there is no necessity for examining your trunks," and we were politely ushered out at the opposite door, and drove without further hindrance to a hotel. A gentleman from Stockholm had said to me: "When you get to Copenhagen you will find yourself in Europe:" and I was at once struck with the truth of his remark. Although Copenhagen is by no means a commercial city—scarcely more so than Stockholm—its streets are gay, brilliant and bustling, and have an air of life and joyousness which contrasts strikingly with the gravity of the latter capital. From without, it makes very little impression, being built on a low, level ground, and surrounded by high earthen fortifications, but its interior is full of quaint and attractive points. There is already a strong admixture of the German element in the population, softening by its warmth and frankness the Scandinavian reserve. In their fondness for out-door recreation, the Danes

quite equal the Viennese, and their Summer-garden of Tivoli is one of the largest and liveliest in all Europe. In costume, there is such a thing as individuality; in manners, somewhat of independence. The Danish nature appears to be more pliant and flexible than the Swedish, but I cannot judge whether the charge of inconstancy and dissimulation, which I have heard brought against it, is just. With regard to morals, Copenhagen is said to be an improvement upon Stockholm.

During our short stay of three days, we saw the principal sights of the place. The first, and one of the pleasantest to me, was the park of Rosenborg Palace, with its fresh, green turf, starred with dandelions, and its grand avenues of chestnuts and lindens, just starting into leaf. On the 11th of May, we found spring at last, after six months of uninterrupted winter. I don't much enjoy going the round of a new city, attended by a valet-de-place, and performing the programme laid down by a guide-book, nor is it an agreeable task to describe such things in catalogue style; so I shall merely say that the most interesting things in Copenhagen are the Museum of Northern Antiquities, the Historical Collections in Rosenborg Palace, Thorwaldsen's Museum, and the Church of our Lady, containing the great sculptor's statues of Christ and the Apostles. We have seen very good casts of the latter in New-York, but one must visit the Museum erected by the Danish people, which is also Thorwaldsen's mausoleum, to learn the number, variety and beauty of his works. Here are the casts of between three and four hundred statues, busts and bas

reliefs, with a number in marble. No artist has ever had so noble a monument.

On the day after my arrival, I sent a note to Hans Christian Andersen, reminding him of the greeting which he had once sent me through a mutual friend, and asking him to appoint an hour for me to call upon him. The same afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, the door quietly opened, and a tall, loosely-jointed figure entered. He wore a neat evening dress of black, with a white cravat; his head was thrown back, and his plain, irregular features wore an expression of the greatest cheerfulness and kindly humour. I recognised him at once, and forgetting that we had never met—so much did he seem like an old, familiar acquaintance—cried out “Andersen!” and jumped up to greet him. “Ah,” said he stretching out both his hands, “here you are! Now I should have been vexed if you had gone through Copenhagen and I had not known it.” He sat down, and I had a delightful hour’s chat with him. One sees the man so plainly in his works, that his readers may almost be said to know him personally. He is thoroughly simple and natural, and those who call him egotistical forget that his egotism is only a naïve and unthinking sincerity, like that of a child. In fact, he is the youngest man for his years that I ever knew. “When I was sixteen,” said he, “I used to think to myself, ‘when I am twenty-four, then will I be old indeed’—but now I am fifty-two, and I have just the same feeling of youth as at twenty.” He was greatly delighted when Braisted, who was in the room with me, spoke of having read his “*Improvisatore*” in the Sandwich Islands. “Why, is it possible?”

he exclaimed: "when I hear of my books going so far around the earth, I sometimes wonder if it can be really true that I have written them." He explained to me the plot of his new novel. "To Be, or Not To Be," and ended by presenting me with the illustrated edition of his stories. "Now don't forget me," said he, with a delightful entreaty in his voice, as he rose to leave, "for we shall meet again. Were it not for sea-sickness, I should see you in America; and who knows but I may come, in spite of it?" God bless you, Andersen! I said, in my thoughts. It is so cheering to meet a man whose very weaknesses are made attractive through the perfect candour of his nature!

Goldschmidt, the author of "The Jew," whose acquaintance I made, is himself a Jew, and a man of great earnestness and enthusiasm. He is the editor of the "North and South," a monthly periodical, and had just completed, as he informed me, a second romance, which was soon to be published. Like most of the authors and editors in Northern Europe, he is well acquainted with American literature.

Professor Rafn, the distinguished archæologist of Northern lore, is still as active as ever, notwithstanding he is well advanced in years. After going up an innumerable number of steps, I found him at the very top of a high old building in the *Kronprinsensgade*, in a study crammed with old Norsk and Icelandic volumes. He is a slender old man, with a thin face, and high, narrow head, clear grey eyes, and a hale red on his cheeks. The dust of antiquity does not lie very heavily on his grey locks; his enthusiasm for his studies is of that fresh and lively character which mellows the

whole nature of the man I admired and enjoyed it, when after being fairly started on his favourite topic, he opened one of his own splendid folios, and read me some ringing stanzas of Icelandic poetry. He spoke much of Mr. Marsh, our former minister to Turkey, whose proficiency in the northern languages he considered very remarkable.

CHAPTER XX.

RETURN TO THE NORTH.—CHRISTIANIA.

I WAS obliged to visit both Germany and England, before returning to spend the summer in Norway. As neither of those countries comes within the scope of the present work, I shall spare the reader a recapitulation of my travels for six weeks after leaving Copenhagen. Midsummer's Day was ten days past before I was ready to resume the journey and there was no time to be lost, if I wished to see the mid night sun from the cliffs of the North Cape. I therefore took the most direct route from London, by the way of Hull, whence a steamer was to sail on the 3rd of July for Christiania.

We chose one of the steamers of the English line, to our subsequent regret, as the Norwegian vessels are preferable, in most respects. I went on board on Friday evening, and on asking for my berth, was taken into a small state-room containing ten. "Oh, there's only *seven* gentleman goin' in here, this time," said the steward, noticing my look of dismay, "and then you can sleep on a sofa in the saloon, if you like it better." On referring to the steamer's framed certificate, I found that she was 250 tons' burden, and con-

structed to carry 171 cabin and 230 deck passengers! The state-room for ten passengers had a single wash-basin, but I believe we had as many as four small towels, which was a source of congratulation. "What a jolly nice boat it is!" I heard one of the English passengers exclaim. The steward, who stood up for the dignity of the vessel, said: "Oh, you'll find it very pleasant; we 'ave only twenty passengers and we once 'ad heifty-four."

In the morning we were upon the North Sea, rolling with a short, nauseating motion, under a dismal, rainy sky. "It always rains when you leave Hull," said the mate, "and it always rains when you come back to it." I divided my time between sea sickness and Charles Reade's novel of "Never too Late to Mend," a cheery companion under such circumstances. The purposed rowdyism of the man's style shows a little too plainly, but his language is so racy and muscular, his characters so fairly and sharply drawn, that one must not be censorious. Towards evening I remembered that it was the Fourth, and so procured a specific for sea-sickness, with which Braisted and I, sitting alone on the main hatch, in the rain, privately remembered our Fatherland. There was on board an American sea-captain, of Norwegian birth, as I afterwards found, who would gladly have joined us. The other passengers were three Norwegians, three fossil Englishmen, two snobbish do., and some jolly good-natured, free-and-easy youths, bound to Norway, with logs, guns, rods, fishing tackle, and oil-cloth overalls.

We had a fair wind and smooth sea, but the most favourable circumstances could not get more than eight knots an hour out of our steamer. After forty-eight hours, however

the coast of Norway came in sight—a fringe of scattered rocks, behind which rose bleak hills, enveloped in mist and rain. Our captain, who had been running on this route some years, did not know where we were, and was for putting to sea again, but one of the Norwegian passengers offered his services as pilot and soon brought us to the fjord of Christiansand. We first passed through a *Skærgaard*—archipelago, or “garden of rocks,” as it is picturesquely termed in Norsk—and then between hills of dark-red rock covered by a sprinkling of fir-trees, to a sheltered and tranquil harbour, upon which lay the little town. By this time the rain came down, not in drops, but in separate threads or streams, as if the nozzle of an immense watering-pot had been held over us. After three months of drouth, which had burned up the soil and entirely ruined the hay-crops, it was now raining for the first time in Southern Norway. The young Englishmen bravely put on their water-proofs and set out to visit the town in the midst of the deluge; but as it contains no sight of special interest, I made up my mind that, like Constantinople, it was more attractive from without than within, and remained on board. An amphitheatre of rugged hills surrounds the place, broken only by a charming little valley, which stretches off to the westward.

The fishermen brought us some fresh mackerel for our breakfast. They are not more than half the size of ours, and of a brighter green along the back; their flavour, however, is delicious. With these mackerels, four salmons, a custom-house officer, and a Norwegian parson, we set off at noon for Christiania. The coast was visible, but at a considerable distance, all day. Fleeting gleams of sunshine

sometimes showed the broken inland ranges of mountains with jagged saw-tooth peaks shooting up here and there. When night came there was no darkness, but a strong golden gleam, whereby one could read until after ten o'clock. We reached the mouth of Christiania Fjord a little after midnight, and most of the passengers arose to view the scenery. After passing the branch which leads to Drammen, the fjord contracts so as to resemble a river or one of our island-studded New England lakes. The alternation of bare rocky islets, red-ribbed cliffs, fir-woods, grey-green birchen groves, tracts of farm land, and red-frame cottages, rendered this part of the voyage delightful, although, as the morning advanced, we saw everything through a gauzy veil of rain. Finally, the watering-pot was turned on again, obliging even oil-cloths to beat a retreat to the cabin, and so continued until we reached Christiania.

After a mild custom-house visitation, not a word being said about passports, we stepped ashore in republican Norway, and were piloted by a fellow-passenger to the Victoria Hotel, where an old friend awaited me. He who had walked with me in the colonnades of Karnak, among the sands of Kôm-Ombos, and under the palms of Philæ, was there to resume our old companionship on the bleak fjelds of Norway and on the shores of the Arctic Sea. We at once set about preparing for the journey. First, to the banker's who supplied me with a sufficient quantity of small money for the post-stations on the road to Drontheim; then to a seller of *carrioles* of whom we procured three, at \$36 apiece, to be resold to him for \$24, at the expiration of two months; and then to supply ourselves with maps, posting-bock, hammer, nails

rope, gimlets, and other necessary helps in case of a breakdown. The *carriole* (*carry-all*, *lucus a non lucendo*, because it only carries one) is the national Norwegian vehicle, and deserves special mention. It resembles a reindeer-pulk mounted on a pair of wheels, with long, flat, flexible ash shafts, and no springs. The seat, much like the stern of a canoe, and rather narrow for a traveller of large basis, slopes down into a trough for the feet, with a dashboard in front. Your single valise is strapped on a flat board behind, upon which your postillion sits. The whole machine resembles an American sulky in appearance, except that it is springless, and nearly the whole weight is forward of the axle. We also purchased simple and strong harness, which easily accommodates itself to any horse.

Christiania furnishes a remarkable example of the progress which Norway has made since its union with Sweden and the adoption of a free Constitution. In its signs of growth and improvement, the city reminds one of an American town. Its population has risen to 40,000, and though inferior to Gottenburg in its commerce, it is only surpassed by Stockholm in size. The old log houses of which it once was built have almost entirely disappeared; the streets are broad, tolerably paved, and have—what Stockholm cannot yet boast of—decent side-walks. From the little nucleus of the old town, near the water, branch off handsome new streets, where you often come suddenly from stately three-story blocks upon the rough rock and meadow land. The broad *Carl-Johansgade*, leading directly to the imposing white front of the Royal Palace, upon an eminence in the rear of the city, is worthy of any European capital. On the old

market square a very handsome market hall of brick, in semi-Byzantine style, has recently been erected, and the only apparent point in which Christiania has not kept up with the times, is the want of piers for her shipping. A railroad, about forty miles in length, is already in operation as far as Eidsvold, at the foot of the long Miösen Lake, on which steamers ply to Lillehammer, at its head, affording an outlet for the produce of the fertile Guldbrandsdal and the adjacent country. The Norwegian Constitution is in almost all respects as free as that of any American state, and it is cheering to see what material well-being and solid progress have followed its adoption.

The environs of Christiania are remarkably beautiful. From the quiet basin of the fjord, which vanishes between blue, interlocking islands to the southward, the land rises gradually on all sides, speckled with smiling country-seats and farm-houses, which trench less and less on the dark evergreen forests as they recede, until the latter keep their old dominion and sweep in unbroken lines to the summits of the mountains on either hand. The ancient citadel of Aggershus, perched upon a rock, commands the approach to the city, fine old linden trees rising above its white walls and tiled roofs; beyond, over the trees of the palace park, in which stand the new Museum and University, towers the long palace-front, behind which commences a range of villas and gardens, stretching westward around a deep bight of the fjord, until they reach the new palace of Oscar-hall, on peninsula facing the city. As we floated over the glassy water, in a skiff, on the afternoon following our arrival, watching the scattered sun-gleams move across the lovely

panorama, we found it difficult to believe that we were in the latitude of Greenland. The dark, rich green of the foliage, the balmy odours which filled the air, the deep blue of the distant hills and islands, and the soft, warm colors of the houses, all belonged to the south. Only the air, fresh without being cold, elastic, and exciting, not a delicious opiate, was wholly northern, and when I took a swim under the castle walls, I found that the water was northern too. It was the height of summer, and the showers of roses in the gardens, the strawberries and cherries in the market, show that the summer's best gifts are still enjoyed here.

The English were off the next day with their dogs, guns, fishing tackle, waterproofs, clay pipes, and native language, except one, who became home-sick and went back in the next steamer. We also prepared to set out for Ringerike, the ancient dominion of King Ring, on our way to the Dovre-fjeld and Drontheim.

CHAPTER XXI.

INCIDENTS OF CARRIOLE TRAVEL.

It is rather singular that whenever you are about to start upon a new journey, you almost always fall in with some one who has just made it, and who overwhelms you with all sorts of warning and advice. This has happened to me so frequently that I have long ago ceased to regard any such communications, unless the individual from whom they come inspires me with more than usual confidence. While inspecting our carriages at the hotel in Christiania, I was accosted by a Hamburg merchant, who had just arrived from Drontheim, by way of the Dovre Fjeld and the Miösen Lake. "Ah," said he, "those things won't last long. That oil-cloth covering for your luggage will be torn to pieces in a few days by the postillions climbing upon it. Then they hold on to your seat and rip the cloth lining with their long nails; besides, the rope reins wear the leather off your dashboard, and you will be lucky if your wheels and axles don't snap on the rough roads." Now, here was a man who had travelled much in Norway, spoke the language perfectly, and might be supposed to know something; but his face betrayed the croaker, and I knew, moreover, that of all fretfully

luxurious men, merchants—and especially North-German merchants—are the worst, so I let him talk and kept my own private opinion unchanged.

At dinner he renewed the warnings. "You will have great delay in getting horses at the stations. The only way is to be rough and swaggering, and threaten the people—and even that won't always answer." Most likely, I thought.—"Of course you have a supply of provisions with you?" he continued. "No," said I, "I always adopt the diet of the country in which I travel."—"But you can't do it here!" he exclaimed in horror, "you can't do it here! They have no wine, nor no white bread, nor no fresh meat; and they don't know how to cook anything!" "I am perfectly aware of that," I answered; "but as long as I am not obliged to come down to bread made of fir-bark and barley-straw, as last winter in Lapland, I shall not complain."—"You possess the courage of a hero if you can do such a thing; but you will not start now, in this rain?" We answered by bidding him a polite adieu, for the post-horses had come, and our carriages were at the door. As if to reward our resolution, the rain, which had been falling heavily all the morning, ceased at that moment, and the grey blanket of heaven broke and rolled up into loose masses of cloud.

I mounted into the canoe-shaped seat, drew the leathern apron over my legs, and we set out, in single file, through the streets of Christiania. The carriage, as I have already said, has usually no springs (ours had none at least), except those which it makes in bounding over the stones. We had not gone a hundred yards before I was ready to cry out—"Lord, have mercy upon me!" Such a shattering of the

joints, such a vibration of the vertebræ, such a churning of the viscera, I had not felt since travelling by banghy-cart in India. Breathing went on by fits and starts, between the jolts; my teeth struck together so that I put away my pipe, lest I should bite off the stem, and the pleasant sensation of having been pounded in every limb crept on apace. Once off the paving-stones, it was a little better; beyond the hard turnpike which followed, better still; and on the gravel and sand of the first broad hill, we found the travel easy enough to allay our fears. The two *skydsbonder*, or postillions, who accompanied us, sat upon our portmanteaus, and were continually jumping off to lighten the ascent of the hills. The descents were achieved at full trotting speed, the horses leaning back, supporting themselves against the weight of the carriages, and throwing out their feet very firmly, so as to avoid the danger of slipping. Thus, no matter how steep the hill, they took it with perfect assurance and boldness, never making a stumble. There was just sufficient risk left, however, to make these flying descents pleasant and exhilarating.

Our road led westward, over high hills and across deep valleys, down which we had occasional glimpses of the blue fjord and its rocky islands. The grass and grain were a rich, dark green, sweeping into a velvety blue in the distance, and against this deep ground, the bright red of the houses showed with strong effect—a contrast which was subdued and harmonised by the still darker masses of the ever-green forests, covering the mountain ranges. At the end of twelve or thirteen miles we reached the first post-station, at the foot of the mountains which bound the inland prospect

from Christiania on the west. As it was not a "*fast*" station, we were subject to the possibility of waiting two or three hours for horses, but fortunately were accosted on the road by one of the farmers who supply the *skyds*, and changed at his house. The Norwegian *skyds* differs from the Swedish *skjuts* in having horses ready only at the fast stations, which are comparatively few, while at all others you must wait from one to three hours, according to the distance from which the horses must be brought. In Sweden there are always from two to four horses ready, and you are only obliged to wait after these are exhausted. There, also, the regulations are better, and likewise more strictly enforced. It is, at best, an awkward mode of travelling—very pleasant, when everything goes rightly, but very annoying when otherwise.

We now commenced climbing the mountain by a series of terribly steep ascents, every opening in the woods disclosing a wider and grander view backward over the lovely Christiania Fjord and the intermediate valleys. Beyond the crest we came upon a wild mountain plateau, a thousand feet above the sea, and entirely covered with forests of spruce and fir. It was a black and dismal region, under the lowering sky: not a house or a grain field to be seen, and thus we drove for more than two hours, to the solitary inn of Krogkleven, where we stopped for the night in order to visit the celebrated King's View in the morning. We got a tolerable supper and good beds, sent off a messenger to the station of Sundvolden, at the foot of the mountain, to order horses for us, and set out soon after sunrise, piloted by the landlord's son, Olaf. Half an hour's walk through the for-

est brought us to a pile of rocks on the crest of the mountain, which fell away abruptly to the westward. At our feet lay the Tyri Fjord, with its deeply indented shores and its irregular, scattered islands, shining blue and bright in the morning sun, while away beyond it stretched a great semicircle of rolling hills covered with green farms, dotted with red farm-houses, and here and there a white church glimmering like a spangle on the breast of the landscape. Behind this soft, warm, beautiful region, rose dark, wooded hills, with lofty mountain-ridges above them, until, far and faint, under and among the clouds, streaks of snow betrayed some peaks of the Nore Fjeld, sixty or seventy miles distant. This is one of the most famous views in Norway, and has been compared to that from the Righi, but without sufficient reason. The sudden change, however, from the gloomy wilderness through which you first pass to the sunlit picture of the enchanting lake, and green, inhabited hills and valleys, may well excuse the raptures of travellers. Ringerike, the realm of King Ring, is a lovely land, not only as seen from this eagle's nest, but when you have descended upon its level. I believe the monarch's real name was Halfdan the Black. So beloved was he in life that after death his body was divided into four portions, so that each province might possess some part of him. Yet the noblest fame is transitory, and nobody now knows exactly where any one of his quarters was buried.

A terrible descent, through a chasm between perpendicular cliffs some hundreds of feet in height, leads from Krogkleven to the level of the Tyri Fjord. There is no attempt here, nor indeed upon the most of the Norwegian roads we trav

elled, to mitigate, by well-arranged curves, the steepness of the hills. Straight down you go, no matter of how break-neck a character the declivity may be. There are no drags to the carriages and country carts, and were not the native horses the toughest and surest-footed little animals in the world, this sort of travel would be trying to the nerves.

Our ride along the banks of the Tyri Fjord, in the clear morning sunshine, was charming. The scenery was strikingly like that on the lake of Zug, in Switzerland, and we missed the only green turf, which this year's rainless spring had left brown and withered. In all Sweden we had seen no such landscapes, not even in Norrland. There, however, the *people* carried off the palm. We found no farm-houses here so stately and clean as the Swedish, no such symmetrical forms and frank, friendly faces. The Norwegians are big enough, and strong enough, to be sure, but their carriage is awkward, and their faces not only plain but ugly. The countrywomen we saw were remarkable in this latter respect, but nothing could exceed their development of waist, bosom and arms. Here is the stuff of which Vikings were made, I thought, but there has been no refining or ennobling since those times. These are the rough primitive formations of the human race—the bare granite and gneiss, from which sprouts no luxuriant foliage, but at best a few simple and hardy flowers. I found much less difficulty in communicating with the Norwegians than I anticipated. The language is so similar to the Swedish that I used the latter, with a few alterations, and easily made myself understood. The Norwegian dialect, I imagine, stands in about the same relation to pure Danish as the Scotch does to the English

To my ear, it is less musical and sonorous than the Swedish though it is often accented in the same peculiar sing-song way.

Leaving the Tyri Fjord, we entered a rolling, well-cultivated country, with some pleasant meadow scenery. The crops did not appear to be thriving remarkably, probably on account of the dry weather. The hay crop, which the farmers were just cutting, was very scanty; rye and winter barley were coming into head, but the ears were thin and light, while spring barley and oats were not more than six inches in height. There were many fields of potatoes, however, which gave a better promise. So far as one could judge from looking over the fields, Norwegian husbandry is yet in a very imperfect state, and I suspect that the resources of the soil are not half developed. The whole country was radiant with flowers, and some fields were literally mosaics of blue, purple, pink, yellow, and crimson bloom. Clumps of wild roses fringed the road, and the air was delicious with a thousand odours. Nature was throbbing with the fullness of her short midsummer life, with that sudden and splendid rebound from the long trance of winter which she nowhere makes except in the extreme north.

At Klækken, which is called a *lilsigelse* station, where horses must be specially engaged, we were obliged to wait two hours and a half, while they were sent for from a distance of four miles. The utter coolness and indifference of the people to our desire to get on faster was quite natural, and all the better for them, no doubt, but it was provoking to us. We whiled away a part of the time with breakfast, which was composed mainly of boiled eggs and an immense

dish of wild strawberries, of very small size but exquisitely fragrant flavour. The next station brought us to Vas bunden, at the head of the beautiful Randsfjord, which was luckily a fast station, and the fresh horses were forthcoming in two minutes. Our road all the afternoon lay along the eastern bank of the Fjord, coursing up and down the hills through a succession of the loveliest landscape pictures. This part of Norway will bear a comparison with the softer parts of Switzerland, such as the lakes of Zurich and Thun. The hilly shores of the Fjord were covered with scattered farms, the villages being merely churches with half a dozen houses clustered about them.

At sunset we left the lake and climbed a long wooded mountain to a height of more than two thousand feet. It was a weary pull until we reached the summit, but we rolled swiftly down the other side to the inn of Teterud, our destination, which we reached about 10 P.M. It was quite light enough to read, yet every one was in bed, and the place seemed deserted, until we remembered what latitude we were in. Finally, the landlord appeared, followed by a girl, whom, on account of her size and blubber, Braisted compared to a cow-whale. She had been turned out of her bed to make room for us, and we two instantly rolled into the warm hollow she had left, my Nilotic friend occupying a separate bed in another corner. The guests' room was an immense apartment; eight sets of quadrilles might have been danced in it at one time. The walls were hung with extraordinary pictures of the Six Days of Creation, in which the Almighty was represented as an old man dressed in a long gown, with a peculiarly good-humoured leer suggesting a wink, on his

face. I have frequently seen the same series of pictures in the Swedish inns. In the morning I was aroused by Braisted exclaiming, "There she blows!" and the whale came up to the surface with a huge pot of coffee, some sugar candy, excellent cream, and musty biscuit.

It was raining when we started, and I put on a light coat, purchased in London, and recommended in the advertisement as being "light in texture, gentlemanly in appearance, and impervious to wet," with strong doubts of its power to resist a Norwegian rain. Fortunately, it was not put to a severe test; we had passing showers only, heavy, though short. The country, between the Randsfjord and the Miösen Lake was open and rolling, everywhere under cultivation, and apparently rich and prosperous. Our road was admirable, and we rolled along at the rate of one Norsk mile (seven miles) an hour, through a land in full blossom, and an atmosphere of vernal odors. At the end of the second station we struck the main road from Christiania to Drontheim. In the station-house I found translations of the works of Dickens and Captain Chamier on the table. The landlord was the most polite and attentive Norwegian we had seen; but he made us pay for it, charging one and a half marks apiece for a breakfast of boiled eggs and cheese.

Starting again in a heavy shower, we crossed the crest of a hill, and saw all at once the splendid Miösen Lake spread out before us, the lofty Island of Helge, covered with farms and forests, lying in the centre of the picture. Our road went northward along the side of the vast, sweeping slope of farm-land which bounds the lake on the west. Its rough and muddy condition showed how little land-travel there is

at present, since the establishment of a daily line of steamers on the lake. At the station of Gjövik, a glass furnace, situated in a wooded little dell on the shore, I found a young Norwegian who spoke tolerable English, and who seemed astounded at our not taking the steamer in preference to our carriages. He hardly thought it possible that we could be going all the way to Lillehammer, at the head of the lake, by the land road. When we set out, our postillion took a way leading up the hills in the rear of the place. Knowing that our course was along the shore, we asked him if we were on the road to Sveen, the next station. "Oh, yes; it's all right," said he, "this is a new road." It was, in truth, a superb highway; broad and perfectly macadamised, and leading along the brink of a deep rocky chasm, down which thundered a powerful stream. From the top of this glen we struck inland, keeping more and more to the westward. Again we asked the postillion, and again received the same answer. Finally, when we had travelled six or seven miles, and the lake had wholly disappeared, I stopped and demanded where Sveen was. "Sveen is not on this road," he answered; "we are going to Mustad!" "But," I exclaimed, "we are bound for Sveen and Lillehammer!" "Oh," said he, with infuriating coolness, "*you can go there afterwards!*" You may judge that the carriages were whirled around in a hurry, and that the only answer to the fellow's remonstrances was a shaking by the neck which frightened him into silence.

We drove back to Gjövik in a drenching shower, which failed to cool our anger. On reaching the station I at once **made** a complaint against the postillion, and the landlord

called a man who spoke good English, to settle the matter. The latter brought me a bill of \$2 for going to Mustad and back. Knowing that the horses belonged to farmers, who were not to blame in the least, we had agreed to pay for their use; but I remonstrated against paying the full price when we had not gone the whole distance, and had not intended to go at all. "Why, then, did you order horses for Mustad?" he asked. "I did no such thing!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "You did!" he persisted, and an investigation ensued, which resulted in the discovery that the Norwegian who had advised us to go by steamer, had gratuitously taken upon himself to tell the landlord to send us to the Randsfjord, and had given the postillion similar directions! The latter, imagining, perhaps, that we didn't actually know our own plans, had followed his instructions. I must say that I never before received such an astonishing mark of kindness. The ill-concealed satisfaction of the people at our mishap made it all the more exasperating. The end of it was that two or three marks were taken off the account, which we then paid, and in an hour afterwards shipped ourselves and carriages on board a steamer for Lillehammer. The Norwegian who had caused all this trouble came along just before we embarked, and heard the story with the most sublime indifference, proffering not a word of apology, regret, or explanation. Judging from this specimen, the King of Sweden and Norway has good reason to style himself King of the Goths and Vandals.

I was glad, nevertheless, that we had an opportunity of seeing the Miösen, from the deck of a steamer. Moving over the glassy pale-green water, midway between its shores

we had a far better exhibition of its beauties than from the land-road. It is a superb piece of water, sixty miles in length by from two to five in breadth, with mountain shores of picturesque and ever-varying outline. The lower slopes are farm land, dotted with the large *gaards*, or mansions of the farmers, many of which have a truly stately air; beyond them are forests of fir, spruce, and larch, while in the glens between, winding groves of birch, alder, and ash come down to fringe the banks of the lake. Wandering gleams of sunshine, falling through the broken clouds, touched here and there the shadowed slopes and threw belts of light upon the water—and these illuminated spots finely relieved the otherwise sombre depth of colour. Our boat was slow, and we had between two and three hours of unsurpassed scenery before reaching our destination. An immense raft of timber gathered from the loose logs which are floated down the Lougen Elv, lay at the head of the lake, which contracts into the famous Guldbrandsdal. On the brow of a steep hill on the right lay the little town of Lillehammer, where we were ere long quartered in a very comfortable hotel.

CHAPTER XXII.

GULDBRANDSDAL AND THE DOVRE FJELD.

We left Lillehammer on a heavenly Sabbath morning. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky, the air was warm and balmy, and the verdure of the valley, freshened by the previous day's rain, sparkled and glittered in the sun. The Mjøsen Lake lay blue and still to the south, and the bald tops of the mountains which inclose Gulbrandsdal stood sharp and clear, and almost shadowless, in the flood of light which streamed up the valley. Of Lillehammer, I can only say that it is a common-place town of about a thousand inhabitants. It had a cathedral and bishop some six hundred years ago, no traces of either of which now remain. We drove out of it upon a splendid new road, leading up the eastern bank of the river, and just high enough on the mountain side to give the loveliest views either way. Our horses were fast and spirited, and the motion of our carriages over the firmly macadamised road was just sufficient to keep the blood in nimble circulation. Rigid Sabbatarians may be shocked at our travelling on that day; but there were few hearts in all the churches of Christendom whose hymns of praise were more sincere and devout than ours. The

Lougen roared an anthem for us from his rocky bed: the mountain streams, flashing down their hollow channels, seemed hastening to join it; the mountains themselves stood silent, with uncovered heads; and over all the pale-blue northern heaven looked lovingly and gladly down—a smile of God upon the grateful earth. There is no Sabbath worship better than the simple enjoyment of such a day.

Toward the close of the stage, our road descended to the banks of the Lougen, which here falls in a violent rapid—almost a cataract—over a barrier of rocks. Masses of water, broken or wrenched from the body of the river, are hurled intermittently high into the air, scattering as they fall, with fragments of rainbows dancing over them. In this scene I at once recognised the wild landscape by the pencil of Dahl, the Norwegian painter, which had made such an impression upon me in Copenhagen. In Gulbrandsdal, we found at once what we had missed in the scenery of Ringerike—swift, foaming streams. Here they leapt from every rift of the upper crags, brightening the gloom of the fir-woods which clothed the mountain-sides, like silver braiding upon a funeral garment. This valley is the pride of Norway, nearly as much for its richness as for its beauty and grandeur. The houses were larger and more substantial, the fields blooming, with frequent orchards of fruit-trees, and the farmers, in their Sunday attire, showed in their faces a little more intelligence than the people we had seen on our way thither. Their countenances had a plain, homely stamp; and of all the large-limbed, strong-backed forms I saw, not one could be called graceful,

or even symmetrical. Something awkward and uncouth stamps the country people of Norway. Honest and simple-minded they are said to be, and probably are; but of native refinement of feeling they can have little, unless all outward signs of character are false.

We changed horses at Moshûûs, and drove up a level splendid road to Holmen, along the river-bank. The highway, thus far, is entirely new, and does great credit to Norwegian enterprise. There is not a better road in all Europe; and when it shall be carried through to Drontheim, the terrors which this trip has for timid travellers will entirely disappear. It is a pity that the *skyds* system should not be improved in equal ratio, instead of becoming even more inconvenient than at present. Holmen, hitherto a fast station, is now no longer so; and the same retrograde change is going on at other places along the road. The waiting at the *tilsigelse* stations is the great drawback to travelling by *skyds* in Norway. You must either wait two hours or pay fast prices, which the people are not legally entitled to ask. Travellers may write complaints in the space allotted in the post-books for such things, but with very little result, if one may judge from the perfect indifference which the station-masters exhibit when you threaten to do so. I was more than once tauntingly asked whether I would not write a complaint. In Sweden, I found but one instance of inattention at the stations, during two months' travel, and expected, from the boasted honesty of the Norwegians, to meet with an equally fortunate experience. Travellers, however, and especially English, are fast teaching the people the usual arts of imposition. Oh, you hard-shelled, unplastic, insu

lated Englishmen ! You introduce towels and fresh water and tea, and beef-steak, wherever you go, it is true but you teach high prices, and swindling, and insolence likewise !

A short distance beyond Holmen, the new road terminated and we took the old track over steep spurs of the mountain, rising merely to descend and rise again. The Lougen River here forms a broad, tranquil lake, a mile in width, in which the opposite mountains were splendidly reflected. The water is pale, milky-green colour, which, under certain effects of light, has a wonderful aerial transparency. As we approached Løsneås, after this long and tedious stage, I was startled by the appearance of a steamer on the river. It is utterly impossible for any to ascend the rapids below Mos-hûûs ; and she must therefore have been built there. We could discover no necessity for such an undertaking in the thin scattered population and their slow, indifferent habits. Her sudden apparition in such a place was like that of an omnibus in the desert.

The magnificent vista of the valley was for a time closed by the snowy peaks of the Rundan Fjeld ; but as the direction of the river changed they disappeared, the valley contracted, and its black walls, two thousand feet high, almost overhung us. Below, however, were still fresh meadows, twinkling birchen groves and comfortable farm-houses. Out of a gorge on our right, plunged a cataract from a height of eighty or ninety feet, and a little further on, high up the mountain, a gush of braided silver foam burst out of the dark woods, covered with gleaming drapery the face of a huge perpendicular crag, and disappeared in the woods again. My friend drew up his horse in wonder and rapture. "]

know all Switzerland and the Tyrol," he exclaimed, "but I have never seen a cataract so wonderfully framed in the setting of a forest." In the evening, as we approached our destination, two streams on the opposite side of the valley, fell from a height of more than a thousand feet, in a series of linked plunges, resembling burnished chains hanging dangling from the tremendous parapet of rock. On the meadow before us, commanding a full view of this wild and glorious scene, stood a stately *gaard*, entirely deserted, its barns, out-houses and gardens utterly empty and desolate. Its aspect saddened the whole landscape.

We stopped at the station of Lillehaave, which had only been established the day before, and we were probably the first travellers who had sojourned there. Consequently the people were unspoiled, and it was quite refreshing to be courteously received, furnished with a trout supper and excellent beds, and to pay therefor an honest price. The morning was lowering, and we had rain part of the day; but, thanks to our waterproofs and carriage aprons, we kept comfortably dry. During this day's journey of fifty miles, we had very grand scenery, the mountains gradually increasing in height and abruptness as we ascended the Guldbrandsdal, with still more imposing cataracts "blowing their trumpets from the steeps." At Viik, I found a complaint in the post-book, written by an Englishman who had come with us from Hull, stating that the landlord had made him pay five dollars for beating his dog off his own. The complaint was written in English, of course, and therefore useless so far as the authorities were concerned. The landlord whom I expected, from this account, to find a surly, swind-

ling fellow, accosted us civilly, and invited us into his house to see some old weapons, principally battle-axes. There was a cross-bow, a battered, antique sword, and a buff coat, which may have been stripped from one of Sinclair's men in the pass of Kringelen. The logs of his house, or part of them, are said to have been taken from the dwelling in which the saint-king Olaf—the apostle of Christianity in the North,—was born. They are of the red Norwegian pine, which has a great durability; and the legend may be true, although this would make them eight hundred and fifty years old.

Colonel Sinclair was buried in the churchyard at Viik, and about fifteen miles further we passed the defile of Kringelen, where his band was cut to pieces. He landed in Romdal's Fjörd, on the western coast, with 900 men intending to force his way across the mountains to relieve Stockholm, which was then (1612) besieged by the Danes. Some three hundred of the peasants collected at Kringelen, gathered together rocks and trunks of trees on the brow of the cliff, and, at a concerted signal, rolled the mass down upon the Scotch, the greater part of whom were crushed to death or hurled into the river. Of the whole force only two escaped. A wooden tablet on the spot says, as near as I could make it out, that there was never such an example of courage and valour known in the world, and calls upon the people to admire this glorious deed of their fathers. "Courage and valour;" cried Braisted, indignantly; "it was a cowardly butchery! If they had so much courage, why did they allow 900 Scotchmen to get into the very heart of the country before they tried to stop them?" Well, war is full

of meanness and cowardice. If it were only fair fighting on an open field, there would be less of it.

Beyond Laurgaard, Guldbrandsdal contracts to a narrow gorge, down which the Lougen roars in perpetual foam. This pass is called the Rusten; and the road here is excessively steep and difficult. The forests disappear; only hardy firs and the red pine cling to the ledges of the rocks; and mountains, black, grim, and with snow-streaked summits, tower grandly on all sides. A broad cataract, a hundred feet high, leaped down a chasm on our left, so near to the road that its sprays swept over us, and then shot under a bridge to join the seething flood in the frightful gulf beneath. I was reminded of the Valley of the Reuss, on the road to St. Gothard, like which, the pass of the Rusten leads to a cold and bleak upper valley. Here we noticed the blight of late frost on the barley fields, and were for the first time assailed by beggars. Black storm-clouds hung over the gorge, adding to the savage wildness of its scenery; but the sun came out as we drove up the Valley of Dovre, with its long stretch of grain-fields on the sunny sweep of the hillside, sheltered by the lofty Dovre Fjeld behind them. We stopped for the night at the inn of Toftemoen, long before sunset, although it was eight o'clock, and slept in a half-daylight until morning.

The sun was riding high in the heavens when we left, and dark lowering clouds slowly rolled their masses across the mountain-tops. The Lougen was now an inconsiderable stream, and the superb Guldbrandsdal narrowed to a bare, bleak dell, like those in the high Alps. The grain-fields had a chilled, struggling appearance: the forests forsook

the mountain-sides and throve only in sheltered spots at their bases; the houses were mere log cabins, many of which were slipping off their foundation-posts and tottering to their final fall; and the people, poorer than ever, came out of their huts to beg openly and shamelessly as we passed Over the head of the valley, which here turns westward to the low water-shed dividing it from the famous Romsdal, rose two or three snow-streaked peaks of the Hurunger Fjeld; and the drifts filling the ravines of the mountains on our left descended lower and lower into the valley.

At Dombaas, a lonely station at the foot of the Dovre Fjeld, we turned northward into the heart of the mountains. My postillion, a boy of fifteen, surprised me by speaking very good English. He had learned it in the school at Drontheim. Sometimes, he said, they had a schoolmaster in the house, and sometimes one at Jerkin, twenty miles distant. Our road ascended gradually through half-cut woods of red pine, for two or three miles, after which it entered a long valley, or rather basin, belonging to the table land of the Dovre Fjeld. Stunted heath and dwarfed juniper-bushes mixed with a grey, foxy shrub-willow, covered the soil, and the pale yellow of the reindeer moss stained the rocks. Higher greyer and blacker ridges hemmed in the lifeless landscape; and above them, to the north and west, broad snow-fields shone luminous under the heavy folds of the clouds. We passed an old woman with bare legs and arms, returning from a *søter*, or summer châlet of the shepherd. She was a powerful but purely animal specimen of humanity,—“beef to the heel,” as Braisted said. At last a cluster of log huts, with a patch of green pasture-ground

about them, broke the monotony of the scene. It was Fogstuen, or next station, where we were obliged to wait half an hour until the horses had been caught and brought in. The place had a poverty stricken air; and the slovenly woman who acted as landlady seemed disappointed that we did not buy some horridly coarse and ugly woolen gloves of her own manufacture.

Our road now ran for fourteen miles along the plateau of the Dovre, more than 3000 feet above the level of the sea. This is not a plain or table land, but an undulating region, with hills, valleys, and lakes of its own; and more desolate landscapes one can scarcely find elsewhere. Everything is grey, naked, and barren, not on a scale grand enough to be imposing, nor with any picturesqueness of form to relieve its sterility. One can understand the silence and sternness of the Norwegians, when he has travelled this road. But I would not wish my worst enemy to spend more than one summer as a solitary herdsman on these hills. Let any disciple of Zimmerman try the effect of such a solitude. The statistics of insanity in Norway exhibit some of its effects, and that which is most common is most destructive. There never was a greater humbug than the praise of solitude: it is the fruitful mother of all evil, and no man covets it who has not something bad or morbid in his nature.

By noon the central ridge or comb of the Dovre Fjeld rose before us, with the six-hundred-year old station of Jerkin in a warm nook on its southern side. This is renowned as the best post-station in Norway, and is a favourite resort of English travellers and sportsmen, who come hither to climb the peak of Snæhätten, and to stalk rein-

deer. I did not find the place particularly inviting. The two women who had charge of it for the time were unusually silent and morose, but our dinner was cheap and well gotten up, albeit the trout were not the freshest. We admired the wonderful paintings of the landlord, which although noticed by Murray, give little promise for Norwegian art in these high latitudes. His cows, dogs, and men are all snow-white, and rejoice in an original anatomy.

The horses on this part of the road were excellent, the road admirable, and our transit was therefore thoroughly agreeable. The ascent of the dividing ridge, after leaving Jerkin, is steep and toilsome for half a mile, but with this exception the passage of the Dovre Fjeld is remarkably easy. The highest point which the road crossed is about 4600 feet above the sea, or a little higher than the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol. But there grain grows and orchards bear fruit, while here, under the parallel of 62° , nearly all vegetation ceases, and even the omnivorous northern sheep can find no pasturage. Before and behind you lie wastes of naked grey mountains, relieved only by the snow-patches on their summits. I have seen as desolate tracts of wilderness in the south made beautiful by the lovely hues which they took from the air; but Nature has no such tender fancies in the north. She is a realist of the most unpitiful stamp, and gives atmospheric influences which make that which is dark and bleak still darker and bleaker. Black clouds hung low on the horizon, and dull grey sheets of rain swept now and then across the nearer heights. Snæhätten, to the westward, was partly veiled, but we could trace his blunt mound of alternate black rock and snow nearly to the

apex. The peak is about 7700 feet above the sea, and was until recently considered the highest in Norway, but the Skagtolstind has been ascertained to be 160 feet higher, and Snæhåtten is dethroned.

The river Driv came out of a glen on our left, and entered a deep gorge in front, down which our road lay, following the rapid descent of the foaming stream. At the station of Kongsvold, we had descended to 3000 feet again, yet no trees appeared. Beyond this, the road for ten miles has been with great labour hewn out of the solid rock, at the bottom of a frightful defile, like some of those among the Alps. Formerly, it climbed high up on the mountain-side, running on the brink of almost perpendicular cliffs, and the *Vaarsti*, as it is called, was then reckoned one of the most difficult and dangerous roads in the country. Now it is one of the safest and most delightful. We went down the pass on a sharp trot, almost too fast to enjoy the wild scenery as it deserved. The Driv fell through the cleft in a succession of rapids, while smaller streams leaped to meet him in links of silver cataract down a thousand feet of cliff. Birch and fir now clothed the little terraces and spare corners of soil, and the huge masses of rock, hanging over our heads, were tinted with black, warm brown, and russet orange, in such a manner as to produce the most charming effects of colour. Over the cornices of the mountain-walls, hovering at least two thousand feet above, gleamed here and there the scattered snowy *jötuns* of the highest fjeld.

The pass gradually opened into a narrow valley, where we found a little cultivation again. Here was the post of Drivstuen, kept by a merry old lady. Our next stage de-

ascended through increasing habitation and culture to the inn of Rise, where we stopped for the night, having the Dovre Fjeld fairly behind us. The morning looked wild and threatening, but the clouds gradually hauled off to the eastward, leaving us the promise of a fine day. Our road led over hills covered with forests of fir and pine, whence we looked into a broad valley clothed with the same dark garment of forest, to which the dazzling white snows of the fjeld in the background made a striking contrast. We here left the waters of the Driv and struck upon those of the Orkla, which flow into Drontheim Fjord. At Stuen, we got a fair breakfast of eggs, milk, cheese, bread and butter. Eggs are plentiful everywhere, yet, singularly enough, we were nearly a fortnight in Norway before we either saw or heard a single fowl. Where they were kept we could not discover, and why they did not crow was a still greater mystery. Norway is really the land of silence. For an inhabited country, it is the quietest I have ever seen. No wonder that anger and mirth, when they once break through the hard ice of Norwegian life, are so furious and uncontrollable. These inconsistent extremes may always be reconciled, when we understand how nicely the moral nature of man is balanced.

Our road was over a high, undulating tract for two stages, commanding wide views of a wild wooded region, which is said to abound with game. The range of snowy peaks behind us still filled the sky, appearing so near at hand as to deceive the eye in regard to their height. At last, we came upon the brink of a steep descent, overlooking the deep glen of the Orkla, a singularly picturesque valley, issuing from

between the bases of the mountains, and winding away to the northward. Down the frightful slant our horses plunged, and in three minutes we were at the bottom, with flower-sown meadows on either hand, and the wooded sides of the glen sweeping up to a waving and fringed outline against the sky. After crossing the stream, we had an ascent as abrupt, on the other side; but half-way up stood the station of Bjærkager, where we left our panting horses. The fast stations were now at an end, but by paying fast prices we got horses with less delay. In the evening, a man travelling on foot offered to carry *förbud* notices for us to the remaining stations, if we would pay for his horse. We accepted; I wrote the orders in my best Norsk, and on the following day we found the horses in readiness everywhere.

The next stage was an inspiring trot through a park-like country, clothed with the freshest turf and studded with clumps of fir, birch, and ash. The air was soft and warm, and filled with balmy scents from the flowering grasses, and the millions of blossoms spangling the ground. In one place, I saw half an acre of the purest violet hue, where the pansy of our gardens grew so thickly that only its blossoms were visible. The silver green of the birch twinkled in the sun, and its jets of delicate foliage started up everywhere with exquisite effect amid the dark masses of the fir. There was little cultivation as yet, but these trees formed natural orchards, which suggested a design in their planting and redeemed the otherwise savage character of the scenery. We dipped at last into a hollow, down which flowed one of the tributaries of the Gûûl Elv, the course of which we thence followed to Drontheim.

One of the stations was a lonely *gaard*, standing apart from the road, on a high hill. As we drove up, a horrid old hag came out to receive us. "Can I get three horses soon?" I asked. "No," she answered with a chuckle. "How soon?" "In a few hours," was her indifferent reply, but the promise of paying fast rates got them in less than one. My friend wanted a glass of wine, but the old woman said she had nothing but milk. We were sitting on the steps with our pipes, shortly afterwards, when she said: "Why don't you go into the house?" "It smells too strongly of paint," I answered. "But you had better go in," said she, and shuffled off. When we entered, behold! there were three glasses of very good Marsala on the table. "How do you sell your milk?" I asked her. "That kind is three skillings a dram," she answered. The secret probably was that she had no license to sell wine. I was reminded of an incident which occurred to me in Maine, during the prevalence of the prohibitory law. I was staying at an hotel in a certain town, and jestingly asked the landlord: "Where is the Maine Law? I should like to see it." "Why," said he, "I have it here in the house;" and he unlocked a back room and astonished me with the sight of a private bar, studded with full decanters.

The men folks were all away at work, and our postillion was a strapping girl of eighteen, who rode behind Braisted. She was gotten up on an immense scale, but nature had expended so much vigour on her body that none was left for her brain. She was a consummate representation of health and stupidity. At the station where we stopped for the night I could not help admiring the solid bulk of the landlady's

sister. Although not over twenty four she must have weighed full two hundred. Her waist was of remarkable thickness, and her bust might be made into three average American ones. I can now understand why Mügge calls his heroine Ilda "the strong maiden."

A drive of thirty-five miles down the picturesque valley of the Gûûl brought us to Drontheim the next day—the eighth after leaving Christiania.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DRONTHEIM.—VOYAGE UP THE COAST OF NORWAY.

OUR first view of Drontheim (or *Trondhjem*, as it should properly be written) was from the top of the hill behind the town, at the termination of six miles of execrable road, and perhaps the relief springing from that circumstance heightened the agreeable impression which the scene made upon our minds. Below us, at the bottom of a crescent-shaped bay, lay Drontheim—a mass of dark red, yellow, and brown buildings, with the grey cathedral in the rear. The rich, well cultivated valley of the Nid stretched behind it, on our right, past the Lierfoss, whose column of foam was visible three miles away, until the hills, rising more high and bleak behind each other, completely enclosed it. The rock-fortress of Munkholm, in front of the city, broke the smooth surface of the fjord, whose further shores, dim with passing showers, swept away to the north-east, hiding the termination of this great sea-arm, which is some fifty miles distant. The panorama was certainly on a grand scale, and presented very diversified and picturesque features; but I can by no means agree with Dr. Clarke, who compares it to the Bay of Naples. Not only the rich col-

ours of the Mediterranean are wanting, but those harmonic sweeps and curves of the Italian shores and hills have nothing in common with these rude, ragged, weather beaten, defiant forms.

Descending the hill between rows of neat country-houses, we passed a diminutive fortification, and entered the city. The streets are remarkably wide and roughly paved, crossing each other at right angles, with a Philadelphian regularity. The houses are all two stories high, and raised upon ample foundations, so that the doors are approached by flights of steps—probably on account of the deep snows during the winter. They are almost exclusively of wood, solid logs covered with neat clap-boards, but a recent law forbids the erection of any more wooden houses, and in the course of time, the town, like Christiania, will lose all that is peculiar and characteristic in its architecture. A cleaner place can scarcely be found, and I also noticed, what is quite rare in the North, large square fountains or wells, at the intersection of all the principal streets. The impression which Drontheim makes upon the stranger is therefore a cheerful and genial one. Small and unpretending though it be, it is full of pictures; the dark blue fjord closes the vista of half its streets; hills of grey rock, draped with the greenest turf, overlook it on either side, and the beautiful valley of the Nid, one of the loveliest nooks of Norway, lies in its rear.

We drove to the Hotel de Belle-Vue, one of the two little caravanserais of which the town boasts, and were fortunate in securing the two vacant rooms. The hotel business in Norway is far behind that of any other country, except in regard to charges, where it is far in advance. Consider

ing what one gets for his money, this is the most expensive country in the world for foreigners. Except where the rates are fixed by law, as in posting, the natives pay much less; and here is an instance of double-dealing which does not harmonise with the renowned honesty of the Norwegians. At the Belle-Vue, we were furnished with three very meagre meals a day, at the rate of two dollars and a half. The attendance was performed by two boys of fourteen or fifteen, whose services, as may be supposed, were quite inadequate to the wants of near twenty persons. The whole business of the establishment devolved on these two fellows, the landlady, though good-humoured and corpulent, as was meet, knowing nothing about the business, and, on the whole, it was a wonder that matters were not worse. It is singular that in a pastoral country like Norway one gets nothing but rancid butter, and generally sour cream, where both should be of the finest quality. Nature is sparing of her gifts, to be sure; but what she does furnish is of the best, as it comes from her hand. Of course, one does not look for much culinary skill, and is therefore not disappointed, but the dairy is the primitive domestic art of all races, and it is rather surprising to find it in so backward a state.

My friend, who received no letters, and had no transatlantic interests to claim his time, as I had, applied himself to seeing the place, which he accomplished, with praiseworthy industry, in one day. He walked out to the falls of the Nid, three miles up the valley, and was charmed with them. He then entered the venerable cathedral, where he had the satisfaction of seeing a Protestant clergyman perform high mass in a scarlet surplice, with a gold cross on his back

The State Church of Norway, which, like that of Sweden, is Lutheran of a very antiquated type, not only preserves this ritual, but also the form of confession (in a general way, I believe, and without reference to particular sins) and of absolution. Of course, it is violently dogmatic and illiberal, and there is little vital religious activity in the whole country. Until within a very few years, no other sects were tolerated, and even yet there is simply freedom of conscience, but not equal political rights, for those of other denominations. This concession has perhaps saved the church from becoming a venerable fossil, yet one still finds persons who regret that it should have been made, not knowing that all truth, to retain its temper, must be whetted against an opposing blade. According to the new constitution of Norway, the king must be crowned in the cathedral of Drontheim. Bernadotte received the proper consecration, but Oscar, though King of Norway, has not yet seen fit to accept it. I once heard a Norwegian exclaim, with a sort of jealous satisfaction: "Oscar calls himself King of Norway, but he is a king without a crown!" I cannot see, however, that this fact lessens his authority as sovereign, in the least.

There is a weekly line of steamers, established by the Storthing (Legislative Assembly), to Hammerfest and around the North Cape. The "Nordkap," the largest and best of these boats, was to leave Drontheim on Saturday evening, the 18th of July, and we lost no time in securing berths, as another week would have made it too late for the perpetual sunshine of the northern summer. Here again, one is introduced to a knowledge of customs and regulations un

known elsewhere. The ticket merely secures you a place on board the steamer, but neither a berth nor provisions. The latter you obtain from a restaurateur on board, according to fixed rates; the former depends on the will of the captain, who can stow you where he chooses. On the "Nordkap" the state-rooms were already occupied, and there remained a single small saloon containing eight berths. Here we did very well so long as there were only English and American occupants, who at once voted to have the skylight kept open; but after two Norwegians were added to our company, we lived in a state of perpetual warfare, the latter sharing the national dread of fresh air; and yet one of them was a professor from the University of Christiania, and the other a physician, who had charge of the hospital in Bergen! With this exception, we had every reason to be satisfied with the vessel. She was very stanch and steady-going, with a spacious airy saloon on deck; no captain could have been more kind and gentlemanly, and there was quite as much harmony among the passengers as could reasonably have been expected. Our party consisted of five Americans, three English, two Germans, and one Frenchman (M. Gay, Membre de l'Academie), besides a variety of Norwegians from all parts of the country.

Leaving our carriages and part of our baggage behind us, we rowed out to the steamer in a heavy shower. The sun was struggling with dark grey rain-clouds all the evening, and just as we hove anchor, threw a splendid triumphal iris across the bay, completely spanning the town, which, with the sheltering hills, glimmered in the rosy mist floating within the bow. Enclosed by such a dazzling frame the

picture of Drontheim shone with a magical lustre, like a vision of Asgaard, beckoning to us from the tempestuous seas. But we were bound for the north, the barriers of Nifhem, the land of fog and sleet, and we disregarded the celestial token, though a second perfect rainbow overarched the first, and the two threw their curves over hill and fortress and the bosom of the rainy fjord, until they almost touched our vessel on either side. In spite of the rain, we remained on deck until a late hour, enjoying the bold scenery of the outer fjord—here, precipitous woody shores, gashed with sudden ravines; there, jet-black rocky peaks, resembling the porphyry hills of the African deserts; and now and then, encircling the sheltered coves, soft green fields glowing with misty light, and the purple outlines of snow-streaked mountains in the distance.

The morning was still dark and rainy. We were at first running between mountain-islands of bare rock and the iron coast of the mainland, after which came a stretch of open sea for two hours, and at noon we reached Björö, near the mouth of the Namsen Fjord. Here there was half a dozen red houses on a bright green slope, with a windmill out of gear crowning the rocky hill in the rear. The sky gradually cleared as we entered the Namsen Fjord, which charmed us with the wildness and nakedness of its shores, studded with little nooks and corners of tillage, which sparkled like oases of tropical greenness, in such a rough setting. Precipices of dark-red rock, streaked with foamy lines of water from the snows melting upon their crests, frowned over the narrow channels between the islands, and through their gaps and gorges we caught sight of the loftier ranges in

land. Namsos, at the head of the fjord, is a red-roofed town of a few hundred inhabitants, with a pleasant background of barley-fields and birchen groves. The Namsen valley, behind it, is one of the richest in this part of Norway, and is a great resort of English salmon-fishers. There was a vessel of two hundred tons on the stocks, and a few coasting crafts lying at anchor.

We had a beautiful afternoon voyage out another arm of the fjord, and again entered the labyrinth of islands fringing the coast. Already, the days had perceptibly lengthened, and the increased coldness of the air at night indicated our approach to the Arctic Circle. I was surprised at the amount of business done at the little stations where we touched. Few of these contained a dozen houses, yet the quantity of passengers and freight which we discharged and took on board, at each, could only be explained by the fact that these stations are generally outlets for a tolerably large population, hidden in the valleys and fjords behind, which the steamer does not visit. Bleak and desolate as the coast appears, the back country has its fertile districts—its pasture-ground, its corn-land and forests, of which the voyager sees nothing, and thus might be led to form very erroneous conclusions. Before we had been twenty-four hours out from Drontheim, there was a marked change in the appearance of the people we took on board. Not even in the neighborhood of Christiania or in the rich Guldbrandsdal were the inhabitants so well-dressed, so prosperous (judging from outward signs, merely), or so intelligent. They are in every respect more agreeable and promising specimens of humanity than their brothers of Southern Norway, notwith-

standing the dark and savage scenery amidst which their lot is cast.

Toward midnight, we approached the rock of Torghåttén, rising 1200 feet high, in the shape of a tall-crowned, battered 'wide-awake,' above the low, rocky isles and reefs which surround it. This rock is famous for a natural tunnel, passing directly through its heart—the path of an arrow which the Giant Horseman (of whom I shall speak presently) shot at a disdainful maiden, equally colossal, in the old mythological times, when Odin got drunk nightly in Wal-halla. We were all on the look-out for this tunnel, which, according to Murray, is large enough for a ship to go through—if it were not some six hundred feet above the sea-level. We had almost passed the rock and nothing of the kind could be seen; but Capt. Riis, who was on deck, encouraged us to have a little patience, changed the steamer's course, and presently we saw a dark cavern yawning in the face of a precipice on the northern side. It was now midnight, but a sunset light tinged the northern sky, and the Torghåttén yet stood in twilight. "Shall we see through it?" was the question; but while we were discussing the chances, a faint star sparkled in the midst of the cavernous gloom. "You see it because you imagine it," cried some; yet, no, it was steadfast, and grew broad and bright, until even the most sceptical recognised the pale midnight sky at the bottom of the gigantic arch.

My friend aroused me at five in the morning to see the Seven Sisters—seven majestic peaks, 4000 feet high, and seated closely side by side, with their feet in the sea. They all wore nightcaps of gray fog, and had a sullen and sleepy

air. I imagined they snored, but it was a damp wind driving over the rocks. They were northern beauties, hard-featured and large-boned, and I would not give a graceful southern hill, like Monte Albano or the Paphian Olympus, for the whole of them. So I turned in again, and did not awake until the sun had dried the decks, and the split twisted and contorted forms of the islands gave promise of those remarkable figures which mark the position of the Arctic Circle. There was already a wonderful change in the scenery. The islands were high and broken, rising like towers and pyramids from the water, and grouped together in the most fantastic confusion. Between their jagged pinnacles, and through their sheer walls of naked rock, we could trace the same formation among the hills of the mainland, while in the rear, white against the sky, stretched the snowy table-land which forms a common summit for all. One is bewildered in the attempt to describe such scenery. There is no central figure, no prevailing character, no sharp contrasts, which may serve as a guide whereby to reach the imagination of the reader. All is confused, disordered, chaotic. One begins to understand the old Norse myth of these stones being thrown by the devil in a vain attempt to prevent the Lord from finishing the world. Grand as they are, singly, you are so puzzled by their numbers and by the fantastic manner in which they seem to dance around you, as the steamer threads the watery labyrinth, that you scarcely appreciate them as they deserve. Take almost any one of these hundreds, and place it inland, anywhere in Europe or America, and it will be visited, sketched and sung to distraction.

At last we saw in the west, far out at sea, the four towers of Threnen, rising perpendicularly many hundred feet from the water. Before us was the *Hestmand*, or Horseman, who bridles his rocky steed with the polar circle. At first, he appeared like a square turret crowning an irregular mass of island-rock, but, as we approached a colossal head rounded itself at the top, and a sweeping cloak fell from the broad shoulder, flowing backward to the horse's flanks. Still, there was no horse; but here again our captain took the steamer considerably out of her course, so that, at a distance of a mile the whole enormous figure, 1500 feet in height, lay clearly before us. A heavy beard fell from the grand, Jovian head; the horse, with sharp ears erect and head bent down, seemed to be plunging into the sea, which was already above his belly; the saddle had slipped forward, so that the rider sat upon his shoulders, but with his head proudly lifted, as if conscious of his fate, and taking a last look at the world. Was it not All-Father Odin, on his horse Sleipner, forsaking the new race which had ceased to worship him? The colossi of the Orient—Rameses and Brahma and Boodh—dwindle into insignificance before this sublime natural monument to the lost gods of the North.

At the little fishing-village of Anklakken, near the Horseman, a fair was being held, and a score or more of coasting craft, gay with Norwegian flags, lay at anchor. These *jagts*, as they are called, have a single mast, with a large square sail, precisely like those of the Japanese fishing junks, and their hulls are scarcely less heavy and clumsy. They are the Norwegian boats of a thousand years ago; all attempt to introduce a better form of ship-building having

been in vain. But the romantic traveller should not suppose that he beholds the "dragons" of the Vikings, which were a very different craft, and have long since disappeared. The *jægts* are slow, but good seaboats, and as the article haste is not in demand anywhere in Norway, they probably answer every purpose as well as more rational vessels. Those we saw belonged to traders who cruise along the coast during the summer, attending the various fairs, which appear to be the principal recreation of the people. At any rate, they bring some life and activity into these silent solitudes. We had on board the effects of an Englishman who went on shore to see a fair and was left behind by a previous steamer. He had nothing with him but the clothes on his back, and spoke no Norsk: so the captain anxiously looked out for a melancholy, dilapidated individual at every station we touched at—but he looked in vain, for we neither saw nor heard anything of the unfortunate person.

All the afternoon, we had a continuation of the same wonderful scenery—precipices of red rock a thousand feet high, with snowy, turreted summits, and the loveliest green glens between. To the east were vast snow-fields, covering the eternal glaciers of the Alpine range. As we looked up the Salten Fjord, while crossing its mouth, the snows of Sul-telma, the highest mountain in Lappmark, 6000 feet above the sea, were visible, about fifty miles distant. Next came the little town of Bodo, where we stopped for the night. It is a cluster of wooden houses, with roofs of green sod, containing about three hundred inhabitants. We found potatoes in the gardens, some currant bushes, and a few hardy vegetables, stunted ash trees and some patches of barley

The sun set a little before eleven o'clock, but left behind him a glory of colours which I have never seen surpassed. The snowy mountains of Lappmark were transmuted into pyramids of scarlet flame, beside which the most gorgeous sunset illuminations of the Alps would have been pale and tame. The sky was a sheet of saffron, amber and rose, reduplicated in the glassy sea, and the peaked island of Landegode in the west, which stood broad against the glow, became a mass of violet hue, topped with cliffs of crimson fire. I sat down on deck and tried to sketch this superb spectacle, in colours which nobody will believe to be real. Before I had finished, the sunset which had lighted one end of Landegode became sunrise at the other, and the fading Alps burned anew with the flames of morning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOFODEN ISLES.

THE northern summer soon teaches one fashionable habits of life. Like the man whose windows Sidney Smith darkened, and who slept all day because he thought it was night, you keep awake all night because you forget that it is not day. One's perception of time contracts in some mysterious way, and the sun, setting at eleven, seems to be no later than when he set at seven. You think you will enjoy the evening twilight an hour or two before going to bed, and lo! the morning begins to dawn. It seems absurd to turn in and sleep by daylight, but you sleep, nevertheless, until eight or nine o'clock, and get up but little refreshed with your repose. You miss the grateful covering of darkness, the sweet, welcome gloom, which shuts your senses, one after one, like the closing petals of a flower, in the restoring trance of the night. The light comes through your eyelids as you sleep, and a certain nervous life of the body that should sleep too keeps awake and active. I soon began to feel the wear and tear of perpetual daylight, in spite of its novelty and the many advantages which it presents to the traveller.

At Bodo, we were in sight of the Lofoden Islands, which

filled up all the northern and western horizon, rising like blue saw-teeth beyond the broad expanse of the West Fjord which separates them from the group of the shore islands. The next morning, we threaded a perfect labyrinth of rocks, after passing Grotö, and headed across the fjord, for Balstad, on West-Vaagöe, one of the outer isles. This passage is often very rough, especially when the wind blows from the south-west, rolling the heavy swells of the Atlantic into the open mouth of the fjord. We were very much favoured by the weather, having a clear sky, with a light north wind and smooth sea. The long line of jagged peaks, stretching from Væröe in the south west to the giant ridges of Hindöe in the north east, united themselves in the distance with the Alpine chain of the mainland behind us, forming an amphitheatre of sharp, snowy summits, which embraced five-sixths of the entire circle of the horizon, and would have certainly numbered not less than two hundred. Von Buch compares the Lofodens to the jaws of a shark, and most travellers since his time have resuscitated the comparison, but I did not find it so remarkably applicable. There are shark tooth peaks here and there, it is true, but the peculiar conformation of Norway—extensive plateaus, forming the summit-level of the mountains—extends also to these islands, whose only valleys are those which open to the sea, and whose interiors are uninhabitable snowy tracts, mostly above the line of vegetation.

On approaching the islands, we had a fair view of the last outposts of the group—the solid barriers against which the utmost fury of the Atlantic dashes in vain. This side of Væröe lay the large island of Mosköe, between which

and a large solitary rock in the middle of the strait dividing them, is the locality of the renowned Maelström—now, alas! almost as mythical as the kraaken or great sea snake of the Norwegian fjords. It is a great pity that the geographical illusions of our boyish days cannot remain. You learn that the noise of Niagara can be heard 120 miles off, and that “some Indians, in their canoes, have ventured down it, with safety.” Well, one could give up the Indians without much difficulty; but it is rather discouraging to step out of the Falls Depôt for the first time, within a quarter of a mile of the cataract, and hear no sound except “Cab sir?” “Hotel, sir?” So of the Maelström, denoted on my schoolboy map by a great spiral twist, which suggested to me a tremendous whirl of the ocean currents, aided by the information that “vessels cannot approach nearer than seven miles.” In Olney, moreover, there was a picture of a luckless bark, half-way down the vortex. I had been warming my imagination, as we came up the coast, with Campbell’s sonorous lines:

“Round the shores where runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Round the isles where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale;”

and, as we looked over the smooth water towards Moskøe felt a renewed desire to make an excursion thither on our return from the north. But, according to Captain Riis, and other modern authorities which I consulted, the Maelström has lost all its terrors and attractions. Under certain conditions of wind and tide, an eddy is formed in the strait

it is true, which may be dangerous to small boats—but the place is by no means so much dreaded as the Salten Fjord, where the tide, rushing in, is caught in such a manner as to form a *bore*, as in the Bay of Fundy, and frequently proves destructive to the fishing craft. It is the general opinion that some of the rocks which formerly made the Maelström so terrible have been worn away, or that some submarine convulsion has taken place which has changed the action of the waters; otherwise it is impossible to account for the reputation it once possessed.

It should also be borne in mind that any accident to a boat among these islands is more likely to prove disastrous than elsewhere, since there are probably not a score out of the twenty thousand Lofoden fishermen who pass half their lives on the water, who know how to swim. The water is too cold to make bathing a luxury, and they are not sufficiently prepossessed in favour of cleanliness to make it a duty. Nevertheless, they are bold sailors, in their way, and a tougher, hardier, more athletic class of men it would be difficult to find. Handsome they are not, but quite the reverse, and the most of them have an awkward and uncouth air; but it is refreshing to look at their broad shoulders, their brawny chests, and the massive muscles of their legs and arms. During the whole voyage, I saw but one man who appeared to be diseased. Such men, I suspect, were the Vikings—rough, powerful, ugly, dirty fellows, with a few primitive virtues, and any amount of robust vices. We noticed, however, a marked change for the better in the common people, as we advanced northward. They were altogether better dressed, better mannered, and more independent

and intelligent, but with a hard, keen, practical expression of face, such as one finds among the shoremen of New-England. The school system of Norway is still sadly deficient, but there is evidently no lack of natural capacity among these people. Their prevailing vice is intemperance, which here, as in all other parts of the country, is beginning to diminish since restrictions have been placed upon the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, simultaneously with the introduction of cheap and excellent fermented drinks. The statistics of their morality also show a better state of things than in the South. There is probably no country population in the world where licentiousness prevails to such an extent as in the districts of Guldbrandsdal and Hedemark.

A voyage of four hours across the West Fjord brought us to the little village of Balstad, at the southern end of West-Vaagøe. The few red, sod-roofed houses were built upon a rocky point, behind which were some patches of bright green pasture, starred with buttercups, overhung by a splendid peak of dark-red rock, two thousand feet in height. It was a fine frontispiece to the Lofoden scenery which now opened before us. Running along the coast of West and East Vaagøe, we had a continual succession of the wildest and grandest pictures—thousand feet precipices, with turrets and needles of rock piercing the sky, dazzling snow-fields, leaking away in cataracts which filled the ravines with foam, and mazes of bald, sea-worn rocks, which seem to have been thrown down from the scarred peaks in some terrible convulsion of nature. Here and there were hollows, affording stony pasturage for a few sheep and cows

and little wooden fisher-huts stood on the shore in the arms of sheltered coves. At the village of Svolvær, which is built upon a pile of bare stones, we took on board a number of ladies in fashionable dresses, with bonnets on the backs of their heads and a sufficiency of cumbrous petticoats to make up for the absence of hoops, which have not yet got further north than Dronthiem. In seeing these unexpected apparitions emerge from such a wild corner of chaos I could not but wonder at the march of modern civilisation. Pianos in Lapland, Parisian dresses among the Lofodens, billiard-tables in Hammerfest—whither shall we turn to find the romance of the North!

We sailed, in the lovely nocturnal sunshine, through the long, river-like channel—the Rasksund, I believe, it is called—between the islands of East-Vaagøe and Hindøe, the largest of the Lofodens. For a distance of fifteen miles the strait was in no place more than a mile in breadth, while it was frequently less than a quarter. The smooth water was a perfect mirror, reflecting on one side the giant cliffs, with their gorges choked with snow, their arrowy pinnacles and white lines of falling water—on the other, hills turfed to the summit with emerald velvet, sprinkled with pale groves of birch and alder, and dotted, along their bases, with the dwellings of the fishermen. It was impossible to believe that we were floating on an arm of the Atlantic—it was some unknown river, or a lake high up among the Alpine peaks. The silence of these shores added to the impression. Now and then a white sea-gull fluttered about the cliffs, or an eider duck paddled across some glassy cove, but no sound was heard: there was no sail on the water, no human being

on the shore. Emerging at last from this wild and enchanting strait, we stood across a bay, opening southward to the Atlantic, to the port of Steilo, on one of the outer islands. Here the broad front of the island, rising against the roseate sky, was one swell of the most glorious green, down to the very edge of the sea, while the hills of East-Vaagöe, across the bay, showed only naked and defiant rock, with summit-fields of purple-tinted snow. In splendour of coloring, the tropics were again surpassed, but the keen north wind obliged us to enjoy it in an overcoat.

Toward midnight, the sun was evidently above the horizon, though hidden by intervening mountains. Braisted and another American made various exertions to see it, such as climbing the foremast, but did not succeed until about one o'clock, when they were favoured by a break in the hills. Although we had daylight the whole twenty-four hours, travellers do not consider that their duty is fulfilled unless they see the sun itself, exactly at midnight. In the morning, we touched at Throndenaes, on the northern side of Hindöe, a beautiful bay with green and wooded shores, and then, leaving the Lofodens behind us, entered the archipelago of large islands which lines the coast of Finmark. Though built on the same grand and imposing scale as the Lofodens, these islands are somewhat less jagged and abrupt in their forms, and exhibit a much more luxuriant vegetation. In fact, after leaving the Namsen Fjord, near Dronthiem, one sees very little timber until he reaches the parallel of 69°. The long straits between Senjen and Qvalö and the mainland are covered with forests of birch and turfy slopes greener than England has ever shown. A

the same time the snow level was not more than 500 feet above the sea, and broad patches lay melting on all the lower hills. This abundance of snow seems a singular incongruity, when you look upon the warm summer sky and the dark, mellow, juicy green of the shores. One fancies that he is either sailing upon some lofty inland lake, or that the ocean-level in these latitudes must be many thousand feet higher than in the temperate zone. He cannot believe that he is on the same platform with Sicily and Ceylon.

After a trip up the magnificent Maans Fjord, and the sight of some sea-green glaciers, we approached Tromsøe, the capital of Finmark. This is a town of nearly 3000 inhabitants, on a small island in the strait between Qvalø and the mainland. It was just midnight when we dropped anchor, but, although the sun was hidden by a range of snowy hills in the north, the daylight was almost perfect. I immediately commenced making a sketch of the harbour, with its fleet of coasting vessels. Some Russian craft from Archangel, and a Norwegian cutter carrying six guns, were also at anchor before the town. Our French traveller, after amusing himself with the idea of my commencing a picture at sunset and finishing it at sunrise, started for a morning ramble over the hills. Boats swarmed around the steamer, the coal-lighters came off, our crew commenced their work, and when the sun's disc appeared, before one o'clock, there was another day inaugurated. The night had vanished mysteriously, no one could tell how.

CHAPTER XXV.

FINMARK AND HAMMERFEST.

THE steamer lay at Tromsøe all day, affording us an opportunity to visit an encampment of Lapps in Tromsdal, about four miles to the eastward. So far as the Lapps were concerned, I had seen enough of them, but I joined the party for the sake of the northern summer. The captain was kind enough to despatch a messenger to the Lapps, immediately on our arrival, that their herd of reindeer, pasturing on the mountains, might be driven down for our edification, and also exerted himself to procure a horse for the American lady. The horse came, in due time, but a side saddle is an article unknown in the arctic regions, and the lady was obliged to trust herself to a man's saddle and the guidance of a Norseman of the most remarkable health, strength, and stupidity.

Our path led up a deep valley, shut in by overhanging cliffs, and blocked up at the eastern end by the huge mass of the fjeld. The streams, poured down the crags from their snowy reservoirs, spread themselves over the steep side of the hill, making a succession of quagmires, over which we were obliged to spring and scramble in break-neck style

The sun was intensely hot in the enclosed valley, and we found the shade of the birchen groves very grateful. Some of the trees grew to a height of forty feet, with trunks the thickness of a man's body. There were also ash and alder trees, of smaller size, and a profusion of brilliant wild flowers. The little multeberry was in blossom; the ranunculus, the globe-flower, the purple geranium, the heath, and the blue forget-me-not spangled the ground, and on every hillock the young ferns unrolled their aromatic scrolls written with wonderful fables of the southern spring. For it was only spring here, or rather the very beginning of summer. The earth had only become warm enough to conceive and bring forth flowers, and she was now making the most of the little maternity vouchsafed to her. The air was full of winged insects, darting hither and thither in astonishment at finding themselves alive; the herbage seemed to be visibly growing under your eyes; even the wild shapes of the trees were expressive of haste, lest the winter might come on them unawares; and I noticed that the year's growth had been shot out at once, so that the young sprays might have time to harden and to protect the next year's buds. There was no Irish, rollicking out-burst of foliage, no mellow, epicurean languor of the woods, no easy unfolding of leaf on leaf, as in the long security of our summers; but everywhere a feverish hurry on the part of nature to do something, even if it should only be half done. And above the valley, behind its mural ramparts, glowered the cold white snows, which had withdrawn for a little while, but lay in wait, ready to spring down as soon as the protecting sunshine should fail.

The lady had one harmless tumble into the mud, and we were all pretty well fatigued with our rough walk, when we reached the Lapp encampment. It consisted only of two families, who lived in their characteristic *gammes*, or huts of earth, which serve them also for winter dwellings. These burrows were thrown up on a grassy meadow, beside a rapid stream which came down from the fjeld; and at a little distance were two folds, or *corrals* for their reindeer, fenced with pickets slanting outward. A number of brown-haired, tailless dogs, so much resembling bear-cubs that at first sight we took them for such, were playing about the doors. A middle-aged Lapp, with two women and three or four children, were the inmates. They scented profit, and received us in a friendly way, allowing the curious strangers to go in and out at pleasure, to tease the dogs, drink the reindeer milk, inspect the children, rock the baby, and buy horn spoons to the extent of their desire. They were smaller than the Lapps of Kautokeino—or perhaps the latter appeared larger in their winter dresses—and astonishingly dirty. Their appearance is much more disgusting in summer than in winter, when the snow, to a certain extent, purifies everything. After waiting an hour or more, the herd appeared descending the fjeld, and driven toward the fold by two young Lapps, assisted by their dogs. There were about four hundred in all, nearly one-third being calves. Their hoarse bleating and the cracking noise made by their knee-joints, as they crowded together into a dense mass of grey, mossy backs, made a very peculiar sound: and this combined with their ragged look, from the process of shedding their coats

of hair, did not very favourably impress those of our party who saw them for the first time. The old Lapp and his boy, a strapping fellow of fifteen, with a ruddy, olive complexion and almost Chinese features, caught a number of the cows with lassos, and proceeded to wean the young deer by anointing the mothers' dugs with cow-dung, which they carried in pails slung over their shoulders. In this delightful occupation we left them, and returned to Tromsøe.

As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfjord, that evening we had an open sea horizon toward the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine at eleven o'clock that it was evident the Polar day had dawned upon us at last. The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight, playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs, can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fugløe, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnøe, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases. The glassy, leaden-coloured sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyngen Fjord, behind us, were steeped in a dark red, mellow flush, and touched with pencillings of pure, rose-coloured light, until their naked ribs seemed to be clothed in imperial velvet. As we turned into the Fjord and ran southward along their bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice-pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck, and all faces, excited by the divine splendour

the scene, and tinged by the same wonderful aureole, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnøe, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half-past eleven, and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight. "Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now, or very near it; you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears." True enough, the real time lacked but five minutes of midnight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip and rise a little, before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnøe. I turned away with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold, which danced before me wherever I looked, and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.

The next morning found us at the entrance of the long Alten Fjord. Here the gashed, hacked, split, scarred and shattered character of the mountains ceases, and they suddenly assume a long, rolling outline, full of bold features, but less wild and fantastic. On the southern side of the fjord many of them are clothed with birch and fir to the height of a thousand feet. The valleys here are cultivated to some extent, and produce, in good seasons, tolerable crops of potatoes, barley, and buckwheat. This is above lat. 70°, or parallel with the northern part of Greenland, and consequently the highest cultivated land in the world. In the valley of the Alten River, the Scotch fir sometimes reaches

a height of seventy or eighty feet. This district is called the Paradise of Finmark, and no doubt floats in the imaginations of the settlers on Magerøe and the dreary Porsanger Fjord, as Andalusia and Syria float in ours. It is well that human bliss is so relative in its character.

At Talvik, a cheerful village with a very neat, pretty church, who should come on board but Pastor Hvosløf, our Kautokeino friend of the last winter! He had been made one of a Government Commission of four, appointed to investigate and report upon the dissensions between the nomadic Lapps and those who have settled habitations. A better person could not have been chosen than this good man, who has the welfare of the Lapps truly at heart, and in whose sincerity every one in the North confides.

We had on board Mr. Thomas, the superintendent of the copper works at Kaafjord, who had just resigned his seat in the Storthing and given up his situation for the purpose of taking charge of some mines at Copiapo, in Chili. Mr. Thomas is an Englishman, who has been for twenty years past one of the leading men of Finmark, and no other man, I venture to say, has done more to improve and enlighten that neglected province. His loss will not be easily replaced. At Talvik, his wife, a pleasant, intelligent Norwegian lady came on board; and, as we passed the rocky portals guarding the entrance to the little harbour of Kaafjord, a gun, planted on a miniature battery above the landing-place, pealed forth a salute of welcome. I could partly understand Mr. Thomas's long residence in those regions, when I saw what a wild, picturesque spot he had chosen for his home. The cavernous entrances to the copper mines yawn

ed in the face of the cliff above the outer bay below, on the water's edge, stood the smelting works, surrounded by labourers' cottages; a graceful white church crowned a rocky headland a little further on; and beyond, above a green lawn, decked with a few scattering birches, stood a comfortable mansion, with a garden in the rear. The flag of Norway and the cross of St. George floated from separate staffs on the lawn. There were a number of houses, surrounded with potato-fields on the slope stretching around the bay, and an opening of the hills at its head gave us a glimpse of the fir forests of the inland valleys. On such a cloudless day as we had, it was a cheerful and home-like spot.

We took a friendly leave of Mr. Thomas and departed, the little battery giving us I don't know how many three-gun salutes as we moved off. A number of whales spouted on all sides of us as we crossed the head of the fjord to Bosekop, near the mouth of the Alten River. This is a little village on a bare rocky headland, which completely shuts out from view the rich valley of the Alten, about which the Finmarkers speak with so much enthusiasm. "Ah, you should see the farms on the Alten," say they; "there we have large houses, fields, meadows, cattle, and the finest timber." This is Altengaard, familiar to all the readers of Mügge's "Afraja." The *gaard*, however, is a single large estate, and not a name applied to the whole district, as those unfamiliar with Norsk nomenclature might suppose. Here the Catholics have established a mission—ostensibly a missionary boarding-house, for the purpose of acclimating arctic apostles; but the people, who regard it with the greatest suspicion and distrust, suspect that the ultimate object is the

overthrow of their inherited, venerated, and deeply-rooted Lutheran faith. At Bosekop we lost Pastor Hvoslef, and took on board the chief of the mission, the Catholic Bishop of the Arctic Zone—for I believe his diocese includes Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Polar America. Here is a Calmuck Tartar, thought I, as a short, strongly-built man, with sallow complexion, deep-set eyes, broad nostrils, heavy mouth, pointed chin, and high cheek-bones, stepped on board; but he proved to be a Russian baron, whose conversion cost him his estates. He had a massive head, however, in which intellect predominated, and his thoroughly polished manners went far to counteract the effect of one of the most unprepossessing countenances I ever saw.

M. Gay, who had known the bishop at Paris, at once entered into conversation with him. A short time afterwards, my attention was drawn to the spot where they stood by loud and angry exclamations. Two of our Norwegian *savans* stood before the bishop, and one of them, with a face white with rage, was furiously vociferating: "It is not true! it is not true! Norway is a free country!" "In this respect, it is not free," answered the bishop, with more coolness than I thought he could have shown, under such circumstances: "You know very well that no one can hold office except those who belong to your State Church—neither a Catholic, nor a Methodist, nor a Quaker: whereas in France, as I have said, a Protestant may even become a minister of the Government." "But we do not believe in the Catholic faith:—we will have nothing to do with it!" screamed the Norwegian. "We are not discussing our creeds," answered the bishop. "I say that, though Norway is a free country,

politically, it does *not* secure equal rights to all its citizens and so far as the toleration of religious beliefs is concerned, it is behind most other countries of Europe." He thereupon retreated to the cabin, for a crowd had gathered about the disputants, and the deck-passengers pressing aft, seemed more than usually excited by what was going on. The Norwegian shaking with fury, hissed through his set teeth: 'How dare he come here to insult our national feeling!' Yes, but every word was true; and the scene was only another illustration of the intense vanity of the Norwegians in regard to their country. Woe to the man who says a word against Norway, though he say nothing but what everybody knows to be true! So long as you praise everything—scenery, people, climate, institutions, and customs—or keep silent where you cannot praise, you have the most genial conversation; but drop a word of honest dissent or censure, and you will see how quickly every one draws back into his shell. There are parts of our own country where a foreigner might make the same observation. Let a Norwegian travel in the Southern States, and dare to say a word in objection to slavery!

There is nothing of interest between Alten and Hammerfest, except the old sea-margins on the cliffs and a small glacier on the island of Seiland. The coast is dismally bleak and barren. Whales were very abundant; we sometimes saw a dozen spouting at one time. They were of the hump-backed species, and of only moderate size; yet the fishery would doubtless pay very well, if the natives had enterprise enough to undertake it. I believe, however, there is no whale fishery on the whole Norwegian coast. The

desolate hills of Qvalö surmounted by the pointed peak of the Tjuve Fjeld, or "Thief Mountain,"—so called because it steals so much of the winter sunshine,—announced our approach to Hammerfest, and towards nine o'clock in the evening we were at anchor in the little harbour. The summer trade had just opened, and forty Russian vessels, which had arrived from the White Sea during the previous week or two, lay crowded before the large fish warehouses built along the water. They were all three-masted schooners the main and mizen masts set close together, and with very neavy, square hulls. Strong Muscovite faces, adorned with magnificent beards, stared at us from the decks, and a jabber of Russian, Finnish, Lapp, and Norwegian, came from the rough boats crowding about our gangways. The north wind, blowing to us off the land, was filled with the perfume of dried codfish, train oil, and burning whale—"scraps," with which, as we soon found, the whole place is thoroughly saturated.

There is one hotel in the place, containing half a dozen chambers of the size of a state-room. We secured quarters here with a great deal of difficulty, owing to slowness of comprehension on the part of an old lady who had charge of the house. The other American, who at first took rooms for himself and wife, gave them up again very prudently; for the noises of the billiard-room penetrated through the thin wooden partitions, and my bed, at least, had been slept in by one of the codfish aristocracy, for the salty odour was so pungent that it kept me awake for a long time. With our fare, we had less reason to complain. Fresh salmon, arctic ptarmigan, and reindeer's tongue were delicacies which

would have delighted any palate, and the wine had really seen Bordeaux, although rainy weather had evidently prevailed during the voyage thence to Hammerfest. The town lies in a deep bight, inclosed by precipitous cliffs, on the south-western side of the island, whence the sun, by this time long past his midsummer altitude, was not visible at midnight. Those of our passengers who intended returning by the *Nordkap* climbed the hills to get another view of him, but unfortunately went upon the wrong summit, so that they did not see him after all. I was so fatigued, from the imperfect sleep of the sunshiny nights and the crowd of new and exciting impressions which the voyage had given me, that I went to bed; but my friend sat up until long past midnight, writing, with curtains drawn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

MOST of the travellers who push as far north as **Hammerfest** content themselves with one experience of the midnight sun, and return with the same steamer to **Drontheim**. A few extend their journey to the **North Cape** and, once a year, on an average, perhaps, some one is adventurous enough to strike across **Lapland** to **Torneå**. The steamers, nevertheless, pass the **North Cape**, and during the summer make weekly trips to the **Varanger Fjord**, the extreme eastern limit of the **Norwegian territory**. We were divided in opinion whether to devote our week of sunshine to the **North Cape**, or to make the entire trip and see something of the northern coast of **Europe**, but finally decided that the latter, on the whole, as being unfamiliar ground, would be most interesting. The screw-steamer **Gyller** (one of **Odin's** horses) was lying in the harbour when we arrived, and was to leave in the course of the next night; so we lost no time in securing places, as she had but a small cabin and no state-rooms. Nevertheless, we found her very comfortable, and in every respect far superior to the English vessels which ply between **Hull** and **Christiania**. Our fellow

travellers were all returning to Drontheim—except three Norwegian officers on their way to make an official inspection of the fortress of Wardöhuus—and the last we saw of them was their return, an hour past midnight, from making a second attempt to see the sun from the hills. The night was somewhat obscured, and I doubt if they were successful.

When I went on deck on the morning after our departure, we were in the narrow strait between the island of Magerøe, the northern extremity of which forms the North Cape, and the mainland. On either side, the shores of bare bleak rock, spotted with patches of moss and stunted grass, rose precipitously from the water, the snow filling up their ravines from the summit to the sea. Not a tree nor a shrub, nor a sign of human habitation was visible; there was no fisher's sail on the lonely waters, and only the cries of some sea-gulls, wheeling about the cliffs, broke the silence. As the strait opened to the eastward, a boat appeared, beating into Kjelvik, on the south-eastern corner of the island; but the place itself was concealed from us by an intervening cape. This is the spot which Von Buch visited in the summer of 1807, just fifty years ago, and his description would be equally correct at the present day. Here, where the scurvy carries off half the inhabitants,—where pastors coming from Southern Norway die within a year,—where no trees grow, no vegetables come to maturity and gales from every quarter of the Icy Sea beat the last faint life out of nature, men will still persist in living, in apparent defiance of all natural laws. Yet they have at least an excuse for it, in the miraculous provision which Providence has made for their food and fuel. The sea and

fjords are alive with fish, which are not only a means of existence but of profit to them, while the wonderful Gulf Stream, which crosses 5000 miles of the Atlantic to die upon this Ultima Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, casts up the spoils of tropical forests to feed their fires. Think of arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

In the spring months, there are on an average 800 vessels on the northern coast, between the North Cape and Vadsø, with a fishing population of 5000 men on board, whose average gains, even at the scanty prices they receive amount to \$30 apiece, making a total yield of \$150,000. It is only within a very few years that the Norwegian Government has paid any attention to this far corner of the peninsula. At present, considering the slender population, the means of communication are well kept up during eight months in the year, and the result is an increase (perceptible to an old resident, no doubt) in the activity and prosperity of the country.

On issuing from the strait, we turned southward into the great Porsanger Fjord, which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lapland, dividing Western from Eastern Finmark. Its shores are high monotonous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation except patches of grass and moss. If once wooded, like the hills of the Alten Fjord, the trees have long since disappeared, and now nothing can be more bleak and desolate. The wind blew violently from the east, gradually lifting a veil of grey clouds from the cold pale sky, and our slow little steamer

with jib and fore-topsail set, made somewhat better progress. Toward evening (if there is such a time in the arctic summer), we reached Kistrand, the principal settlement on the fjord. It has eight or nine houses, scattered along a gentle slope a mile in length, and a little red church, but neither gardens, fields, nor potato patches. A strip of grazing ground before the principal house was yellow with dandelions, the slope behind showed patches of brownish green grass, and above this melancholy attempt at summer stretched the cold, grey, snow-streaked ridge of the hill. Two boats, manned by sea-Lapps, with square blue caps, and long ragged locks of yellow hair fluttering in the wind, brought off the only passenger and the mails, and we put about for the mouth of the fjord.

Running along under the eastern shore, we exchanged the dreadful monotony through which we had been sailing for more rugged and picturesque scenery. Before us rose a wall of dark cliff, from five to six hundred feet in height, gaping here and there with sharp clefts or gashes, as if it had cracked in cooling, after the primeval fires. The summit of these cliffs was the average level of the country; and this peculiarity, I found, applies to all the northern shore of Finmark, distinguishing the forms of the capes and islands from those about Alten and Hammerfest, which, again, are quite different from those of the Lofodens. "On returning from Spitzbergen," said a Hammerfest merchant to me, "I do not need to look at chart or compass, when I get sight of the coast; I know, from the formation of the cliffs, exactly where I am." There is some general resemblance to the chalk bluffs of England, especially about

Beachy Head, but the rock here appears to be mica-slate, disposed in thin, vertical strata, with many violent transverse breaks.

As we approached the end of the promontory which livides the Porsanger from the Laxe Fjord, the rocks became more abrupt and violently shattered. Huge masses, fallen from the summit, lined the base of the precipice, which was hollowed into cavernous arches, the home of myriads of sea-gulls. The rock of Sværholtklub, off the point, resembled a massive fortress in ruins. Its walls of smooth masonry rested on three enormous vaults, the piers of which were buttressed with slanting piles of rocky fragments. The ramparts, crenelated in some places, had mouldered away in others, and one fancied he saw in the rents and scars of the giant pile the marks of the shot and shell which had wrought its ruin. Thousands of white gulls, gone to their nightly roost, rested on every ledge and cornice of the rock; but preparations were already made to disturb their slumbers. The steamer's cannon was directed towards the largest vault, and discharged. The fortress shook with the crashing reverberation; "then rose a shriek, as of a city sacked"—a wild, piercing, maddening, myriad-tongued cry, which still rings in my ears. With the cry, came a rushing sound, as of a tempest among the woods; a white cloud burst out of the hollow arch-way, like the smoke of an answering shot, and, in the space of a second, the air was filled with birds, thicker than autumn leaves, and rang with one universal, clanging shriek. A second shot, followed by a second outcry and an answering discharge from the other caverns, almost darkened the sky. The whirring, rustling

and screaming, as the birds circled overhead, or dropped like thick scurries of snow-flakes on the water, was truly awful. There could not have been less than fifty thousand in the air at one time, while as many more clung to the face of the rock, or screamed from the depth of the vaults. Such an indignation meeting I never attended before; but, like many others I have heard of, the time for action was passed before they had decided what to do.

It was now eleven o'clock, and Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze lustre as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-colour into blue, hung light wreaths of vapour, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden grey. The sea was a web of pale slate-colour, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply-indented coast—the capes of the Laxe and Porsanger Fjords, and of Magerøe—lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the north-east was Nordkyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watchee denoted midnight the North Cape appeared to the westward

—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea. Midway between those two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous colouring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both—but shining at the same moment, in the heat and splendour of noonday, on the Pacific Isles.

This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole tone of the sky had changed, the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermillion of dawn. Yet it was neither the colours, nor the same character of light as we had had, half an hour *before* midnight. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described; but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and earth, and so imperceptibly and miraculously that a new day was already present to our consciousness. Our view of the wild cliffs of Sværholt, less than two hours before, belonged to yesterday, though we had stood on deck, in full sunshine, during all the intervening time. Had the sensation of a night slipped through our brains in the momentary winking of the eyes? Or was the old routine of consciousness so firmly stereotyped in our natures, that the view of a morning was sufficient proof to them of the pre-existence of a night? Let those explain the phenomenon

who can—but I found my physical senses utterly at war with those mental perceptions wherewith they should harmonise. The eye saw but one unending day; the mind notched the twenty-four hours on its calendar, as before.

Before one o'clock we reached the entrance of the Kiøllefjord, which in the pre-diluvial times must have been a tremendous mountain gorge, like that of Gondo, on the Italian side of the Simplon. Its mouth is about half a mile in breadth, and its depth is not more than a mile and a half. It is completely walled in with sheer precipices of bare rock, from three to five hundred feet in height, except at the very head, where they subside into a stony heap, upon which some infatuated mortals have built two or three cabins. As we neared the southern headland, the face of which was touched with the purest orange light, while its yawning fissures lay in deep-blue gloom, a tall ruin, with shattered turrets and crumbling spires, detached itself from the mass, and stood alone at the foot of the precipice. This is the *Finnkirka*, or "Church of the Lapps," well known to all the northern coasters. At first it resembles a tall church with a massive square spire; but the two parts separate again, and you have a crag-perched castle of the middle-ages, with its watch-tower—the very counterpart of scores in Germany—and a quaint Gothic chapel on the point beyond. The vertical strata of the rock, worn into sharp points at the top and gradually broadening to the base, with numberless notched ornaments and channels fluted by the rain, make the resemblance marvellous, when seen under the proper effects of light and shade. The lustre in which we saw it had the effect of

suchantment. 'There was a play of colours upon it, such as one sees in illuminated Moorish halls, and I am almost afraid to say how much I was enraptured by a scene which has not its equal on the whole Norwegian coast, yet of which none of us had ever heard before.

We landed a single passenger—a government surveyor apparently—on the heap of rocks beyond, and ran out under the northern headland, which again charmed us with a glory peculiarly its own. Here the colours were a part of the substance of the rock, and the sun but heightened and harmonised their tones. The huge projecting masses of pale yellow had a mellow gleam, like golden chalk; behind them were cliffs, violet in shadow; broad strata of soft red, tipped on the edges with vermilion; thinner layers, which shot up vertically to the height of four or five hundred feet, and striped the splendid sea-wall with lines of bronze, orange, brown, and dark red, while great rents and breaks interrupted these marvellous frescoes with their dashes of uncertain gloom. I have seen many wonderful aspects of nature, in many lands, but rock-painting such as this I never beheld. A part of its effect may have been owing to atmospheric conditions which must be rare, even in the North; but, without such embellishments, I think the sight of this coast will nobly repay any one for continuing his voyage beyond Hammerfest.

We lingered on deck, as point after point revealed some change in the dazzling diorama, uncertain which was finest, and whether something still grander might not be in store. But at last Nordkyn drew nigh, and at three o'clock the

light became that of day, white and colourless. The north-east wind blew keenly across the Arctic Ocean, and we were both satisfied and fatigued enough to go to bed. It was the most northern point of our voyage—about $71^{\circ} 20'$, which is further north than I ever was before, or ever wish to be again.

14*

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VARANGER FJORD.—ARCTIC LIFE.

WHEN we awoke, after six hours' sleep, with curtains drawn to keep out the daylight, our steamer was deep in the Tana Fjord, which receives the waters of the Tana River, the largest Lapland stream flowing into the Arctic Ocean. The greater part of the day was consumed in calling at two settlements of three houses each, and receiving and delivering mails of one letter, or less. The shores of this fjord are steep hills of bare rock, covered with patches of snow to the water's edge. The riven walls of cliff, with their wonderful configuration and marvellous colouring, were left behind us, and there was nothing of the grand or picturesque to redeem the savage desolation of the scenery. The chill wind, blowing direct from Nova Zembla, made us shiver, and even the cabin saloon was uncomfortable without a fire. After passing the most northern point of Europe, the coast falls away to the south-east, so that on the second night we were again in the latitude of Hammerfest, but still within the sphere of perpetual sunshine. Our second night of sun was not so rich in colouring as the first, yet we remained on deck long enough to see the orb rise

again from his lowest dip, and change evening into morning by the same incomprehensible process. There was no golden transfiguration of the dreadful shore; a wan lustre played over the rocks—pictures of eternal death—like a settled pallor of despair on Nature's stony face.

One of the stations on this coast, named Makur, consisted of a few fishermen's huts, at the bottom of a dismal rocky bight. There was no grass to be seen, except some tufts springing from the earth with which the roofs were covered, and it was even difficult to see where so much earth had been scraped together. The background was a hopelessly barren hill, more than half enveloped in snow. And this was midsummer—and human beings passed their lives here! "Those people surely deserve to enter Paradise when they die," I remarked to my friend, "for they live in hell while upon earth." "Not for that," he answered, "but because it is impossible for them to commit sin. They cannot injure their neighbours, for they have none. They cannot steal, for there is nothing to tempt them. They cannot murder, for there are none of the usual incentives to hate and revenge. They have so hard a struggle merely *to live*, that they cannot fall into the indulgences of sense; so that if there is nothing recorded in their favour, there is also nothing against them, and they commence the next life with blank books."

"But what a life!" I exclaimed. "Men may be happy in poverty, in misfortune, under persecution, in life-long disease even, so that they are not wholly deprived of the genial influences of society and Nature—but what is there here?" "They know no other world," said he, "and this

ignorance keeps them from being miserable. They do no more thinking than is necessary to make nets and boats, catch fish and cook them, and build their log-houses. Nature provides for their marrying and bringing up their children, and the pastor, whom they see once in a long time, gives them their religion ready made." God keep them ignorant, then! was my involuntary prayer. May they never lose their blessed stupidity, while they are chained to these rocks and icy seas! May no dreams of summer and verdure, no vision of happier social conditions, or of any higher sphere of thought and action, flash a painful light on the dumb-darkness of their lives!

The next day, we were in the Varanger Fjord, having passed the fortress of Vardöhuus and landed our military committee. The Norwegian shore was now low and tame, but no vegetation, except a little brown grass, was to be seen. The Russian shore, opposite, and some twenty-five or thirty miles distant, consisted of high, bold hills, which, through a glass, appeared to be partially wooded. The Varanger Fjord, to which so important a political interest has attached within the last few years, is about seventy miles in depth, with a general direction towards the southwest. The boundary-line between Norwegian and Russian Finmark strikes it upon the southern side, about half-way from the mouth, so that three-fourths, or more, of the waters of the fjord belong to Norway. There is, however, a wonderful boundary-line, in addition, drawn by Nature between the alien waters. That last wave of the Gulf Stream which washes the North Cape and keeps the fjords of Finmark open and unfrozen the whole year through, sweeps east

ward along the coast, until it reaches the head of Varanger Fjord. Here its power is at last spent, and from this point commences that belt of solid ice which locks up the harbours of the northern coast of Russia for six months in the year. The change from open water to ice is no less abrupt than permanent. Pastor Hvosløf informed me that in crossing from Vadsø, on the northern coast, to Pasvik, the last Norwegian settlement, close upon the Russian frontier, as late as the end of May, he got out of his boat upon the ice, and drove three or four miles over the frozen sea, to reach his destination.

The little fort of Vardøhuus, on an island at the northern entrance of the fjord, is not a recent defence, meant to check Russian plans in this quarter. It was established by Christian IV. nearly two and a half centuries ago. The king himself made a voyage hither, and no doubt at that time foresaw the necessity of establishing, by military occupation, the claims of Denmark to this part of the coast. The little fortress has actually done this service; and though a single frigate might easily batter it to pieces, its existence has kept Russia from the ownership of the Varanger Fjord and the creation (as is diplomatically supposed,) of an immense naval station, which, though within the Arctic waters, would at all times of the year be ready for service. It is well known that Russia has endeavoured to obtain possession of the northern side of the fjord, as well as of the Lyingen Fjord near Tromsø, towards which her Lapland territory stretches out a long arm. England is particularly suspicious of these attempts, and the treaty recently concluded between the Allied Powers and Sweden had a special reference thereto.

THE importance of such an acquisition to Russia is too obvious to be pointed out, and the jealous watchfulness of England is, therefore, easy to understand. But it is a singular thing that the conflicting forces of Europe find a fulcrum on a little corner of this dead, desolate, God-forsaken shore.

About ten o'clock we reached Vadsø, the limit of the steamer's route. Here we had intended taking a boat, continuing our voyage to Nyborg, at the head of the fjord, crossing thence to the Tana, and descending that river in season to meet the steamer in the Tana Fjord on her return. We were behind time, however, and the wind was light; the people informed us that we could scarcely carry out the project; so we reluctantly gave it up, and went ashore to spend the day. Vadsø is a town of about 800 inhabitants, with a secure though shallow harbour, which was crowded with fishing vessels and Russian traders from the White Sea. It lies on the bleak hill-side, without a tree or bush, or a patch of grass large enough to be seen without close inspection, and its only summer perfume is that of dried fish. I saw in gardens attached to one or two houses a few courageous radishes and some fool-hardy potatoes, which had ventured above ground without the least chance of living long enough to blossom. The snow had been four feet deep in the streets in the beginning of June, and in six weeks it would begin to fall again. A few forlorn cows were hunting pasture over the hills, now and then looking with melancholy resignation at the strings of codfish heads hanging up to dry, on the broth of which they are fed during the winter. I took a walk and made a sketch during the after

noon, but the wind was so chill that I was glad to come back shivering to our quarters.

We obtained lodgings at the house of a baker, named Aag, who had learned the art of charging, and was therefore competent to conduct a hotel. In order to reach our room, we were obliged to pass successively through the family dwelling-room, kitchen, and a carpenter's workshop, but our windows commanded a full view of a grogshop across the way, where drunken Lapps were turned out with astonishing rapidity. It was the marriage month of the Lapps, and the town was full of young couples who had come down to be joined, with their relatives and friends, all in their gayest costumes. Through the intervention of the postmaster, I procured two women and a child, as subjects for a sketch. They were dressed in their best, and it was impossible not to copy the leer of gratified vanity lurking in the corners of their broad mouths. The summer dress consisted of a loose gown of bright green cloth, trimmed on the neck and sleeves with bands of scarlet and yellow, and a peculiar head-dress, shaped like a helmet, but with a broader and flatter crest, rounded in front. This, also, was covered with scarlet cloth, and trimmed with yellow and blue. They were greatly gratified with the distinction, and all the other Lapps, as in Kautokeino, would have willingly offered themselves. I found the same physical characteristics here as there—a fresh, ruddy complexion, inclining to tawny; bright blue eyes, brown hair, high cheek bones, and mouths of enormous width. They are not strikingly below the average size Heine says, in one of his mad songs:

"In Lapland the people are dirty,
Flat-headed, and broad-mouthed, and small
They squat round the fire while roasting
Their fishes, and chatter and squall ;"

which is as good a description of them as can be packed into a stanza. On the present occasion they were all drunk, in addition. One of them lay for a long time at the door, with his legs doubled under him as he fell, the others stepping over his body as they went in and out. These poor creatures were openly and shamelessly allowed to drug themselves, as long as their money lasted. No wonder the race is becoming extinct, when the means of destruction is so freely offered.

Vadsø, although only forty miles from Vardø, at the mouth of the fjord, has a much drier and more agreeable climate, and the inhabitants are therefore loud in praise of their place. "We have no such fogs as at Vardø," say they; "our fish dry much better, and some years we can raise potatoes." For the last four or five years, however, the winters have been getting more and more severe, and now it is impossible to procure hay enough to keep their few cattle through the winter. We had on board a German who had been living there five years, and who appeared well satisfied with his lot. "I have married here," said he; "I make a good living with less trouble than in Germany, and have no wish to return." Singularly enough, there were also two Italian organ grinders on board, whom I accosted in their native language; but they seemed neither surprised nor particularly pleased. They dropped hints of having been engaged in some political conspiracy; and one of their

said, with a curious mixture of Italian and Norsk words "*Jeg voglio ikke ritornare.*" I said the same thing ("I shall not return") as I left Vadsø.

We sailed early the next morning, and in the afternoon reached Vardø, where we lay three hours. Here we took on board the three officers, who had in the meantime made their inspection. Vardøhuus is a single star-shaped fort, with six guns and a garrison of twenty-seven men. During the recent war, the garrison was increased to three hundred—an unnecessary precaution, if there was really any danger of an attack to be apprehended, so long as the defences of the place were not strengthened. One of the officers, who had gone out fishing the night previous, caught eighty-three splendid cod in the space of two hours. It was idle sport, however, for no one would take his fish as a gift, and they were thrown on the shore to rot. The difficulty is not in catching but in curing them. Owing to the dampness of the climate they cannot be hung up on poles to dry slowly, like the *stock-fish* of the Lofodens, but must be first salted and then laid on the rocks to dry, whence the term *klip* (cliff) fish, by which they are known in trade.

At the mouth of the Tana we picked up four Englishmen, who had been salmon fishing on the river. They were sun-burnt, spotted with mosquito bites, and had had little luck, the river being full of nets and the fjord of seals, between which the best of the salmon are either caught or devoured. But they spoke of their experience with true English relish.

Oh, it was very jolly!" said one: "we were so awfully bitten by mosquitoes. Then our interpreter always lost everything just before we wanted it—think of his losing our

frying pan, so that we had to fry in the lids of our kettles; He had a habit of falling overboard and getting nearly drowned before we could pull him in. We had a rough time of it, but it was very jolly, I assure you!" The young fellows meant what they said; they were all the better for their roughing, and I wish the spindle-shanked youths who polk and flirt at Newport and Saratoga had manliness enough for such undertakings.

We reached Hammerfest on the last day of July, and re-occupied our old quarters. That night the sun went below the horizon for the first time in eight days, but his depth was too slight to make any darkness visible. I was quite tired of the unending daylight, and would willingly have exchanged the pomp of the arctic midnight for the starlit darkness of home. We were confused by the loss of night; we lost the perception of time. One is never sleepy, but simply tired, and after a sleep of eight hours by sunshine, wakes up as tired as ever. His sleep at last is broken and irregular; he substitutes a number of short naps, distributed through the twenty-four hours, for the one natural repose, and finally gets into a state of general uneasiness and discomfort. A Hammerfest merchant, who has made frequent voyages to Spitzbergen, told me that in the latitude of 80° he never knew certainly whether it was day or night, and the cook was the only person on board who could tell him.

At first the nocturnal sunshine strikes you as being wonderfully convenient. You lose nothing of the scenery; you can read and write as usual; you never need be in a hurry because there is time enough for everything. It is not necessary to do your day's work in the daytime, for no night

something. You are never belated, and somewhat of the stress of life is lifted from your shoulders; but, after a time, you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing, and observing, and thinking, and even enjoying. There is no *compulsive rest* such as darkness brings—no sweet isolation, which is the best refreshment of sleep. You lie down in the broad day, and the summons, "Arise!" attends on every re-opening of your eyes. I never went below and saw my fellow-passengers all asleep around me without a sudden feeling that something was wrong: they were drugged, or under some unnatural influence, that they thus slept so fast while the sunshine streamed in through the port-holes.

There are some advantages of this northern summer which have presented themselves to me in rather a grotesque light. Think what an aid and shelter is removed from crime—how many vices which can only flourish in the deceptive atmosphere of night, must be checked by the sober reality of day light! No assassin can dog the steps of his victim; no burglar can work in sunshine; no guilty lover can hold stolen interviews by moonlight—all concealment is removed, for the sun, like the eye of God, sees everything, and the secret vices of the earth must be bold indeed, if they can bear his gaze. Morally, as well as physically, there is safety in light and danger in darkness; and yet give me the darkness and the danger! Let the patrolling sun go off his beat for awhile and show a little confidence in my ability to behave properly, rather than worry me with his sleepless vigilance.

I have described the smells of Hammerfest, which are its principal characteristic. It seemed to me the dreariest place

in the world on first landing, a week previous; but, by contrast with what we had in the meantime seen, it became rather cheerful and comfortable. I was visiting a merchant after our return, and noticed with pleasure a stunted ash about eight feet high, in an adjoining garden. "Ch!" said he, in a tone of irritated pride, "we have plenty of trees here; there is quite a forest up the valley." This forest, after some search, I found. The trees were about six feet high, and some of them might have been as thick as my wrist. In the square before the merchant's house lay a crowd of drunken Lapps, who were supplied with as much bad brandy as they wanted by a licensed grog-shop. The Russian sailors made use of the same privilege, and we frequently heard them singing and wrangling on board their White Sea junks. They were *unapproachably* picturesque, especially after the day's work was over, when they generally engaged in hunting in the extensive forests of their beards, and exercised the law of retaliation on all the game they caught.

A long street of turf-roofed houses, whose inhabitants may be said to be under the sod even before they die, leads along the shore of the bay to a range of flakes redolent of drying codfish. Beyond this you clamber over rocks and shingles to a low grassy headland, whereon stands a pillar commemorating the measurement of a meridian line of $25^{\circ} 20'$, from the Danube to the Polar Sea, which was accomplished by the Governments of Austria, Russia, and Sweden, between the years 1816 and 1852. The pillar marks the northern terminus of the line, and stands in lat. $70^{\circ} 40' 11.3''$. It is a plain shaft of polished red granite, standing on a base of grey granite, and surmounted by a bronze globe, on which a map of the earth is roughly outlined.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RETURN TO DARKNESS.—NORWEGIAN CHARACTER.

I do not intend to trace our return, step by step, down the Norwegian coast. The splendid weather which prevailed during our upward voyage, enabled us to see all the interesting points, leaving only those parts which we missed in the few hours devoted to sleep, to give a little novelty to our return. During the whole trip we had not a drop of rain,—the rarest good fortune in these latitudes,—and were therefore twice enabled to enjoy, to the fullest extent, the sublime scenery of the Lofoden Isles and the coast of Nordland. This voyage has not its like in the world. The traveller, to whom all other lands are familiar, has here a new volume of the most wonderful originality and variety, opened to him. The days are illuminated pages, crowded with pictures, the forms and hues of which he can never forget. After I returned to the zone of darkness, and recovered from the stress and tension of three weeks of daylight, I first fully appreciated the splendours of the arctic sun. My eyes were still dazzled with the pomp of colour, and the thousand miles of coast, as I reviewed them in memory, with their chaos of island-pyramids of shattered rock, their colos-

sal cliffs, their twisted fjords, and long fjeld-levels of eternal snow, swam in a sea of saffron and rosy light, in comparison with which the pale blue day around me seemed dull and dead. My dream of the North, in becoming a reality, has retained the magical atmosphere of dreams, and basks in the same gorgeous twilight which irradiates the Scandinavian sagas.

I was particularly struck during the return, with the rapid progress of summer—the flying leaps with which she clears her short course. Among the Lofodens, the potatoes were coming into blossom, and the rye and barley into head; the grass was already cut, in many places, and drying on poles, and the green of the woods and meadows showed the dark, rich character of southern lands. Owing to this rapidity of growth, all the more hardy varieties of vegetables may be successfully cultivated. Mr. Thomas informed me that his peas and beans at Kaafjord (lat. 70° N.) grew three inches in twenty-four hours, and, though planted six weeks later than those about Christiania, came to maturity at the same time. He has even succeeded in raising excellent cauliflowers. But very few of the farmers have vegetable gardens, and those which I saw contained only radishes and lettuce, with a few useful herbs. One finds the same passion for flowers, however, as in Northern Sweden, and the poorest are rarely without a rose or a geranium in their windows.

Pastor Hvoslef, who was again our fellow-traveller for a few hours, gave me some interesting information concerning the Lapps. They are, it seems, entitled to the right of suffrage, and to representation in the Storthing, equally with

the Norwegians. The local jurisdiction repeats on a small scale what the Storting transacts on a large one, being entirely popular in its character, except that the *vogts* and *länsmen* (whose powers are somewhat similar to those of our judges and country magistrates) are not elected. But each district chooses from among its inhabitants a committee to confer upon and arrange all ordinary local matters. These committees, in turn, choose persons to constitute a higher body, who control the reciprocal relations of the several districts, and intervene in case of difficulties between them. The system is necessarily simpler and somewhat more primitive in its character than our local organisations in America; but it appears at present to answer every purpose. The heavy responsibility resting upon judges in Norway—the severity of the checks and penalties by which their probity is insured—probably contributes to make the administration of the laws more efficacious and easy. The Lapps are not a difficult people to govern, and much of the former antagonism between them and the poorer classes of the Norwegians has passed away. There is little, if any, amalgamation of the two races, nor will there ever be, but there is probably as little conflict between them as is compatible with the difference of blood.

At Tromsøe, a tall, strong, clerical gentleman came on board, who proved to be the noted Pastor Lamers, one of the first if not the very first clergyman in Norway, who has refused to receive the government support—or, in other words, has seceded from the Church, as a State establishment, while adhering to all its fundamental doctrines. It is the first step towards the separation of Church and State,

which must sooner or later come, in Norway and in Sweden. He has a congregation of three hundred members, in Tromsøe, and is about organising a church at Gibostad, on the island of Senjen. He has some peculiar views, I believe, in relation to the baptism of children, and insists that the usual absolution dealt out by the Pastors is of no effect without full confession and the specification of particular sins—but in other respects he is entirely orthodox, retaining even the ceremonial of the Eucharist. This, in the Lutheran church of Norway, comes so near to the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, that one cannot easily perceive any difference. Instead of bread, an unleavened wafer is administered to the communicants, the priest saying, as he gives it, "This is the *true* body and blood of Jesus Christ." Mr. Forrester, a devout admirer of the Church, which he thinks identical with that of England in all its essentials, says, "The Lutherans reject the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, but they hold that of a spiritual and ineffable union of the divine nature with the elements, the substance of which remains unchanged. This is called *consubstantiation*." Verily, the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee—one being as absurd as the other.

No one, coming from a land where all sects stand upon an equal footing, and where every church must depend for existence on its own inherent vitality, can fail to be struck with the effete and decrepit state of religion in Sweden and Norway. It is a body of frigid mechanical forms and ceremonies, animated here and there with a feeble spark of spiritual life, but diffusing no quickening and animating glow. I have often been particularly struck with the horror with

which the omission of certain forms was regarded by persons in whom I could discover no trace of any religious principle. The Church has a few dissensions to combat; she has not been weakened by schism; but she is slowly ossifying from sheer inertia. The Reformation needs to be reformed again, and perhaps the tardy privileges granted to the *Haugianer* and *Läsare*—the northern Methodists—may result in producing a body of Dissenters large enough to excite emulation, action, and improvement. In Norway, the pastors have the best salaries and the easiest places of all government officials. Those who conscientiously discharge their duties have enough to do; but were this universally the case, one would expect to find the people less filthy, stupid, and dishonest than they are in many parts of the country. A specimen of the intelligence of one, who is now a member of the Storting, was communicated to me by a gentleman who heard it. The clergyman advocated the establishment of telegraph lines in Norway, “not for the sake of sending news,” said he, “that is of no consequence. But it is well known that no wolf can pass under a telegraph wire, and if we can get lines put up throughout the country, all the wolves will be obliged to leave!” Of course, I do not mean to assert that the Norwegian clergymen, as a body, are not sincere, zealous, well-informed men. The evil lies rather in that system which makes religion as much a branch of government service as law or diplomacy; and which, until very recently, has given one sect an exclusive monopoly of the care of human souls.

I had a strong desire to converse with Pastor Lamers in relation to the stand he has taken, but he was surrounded by

a crowd of persons during his stay on board, and no opportunity presented itself. The sensation which his presence produced, showed that there are restless elements at work in the mind of the people. The stony crust is beginning to heave and split at last. Even the deck-passengers gathered into little groups and talked earnestly. Two gentlemen near me were discussing the question of an Established Church, one contending, that a variety of sects tended only to confuse, perplex, and unchristianise the uneducated, unthinking class, while the other asserted that this very class adhered most tenaciously to whatever faith had been taught them. At this moment a woman standing near us exclaimed: "There were false prophets in all times, and there are false prophets now! We must beware of them!"—the earnestness of her speech affording a good comment on the argument just produced. Whatever may be the popular opinion concerning the course of Pastor Lamers, I could not but notice the marked respect displayed by every one who approached him.

In passing Hindoë, we saw two magnificent golden eagles wheeling around one of the loftiest cliffs. The wind blew strongly from the south-west, increasing until we had what sailors call a dry gale in crossing the West Fjord, but it abated the next day and by the late twilight we recrossed the arctic circle. This night there was great rejoicing on board, at the discovery of a star. We had not seen one for a month, and some of the passengers coming from Finmark had been more than two months in daylight. While we were all gazing upon it as upon some extraordinary phenomenon, a flood of yellow lamp-light suddenly streamed through the cabin skylight. The sky was still brilliant

with sunset in the north, but it was dark enough to see to sleep. We could not yet cover ourselves all over, even as with a cloak; still there was a shelter and friendly covering for the helpless body. Our sleep became sound and regular and its old power of restoration was doubly sweet, since we had known what it was to be deprived of it.

Our fellow-passengers, after leaving Carlsoe, where the young Englishmen stopped to hunt, were almost exclusively Norwegian, and this gave us further opportunities of becoming acquainted with some peculiarities of the national character. Intelligent Norwegians, especially those who have travelled, are exceedingly courteous, gentlemanly, and agreeable persons. The three officers on board were men of unusual intelligence and refinement, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having their company during the entire voyage. The *landhand lare*, or country merchants, and government officials of the lower ranks, exhibit more reserve, and not unfrequently a considerable amount of ignorance and prejudice. Perhaps the most general feature of the Norwegian character is an excessive national vanity, which is always on the alert, and fires up on the slightest provocation. Say everything you like, except that Norway in any respect is surpassed by any other country. One is assailed with questions about his impressions of the scenery, people, government, &c.—a very natural and pardonable curiosity, it is true, and one only demands in return that his candour be respected, and no offence taken. This, however, is rarely the case. If there is no retaliatory answer on the spot, you hear a remark days afterwards which shows how your mild censure has rankled in the mind of the hearer. My friend

was asked by a passenger whether he did not think the women of Finmark very beautiful. It was impossible to answer in the affirmative: the questioner went off in high dudgeon, and did not speak to him again for several days.

In the Varanger Fjord, we had pretty freely expressed our impressions of the desolate coast. Afterwards on returning past the grand cliff scenery of Nordkyn, we were admiring some bold formation of the rocks, when a Norwegian came up and said, in a tone of angry irony: "Ah, you find a little to admire at last, do you? You find *some* beauty in our country, after all?" So in regard to the government. The Norwegians may be justly proud of their constitution, which is as republican in its character as our own. There is so much in the administration of the government which every one must heartily commend, that they should be less sensitive in regard to minor faults. This sensitiveness, however, is partly accounted for, when we remember that for four hundred years Norway was a Danish province, and that only forty-three years ago she leaped at once from subjection to a freedom such as no other country in Europe enjoys. The intense pride and self-glorification of the people resembles that of a youth who for the first time assumes a dress-coat and standing collar. King Oscar, on his accession to the throne, gave the country a separate national flag, and nowhere does one see such a display of flags. All over the land and all along the shores, the colours of Norway are flying.

Jealousy of Sweden and dislike of the Swedes are inherited feelings, and are kept alive by a mutual prejudice on the part of the latter people. One cannot but smile a little at the present union of Sweden and Norway, when he finds

that the countries have separate currencies, neither of which will pass at its full value in the other—separate tariffs, and of course Custom-house examinations between the two, and, if the Norwegians had their way, would have separate diplomatic representatives abroad. Yet the strength of Norway is undoubtedly in her alliance with Sweden: alone, she would be but a fourth-rate power. Enough has been done to satisfy her national feeling and secure her liberties against assault, and it is now time that this unnecessary jealousy and mistrust of a kindred race should cease. The Swedes have all the honesty which the Norwegians claim for themselves, more warmth and geniality of character, and less selfish sharpness and shrewdness. Mügge tells a story of a number of Swedes who were at a dinner party in Paris, where the health of “the King of Sweden and Norway” was proposed and drunk with great enthusiasm. One glass was observed to be untouched. It belonged to a Norwegian, who, when called upon for an explanation, said: “I cannot drink such a toast as this, but I will drink the health of the King of Norway, who is also King of Sweden!”

One cannot find fault with a people for their patriotism. I have always admired that love of *Gamle Norge* which shines through Norwegian history, song and saga—but when it is manifested in such ridiculous extremes, one doubts the genuineness of the feeling, and suspects it of being alloyed with some degree of personal vanity. There are still evils to be eradicated,—reproaches to be removed,—reforms to be achieved, which claim all the best energies of the best men of the country, and positive harm is done by concealing or denying the true state of things.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRONTHEIM AND BERGEN.

WE spent another day and a half in Drontheim, before reshipping in the steamer for Bergen. With the exception of a trip to the Lierfoss, or falls of the Nid, however, it was by no means a satisfactory sojourn. The hotel was full, and we could only get quarters in the billiard-room, through which other guests were continually passing and repassing. Two small boys were quite inadequate to the service; the table d'hôte was the scantiest I ever saw, and the charges at the rate of three dollars a day. The whole of Sunday was consumed in an attempt to recover our carriages, which we left behind us on embarking for Hammerfest. The servants neglected to get them on Saturday evening, as we had ordered, and in the morning the man who had the key of the warehouse went into the country, taking it with him. The whole day was spent in searching and waiting, and it was only by unremitting exertions that we succeeded in putting them on board in the evening. Owing to this annoyance, I was unable to attend service in the cathedral, or even to see the inside of it.

Our drive to the Lierfoss, in the evening, was an exquis

its enjoyment. The valley of the Nid, behind Drontheim, is one of the most carefully cultivated spots in Norway. Our road led up the stream, overlooking rich levels of grain and hay fields, studded with large and handsome farm-houses, while the lower slopes of the hills and the mound-like knolls scattered along their bases, were framed to the very summit, steep as they were. The whole scene was like a piece of landscape gardening, full of the loveliest effects, which were enhanced by the contrast of the grey, sterile mountains by which the picture was framed. The soft, level sunshine, streaming through the rifts of broken thunder-clouds in the west, slowly wandered over the peaceful valley, here lighting up a red-roofed homestead, there a grove in full summer foliage, or a meadow of so brilliant an emerald that it seemed to shine by its own lustre. As we approached the Lierfoss, the road was barred with a great number of gates, before which waited a troop of ragged boys, who accompanied us the whole of the way, with a pertinacity equal to that of the little Swiss beggars.

The Nid here makes two falls about half a mile apart, the lower one being eighty, and the upper one ninety feet in height. The water is of a dark olive-green colour, and glassy transparency, and so deep that at the brink it makes huge curves over the masses of rock in its bed without breaking into the faintest ripple. As you stand on a giant boulder above it, and contrast the swift, silent rush with the thundering volume of amber-tinted spray which follows, you feel in its full force the strange fascination of falling water—the temptation to plunge in and join in its headlong revelry. Here, however, I must admit that the useful is not always

the beautiful. The range of smoky mills driven by a sluice from the fall had better be away. The upper fall is divided in the centre by a mass of rock, and presents a broader and more imposing picture, though the impetus of the water is not so great.

The coast between Drontheim and Bergen is, on the whole, much less striking than that further north; but it has some very grand features. The outer islands are, with few exceptions, low and barren, but the coast, deeply indented with winding fjords, towers here and there into sublime headlands, and precipitous barriers of rock. Christiansund, where we touched the first afternoon, is a singularly picturesque place, built on four islands, separated by channels in the form of a cross. The bare, rounded masses of grey rock heave up on all sides behind the houses, which are built along the water's edge; here and there a tree of superb greenness shines against the colourless background, and the mountains of the mainland, with their tints of pink and purple, complete the picture. The sun was burningly hot, and the pale-green water reflected the shores in its oily gloss; but in severe storms, I was told, it is quite impossible to cross from one island to another, and the different parts of the town sometimes remain for days in a state of complete isolation. I rose very early next morning, to have a view of Molde and the enchanting scenery of the Romsdals-fjord. The prosperous-looking town, with its large square houses, its suburban cottages and gardens, on the slope of a long green hill, crowned with woods, was wholly Swiss in its appearance, but the luminous morning vapors hovering around the Alpine peaks in the east, entirely hid them from our

view. In this direction lies the famous Romsdal, which many travellers consider the grandest specimen of Norwegian scenery. Unfortunately we could not have visited it without taking an entire week, and we were apprehensive lest the fine weather, which we had now enjoyed for twenty-four days, should come to an end before we were done with the Bergenstift. It is almost unexampled that travellers make the voyage from Drontheim to the Varanger Fjord and back without a cloudy day. While we had perpetual daylight, the tourists whom we left behind were drenched with continual rains.

Aalesund is another island port, smaller than Christiansund, but full as picturesque. The intense heat and clearness of the day, the splendour of the sunshine, which turned the grassy patches on the rocks into lustrous velvet, and the dark, dazzling blue of the sea belonged rather to southern Italy than to Norway. As we approached Bergen, however, the sky became gradually overcast, and the evening brought us clouds and showers. Not far from Aalesund was the castle of Rollo, the conqueror of Normandy. All this part of the coast is Viking ground: from these fjords went forth their piratical dragons, and hither they returned, laden with booty, to rest and carouse in their strongholds. They were the buccaneers of the north in their time, bold, brave, with the virtues which belong to courage and hardihood, but coarse, cruel, and brutal. The Viking of Scandinavian song is a splendid fellow; but his original, if we may judge from his descendants, was a stupid, hard headed, lustful, and dirty giant, whom we should rather not have had for a companion. Harold Haarfager

may have learnt in Constantinople to wash his face, and comb his beautiful hair, but I doubt if many of his followers imitated him. Let us hope that Ingeborg changed her dress occasionally, and that Balder's temple was not full of fleas; that Thorsten Vikingsson placed before his guests something better than *fludbröd* and rancid butter; and that Björn and Frithiof acted as honestly towards strangers as towards each other. The Viking chiefs, undoubtedly, must have learned the comfort of cleanliness and the delights of good living, but if such habits were general, the nation has greatly degenerated since their time.

We stayed on deck until midnight, notwithstanding the rain, to see the grand rock of Hornelen, a precipice 1200 feet high. The clouds lifted a little, and there was a dim, lurid light in the sky as our steamer swept under the awful cliff. A vast, indistinct mass, reaching apparently to the zenith, the summit crowned with a pointed tour, resembling the Cathedral of Drontheim, and the sides scarred with deep fissures, loomed over us. Now a splintered spire disengaged itself from the gloom, and stood defined against the sky; lighter streaks marked the spots where portions had slid away; but all else was dark, uncertain, and sublime. Our friendly captain had the steamer's guns discharged as we were abreast of the highest part. There were no separate echoes, but one tremendous peal of sound, prolonged like the note of an organ-pipe, and gradually dying away at the summit in humming vibrations.

Next morning, we were sailing in a narrow strait, between perpendicular cliffs, fluted like basaltic pillars. It

was raining dismally, but we expected nothing else in the neighbourhood of Bergen. In this city the average number of rainy days in a year is *two hundred*. Bergen weather has become a by-word throughout the north, and no traveler ventures to hope for sunshine when he turns his face thither. "Is it still raining at Bergen?" ask the Dutch skippers when they meet a Norwegian captain. "Yes, blast you; is it still blowing at the Texel?" is generally the response.

We took on board four or five lepers, on their way to the hospital at Bergen. A piece of oil-cloth had been thrown over some spars to shield them from the rain, and they sat on deck, avoided by the other passengers, a melancholy picture of disease and shame. One was a boy of fourteen, upon whose face wart-like excrescences were beginning to appear; while a woman, who seemed to be his mother, was hideously swollen and disfigured. A man, crouching down with his head between his hands, endeavoured to hide the seamed and knotted mass of protruding blue flesh, which had once been a human face. The forms of leprosy, elephantiasis, and other kindred diseases, which I have seen in the East, and in tropical countries, are not nearly so horrible. For these unfortunates there was no hope. Some years, more or less, of a life which is worse than death, was all to which they could look forward. No cure has yet been discovered for this terrible disease. There are two hospitals in Bergen, one of which contains about five hundred patients; while the other, which has recently been erected for the reception of cases in the earlier stages, who may be subjected to experimental courses of treatment, has

already one hundred. This form of leprosy is supposed to be produced partly by an exclusive diet of salt fish, and partly by want of personal cleanliness. The latter is the most probable cause, and one does not wonder at the result, after he has had a little experience of Norwegian filth. It is the awful curse which falls upon such beastly habits of life. I wish the Norwegians could be made Mussulmen for awhile, for the sake of learning that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but a necessary part of it. I doubt the existence of filthy Christians, and have always believed that St. Jerome was atrociously slandered by the Italian painters. But is there no responsibility resting upon the clergymen of the country, who have so much influence over their flocks, and who are themselves clean and proper persons?

Bergen is also, as I was informed, terribly scourged by venereal diseases. Certainly, I do not remember a place, where there are so few men—tall, strong, and well-made as the people generally are—without some visible mark of disease or deformity. A physician of the city has recently endeavoured to cure syphilis in its secondary stage, by means of inoculation, having first tried the experiment upon himself; and there is now a hospital where this form of treatment is practised upon two or three hundred patients, with the greatest success, as another physician informed me. I intended to have visited it, as well as the hospital for lepers; but the sight of a few cases, around the door of the latter establishment, so sickened me, that I had no courage to undertake the task.

Let me leave these disagreeable themes, and say that Bergen is one of the most charmingly picturesque towns in all the

North. Its name, "The Mountain," denotes one of its most striking features. It is built upon two low capes, which project from the foot of a low mountain, two thousand feet high, while directly in its rear lies a lovely little lake, about three miles in circumference. On the end of the northern headland stands the fortress of Berghenhuus, with the tall square mass of Walkendorf's Tower, built upon the foundations of the former palace of King Olaf Kyrre, the founder of the city. The narrow harbour between is crowded with fishing-vessels,—during the season often numbering from six to eight hundred,—and beyond it the southern promontory, quite covered with houses, rises steeply from the water. A public grove, behind the fortress, delights the eye with its dark-green mounds of foliage; near it rise the twin towers of the German Church, which boasts an age of nearly seven hundred years, and the suburbs on the steep mountain-sides gradually vanish among gardens and country-villas, which are succeeded by farms and grazing fields, lying under the topmost ridges of the bare rock. The lake in the rear is surrounded with the country residences of the rich merchants—a succession of tasteful dwellings, each with its garden and leafy arbours, its flowers and fountains, forming a rich frame to the beautiful sheet of water. Avenues of fine old lindens thread this suburban paradise, and seats, placed at the proper points, command views of which one knows not the loveliest. Everything has an air of ancient comfort, taste, and repose. One sees yet, the footsteps of mighty Hansa, who for three centuries reigned here supreme. The northern half of Bergen is still called the "German Quarter," and there are very few citizens of education who do not speak the language.

With one or two exceptions, the streets are rough and narrow. There are no quaint peculiarities in the architecture, the houses being all of wood, painted white or some light colour. At every door stands a barrel filled with water, to be ready in case of fire. Owing to the great number of fishing-vessels and its considerable foreign trade Bergen is a much more lively and bustling place than either Christiania or Drontheim. The streets are well populated, and the great square at the head of the harbour is always thronged with a motley concourse of fishermen, traders, and country people. Drunkenness seems to be a leading vice. I saw, at least, fifty people, more or less intoxicated, in the course of a short walk, one afternoon. The grog-shops, however, are rigidly closed at six o'clock on Saturday evening, and remain so until Monday morning, any violation or evasion of the law being severely punished. The same course has been adopted here as in Sweden; the price of brandy has been doubled, by restrictions on its manufacture, and every encouragement has been afforded to breweries. The beer of Christiania is equal in flavour and purity to any in the world, and it is now in great demand all over Norway.

The day after our arrival the sky cleared again, and we were favoured with superb weather; which might well be the case, as the people told me it had previously been raining every day for a month. The gardens, groves, and lawns of velvet turf so long moistened, now blazed out with splendid effect in the hot August sunshine. "Is there such a green anywhere else in the world?" asked my friend. "If anywhere, only in England—but scarcely there," I was obliged to confess. Yet there was an acquaintance of mine in

Bergen, a Hammerfest merchant, who, in this rare climax of summer beauty, looked melancholy and dissatisfied. "I want to get back to the north," said he, "I miss our Arctic summer. These dark nights are so disagreeable, that I am very tired of them. There is nothing equal to our three months of daylight, and they alone reconcile us to the winter." Who will say, after this, that anything more than the fundamental qualities of human nature are the same in all climates? But from the same foundation you may build either a Grecian temple or a Chinese pagoda.

The lions of Bergen are soon disposed of. After you have visited the fortress and admired the sturdy solidity of Walkendorf's Tower, you may walk into the German church which stands open (or did, when we were there), without a soul to prevent you from carrying off some of the queer old carved work and pictures. The latter are hideous enough to be perfectly safe, and the church, though exceedingly quaint and interesting, is not beautiful. Then you may visit the museum, which contains an excellent collection of northern fish, and some very curious old furniture. The collection of antiquities is not remarkable; but it should be remembered that the museum has been created within the last twenty years, and is entirely the result of private taste and enterprise. One of the most singular things I saw was a specimen (said to be the only one in existence) of a fish called the "herring-king," about twelve feet in length by one in thickness, and with something of the serpent in its appearance. The old Kraaken has not shown himself for a number of years, possibly frightened away by the appearance of steamers in his native waters. In spite of all the

testimony which Capell Brooke has collected in favour of his existence, he is fast becoming a myth.

Bergen, we found, is antiquated in more respects than one. On sending for horses, on the morning fixed for our departure, we were coolly told that we should have to wait twenty-four hours; but after threatening to put the law in force against the *skyd3-skaffer*, he promised to bring them by one o'clock in the afternoon. In this city of 30,000 inhabitants, no horses are kept in readiness at the post-station but are furnished by farmers somewhere at a distance. In the matter of hotels, however, Bergen stands in the front rank of progress, rivalling Christiania and Drontheim. The fare is not so good, and the charges are equally high. There are two little inns, with five or six rooms each, and one boarding-house of the same size. We could only get one small room, into which all three were packed, at a charge of a dollar and a quarter per day; while for two wretched meals we paid a dollar and a half each. The reader may judge of our fare from the fact that one day our soup was raspberry juice and water, and another time, cold beer, flavoured with pepper and cinnamon. Add tough beefsteaks swimming in grease and rancid butter, and you have the principal ingredients. For the first time in my life I found my digestive powers unequal to the task of mastering a new national diet.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TRIP TO THE VÖRING-FOSS.

AFTER waiting only five hours, we obtained three horses and drove away from Bergen. It was a superb afternoon, spotlessly blue overhead, with still bluer water below, and hills of dark, velvety verdure throbbing and sparkling in the sunshine, and the breezes from off the fjord. We sped past the long line of suburban gardens, through the linden avenues, which, somehow or other, suggested to me the days of the Hanseatic League, past Tivoli, the Hoboken of Bergen, and on the summit of the hill beyond stopped to take a parting look at the beautiful city. She sat at the foot of her guardian mountain, across the lake, her white towers and red roofs rising in sharp relief against the purple background of the islands which protect her from the sea. In colour, form, and atmospheric effect, the picture was perfect. Norway is particularly fortunate in the position and surroundings of her three chief cities. Bergen bears away the palm, truly, but either of them has few rivals in Europe.

Our road led at first over well-cultivated hills dotted

with comfortable farmhouses—a rolling, broken country enclosed by rugged and sterile groups of hills. After some miles we turned northward into a narrow valley running parallel to the coast line. The afternoon sun shining over the shoulder of the mountain-ridge on our left, illuminated with dazzling effect the green pastures in the bosom of the valley, and the groves of twinkling birch and sombre fir on the opposite slope. I have never seen purer tints in the sunshine—never a softer transparency in the shadows. The landscape was ideal in its beauty, except the houses, whose squalor and discomfort were real. Our first station lay off the road, on a hill. A very friendly old man promised to get us horses as soon as possible, and his wife set before us the best fare the house afforded—milk, oaten shingles, and bad cheese. The house was dirty, and the aspect of the family bed, which occupied one end of the room, merely divided by boards into separate compartments for the parents, children and servants was sufficient to banish sleep. Notwithstanding the poverty of the place, the old woman set a good value upon her choice provender. The horses were soon forthcoming, and the man, whose apparent kindness increased every moment, said to me, “Have I not done well? Is it not very well that I have brought you horses so soon?” I assented cheerfully, but he still repeated the same questions, and I was stupid enough not to discover their meaning, until he added; “I have done everything so well, that you ought to give me something for it.” The naive manner of this request made it seem reasonable, and I gave him something accordingly, though a little disappoint

ed, for I had congratulated myself on finding at last a friendly and obliging *skyds-skaffer* (Postmaster) in Norway

Towards evening we reached a little village on the shore of the Osterfjord. Here the road terminated, and a water station of eighteen miles in length lay before us. The fjords on the western coast of Norway are narrow, shut in by lofty and abrupt mountains, and penetrate far into the land—frequently to the distance of a hundred miles. The general direction of the valleys is parallel to the line of the coast, intersecting the fjords at nearly a right angle, so that they, in connection with these watery defiles, divide the mountains into immense irregular blocks, with very precipitous sides and a summit table-land varying from two to four thousand feet above the sea level. For this reason there is no continuous road in all western Norway, but alternate links of land and water—boats and post-horses. The deepest fjords reach very nearly to the spinal ridge of the mountain region, and a land-road from Bergen to this line would be more difficult to construct than any of the great highways across the Alps. In proportion to her population and means, Norway has done more for roads than any country in the world. Not only her main thoroughfares, but even her by-ways, give evidence of astonishing skill, industry, and perseverance. The Storting has recently appropriated a sum of \$188,000 for the improvement of roads, in addition to the repairs which the farmers are obliged to make, and which constitute almost their only tax as there is no assessment whatever upon landed property. There seems a singular incongruity, however, in finding such an evidence of the highest civilization, in connection with the semi-barbaric condition of the people. Generally, the im-

provement of the means of communication in a country is in the ratio of its social progress.

As we were obliged to wait until morning before commencing our voyage, we set about procuring supper and lodging. Some dirty beds in a dirty upper room constituted the latter, but the former was a doubtful affair. The landlord, who persisted in calling me "Dock," made a foraging excursion among the houses, and, after some time, laid before us a salted and smoked leg of mutton, some rancid butter, hard oaten bread, and pestilential cheese. I ate as a matter of duty towards my body, but my companions were less conscientious. We deserve no credit for having risen early the next morning, neither was there any self-denial in the fact of our being content with a single cup of coffee. The boatmen, five in number, who had been engaged the evening before, took our carriages apart and stowed them in the stern, while we three disposed ourselves very uneasily in the narrow bow. As we were about pushing off, one of the men stepped upon a stone and shouted in a loud voice, "Come and help us, fairies!"—whereat the others laughed heartily. The wind was against us, but I thought the men hugged the shore much more than was necessary. I noticed the same thing afterwards, and spoke of it, but they stated that there were strong currents in these fjords, setting towards the sea. The water, in fact, is but slightly brackish, and the ebb and flow of the tides is hardly felt.

The scenery in the Osterfjord is superb. Mountains, 2000 feet high, inclose and twist it between their interlocking bases. Cliffs of naked rock overhang it, and cataracts fall into it in long zigzag chains of foam. Here and there

a little embayed fell rejoices with settlement and cultivation and even on the wildest steep, where it seems almost impossible for a human foot to find hold, the people scramble at the hazard of their lives, to reap a scanty harvest of grass for the winter. Goats pasture everywhere, and our boatmen took delight in making the ewes follow us along the cliffs, by imitating the bleating of kids. Towards noon we left the main body of the fjord and entered a narrow arm which lay in eternal shadow under tremendous walls of dark rock. The light and heat of noonday were tropical in their silent intensity, painting the summits far above with dashes of fierce colour, while their bases sank in blue gloom to meet the green darkness of the water. Again and again the heights enclosed us, so that there was no outlet; but they opened as if purposely to make way for us, until our keel grated the pebbly barrier of a narrow valley, where the land road was resumed. Four miles through this gap brought us to another branch of the same fjord, where we were obliged to have our carriages taken to pieces and shipped for a short voyage.

At its extremity the fjord narrowed, and still loftier mountains overhung it. Shut in by these, like some palmy dell in the heart of the porphyry mountains of the Sahara, lay Bolstadören, a miracle of greenness and beauty. A mantle of emerald velvet, falling in the softest slopes and swells to the water's edge, was thrown upon the valley; the barley had been cut and bound to long upright poles to dry, rising like golden pillars from the shaven stubble; and, to crown all, above the landing-place stood a two-story house, with a jolly fat landlord smoking in the shade, and half-a-

dozen pleasant-looking women gossiping in-doors. 'Can we get anything to eat?' was the first question. "The gentlemen can have fresh salmon and potatoes, and red wine if they wish it," answered the mistress. Of course we wished it; we wished for any food clean enough to be eatable, and the promise of such fare was like the falling of manna in the desert. The salmon, fresh from the stream, was particularly fine; the fish here is so abundant that the land lord had caught 962, as he informed us, in the course of one season.

We had but two miles of land before another sheet of water intervened, and our carriages were again taken to pieces. The postillions and boatmen along this route were great scamps, frequently asking more than the legal fare, and in one instance threatened to prevent us from going on unless we paid it. I shall not bore the reader with accounts of our various little squabbles on the road, all of which tended more and more to convince us, that unless the Norwegians were a great deal more friendly, kind, and honest a few years ago than they are now, they have been more over-praised than any people in the world. I must say, however, that they are bungling swindlers, and could only be successful with the greenest of travellers. The moment an imposition is resisted, and the stranger shows himself familiar with the true charges and methods of travel, they give up the attempt; but the desire to cheat is only less annoying to one than cheating itself. The fees for travelling by *skyds* are, it is true, disproportionably low, and in many instances the obligation to furnish horses is no doubt an actual loss to the farmer. Very often we would have

willingly paid a small increase upon the legal rates if it had been asked for as a favour; but when it was boldly demanded as a right, and backed by a falsehood, we went not a stiver beyond the letter of the law.

Landing at Evanger, an intelligent landlord, who had four brothers in America, gave us return horses to Vossevangen, and we enjoyed the long twilight of the warm summer evening, while driving along the hills which overlook the valley connecting the lakes of Vossevangen and Evanger. It was a lovely landscape, ripe with harvest, and the air full of mellow, balmy odours from the flowers and grain. The black spire of Vossevangen church, standing dark against the dawning moonlight, was the welcome termination of our long day's journey, and not less welcome were our clean and comfortable quarters in the house of a merchant there. Here we left the main road across Norway, and made an excursion to the Vöring-Foss, which lies beyond the Hardanger Fjord, about fifty miles distant, in a south-eastern direction.

Vossevangen, in the splendour of a cloudless morning, was even more beautiful than as a moonlit haven of repose. The compact little village lay half buried in trees, clustered about the massive old church, with its black, pointed tower, and roof covered with pitched shingles, in the centre of the valley, while the mountains around shone bald and bright through floating veils of vapour which had risen from the lake. The people were all at work in the fields betimes, cutting and stacking the barley. The grass-fields, cut smooth and close, and of the softest and evenest green, seemed kept for show rather than for use. The bottom of

the valley along which we drove, was filled with an unbroken pine forest, inclosing here and there a lake,

“Where Heaven itself, brought down to Earth,
Seemed fairer than above;”

while the opposite mountain rose rich with harvest fields and farmhouses. There are similar landscapes between Fribourg and Vevay, in Switzerland—finer, perhaps, except that all cultivated scenery in Norway gains wonderfully in effect from the savage environment of the barren fjelds. Here, cultivation is somewhat of a phenomenon, and a rich, thickly settled valley strikes one with a certain surprise. The Norwegians have been accused of neglecting agriculture; but I do not see that much more could be expected of them. The subjugation of virgin soil, as we had occasion to notice, is a serious work. At the best, the grain harvests are uncertain, while fish are almost as sure as the season; and so the surplus agricultural population either emigrates or removes to the fishing grounds on the coast. There is, undoubtedly, a considerable quantity of wild land which could be made arable, but the same means, applied to the improvement of that which is at present under cultivation, would accomplish far more beneficent results.

Leaving the valley, we drove for some time through pine forests, and here, as elsewhere, had occasion to notice the manner in which this source of wealth has been drained of late years. The trees were very straight and beautiful, but there were none of more than middle age. All the fine old timber had been cut away; all Norway, in fact, has been despoiled in like manner, and the people are but just awak

ing to the fact, that they are killing a goose which lays golden eggs. The government, so prudently economical that it only allows \$100,000 worth of silver to be quarried annually in the mines of Kongsberg, lest the supply should be exhausted, has, I believe, adopted measures for the preservation of the forests; but I am not able to state their precise character. Except in valleys remote from the rivers and fjords, one now finds very little mature timber.

"The tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral,"

I have not yet seen.

We at last came upon a little lake, in a close glen with walls 1000 feet high. Not suspecting that we had ascended much above the sea-level, we were surprised to see the gorge all at once open below us, revealing a dark-blue lake, far down among the mountains. We stood on the brink of a wall, over which the stream at our side fell in a "hank" of divided cataracts. Our road was engineered with great difficulty to the bottom of the steep, whence a gentler descent took us to the hamlet of Vasenden, at the head of the lake. Beyond this there was no road for carriages, and we accordingly gave ours in charge of a bright, active and intelligent little post-master, twelve years old. He and his mother then rowed us across the lake to the village of Gra-ven, whence there was a bridle-road across the mountains to a branch of the Hardanger Fjord. They demanded only twelve skillings (ten cents) for the row of three miles, and

then posted off to a neighbouring farmhouse to engage horses for us.

There was a neat white dwelling on the hill, which we took to be the parsonage, but which proved to be the residence of an army captain on leave, whom we found sitting in the door, cleaning his gun, as we approached. He courteously ushered us into the house, and made his appearance soon afterwards in a clean shirt, followed by his wife, with wine and cakes upon a tray. I found him to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and of an earnest and reflective turn of mind, rare in men of his profession. He spoke chiefly of the passion for emigration which now possesses the Norwegian farmers, considering it not rendered necessary by their actual condition, but rather one of those contagions which spread through communities and nations, overcoming alike prudence and prejudice. He deplored it as retarding the development of Norway. Personal interest, however, is everywhere stronger than patriotism, and I see no signs of the emigration decreasing for some years to come.

After waiting a considerable time, we obtained two horses and a strapping farmer's son for guide. The fellow was delighted to find out where we came from, and was continually shouting to the people in the fields: "Here these are Americans: they were born there!" whereat the people stared, saluted, and then stared again. He shouldered our packs and marched beside the horses with the greatest ease. "You are strong," I remarked. "Yes," he replied, "I am a strong Normand," making his patriotism an excuse for his personal pride. We had a terribly tough pull up the

mountain, through fine woods, to the summit level of the fjeld. The view backwards, over the lake, was enchanting, and we lingered long on the steep, loth to lose it. Turning again, a desolate lake lay before us, heathery swells of the bleak table-land and distant peaks, touched with snow. Once upon the broad, level summit of a Norwegian fjeld, one would never guess what lovely valleys lie under those misty breaks which separate its immense lobes—what gashes of life and beauty penetrate its stony heart. There are, in fact, two Norways: one above—a series of detached, irregular masses, bleak, snowy, wind-swept and heather-grown, inhabited by herdsmen and hunters: and one below—a ramification of narrow veins of land and water, with fields and forests, highways and villages.

So, when we had traversed the upper land for several miles, we came to a brink overlooking another branch of the lower land, and descended through thick woods to the farms of Ulvik, on the Eyfjord, an arm of the Hardanger. The shores were gloriously beautiful: slopes of dazzling turf inclosed the bright blue water, and clumps of oak, ash, and linden, in park-like groups, studded the fields. Low red farmhouses, each with its hollow square of stables and granaries, dotted the hill-sides, and the people, male and female, were everywhere out reaping the ripe barley and piling it, pillar-wise, upon tall stakes. Owing to this circumstance we were obliged to wait some time for oarsmen. There was no milk to be had, nor indeed anything to eat notwithstanding the signs of plenty on all sides. My friend, wandering from house to house, at last discovered an old man, who brought him a bowl of mead in exchange for a

cigar. Late in the afternoon two men came, put us into a shabby and leaky boat, and pulled away slowly for Vik, ten miles distant.

The fjord was shut in by lofty and abrupt mountains, often interrupted by deep lateral gorges. This is the general character of the Hardanger Fjord, a broad winding sheet of water, with many arms, but whose extent is diminished to the eye by the grandeur of its shores. Nothing can be wilder or more desolate than this scenery, especially at the junction of the two branches, where all signs of habitation are shut out of sight, and one is surrounded by mighty precipices of dark-red rock, vanishing away to the eastward in a gloomy defile. It was three hours and a half before we reached Vik, at the head of a bay on the southern side. Here, however, some English fishermen were quartered and we made sure of a supper. The landlord, of course, received their superfluous salmon, and they were not the men to spare a potato-field, so both were forthcoming, and in the satisfaction of appeased hunger, we were willing to indorse the opinion of a former English traveller in the guest's book: "This place seems to me a paradise, although very probably it is not one." The luxury of fishing, which I never could understand, has taught the Norwegians to regard travellers as their proper prey. Why should a man, they think, pay 50*l.* for the privilege of catching fish, which he gives away as soon as caught, unless he don't know how else to get rid of his money? Were it not that fishing in Norway includes pure air, hard fare, and healthy exercise, I should agree with somebody's definition of angling, "a rod with a fly at one end and a fool at the other," but it is all

that, and besides furnished us with a good meal more than once; wherefore I respect it.

We were now but eight miles from the Vöring-Foss, and set out betimes the next morning, taking with us a bottle of red wine, some dry bread, and Peder Halstensen as guide. I mention Peder particularly, because he is the only jolly lively, wide-awake, open-hearted Norwegian I have ever seen. As rollicking as a Neapolitan, as chatty as an Andalusian, and as frank as a Tyrolese, he formed a remarkable contrast to the men with whom we had hitherto come in contact. He had long black hair, wicked black eyes, and a mouth which laughed even when his face was at rest. Add a capital tenor voice, a lithe, active frame, and something irresistibly odd and droll in his motions, and you have his principal points. We walked across the birch-wooded isthmus behind Vik to the Eyfjordsvand, a lake about three miles long, which completely cuts off the further valley, the mountains on either side falling to it in sheer precipices 1000 feet high.

We embarked in a crazy, leaky boat, Peder pulling vigorously and singing. "*Frie dig ved lifve*" ("Life let us cherish"), with all the contentment on his face which is expressed in Mozart's immortal melody. "Peder," said I, "do you know the national song of Norway?" "I should think so," was his answer, stopping short in the midst of a wild fjeld-song, clearing his throat, and singing with a fervour and enthusiasm which rang wide over the lonely lake —

"Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,

Strike for old Norway, the land of the free!

High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,

Clime of our fathers, we strike it for thee!

Old recollections awake our affections—

Hallow the name of the land of our birth :

Each heart beats its loudest, each cheek glows its proudest,

For Norway the ancient, the throne of the earth !” *

“Dost thou know,” said he, becoming more familiar in his address, “that a lawyer (by the name of Bjerregaard) wrote this song, and the Storthing at Christiania gave him a hundred specie dollars for it. That was not too much, was it ?” “No,” said I, “five hundred dollars would have been little enough for such a song.” “Yes, yes, that it would,” was his earnest assent ; and as I happened at that moment to ask whether we could see the peaks of the Halling Jökeln, he commenced a *scæter-song* of life on the lofty fjeld—a song of snow, and free winds, and blue sky. By this time we had reached the other end of the lake, where, in the midst of a little valley of rich alluvial soil, covered with patches of barley and potatoes, stood the hamlet of Sæbø. Here Peder procured a horse for my friend, and we entered the mouth of a sublime gorge which opened to the eastward—a mere split in the mighty ramparts of the Hardanger-Fjeld. Peder was continually shouting to the people in the fields : “Look here ! These are Americans, these two, and the other one is a German ! This one talks Norsk, and the others don’t.”

We ascended the defile by a rough footpath, at first through alder thickets, but afterwards over immense masses of rocky ruin, which had tumbled from the crags far above and almost blocked up the valley. For silence, desolation, and awful grandeur, this defile equals any of the Alpine passes. In the spring, when the rocks, split by wedges of

* Latham's translation.

ice, disengage themselves from the summit, and thunder down upon the piled wrecks of ages, it must be terribly sublime. A bridge, consisting of two logs spanned across abutments of loose stones, and vibrating strongly under our tread, took us over the torrent. Our road, for some distance was now a mere staircase, scrambling up, down, under, over, and between the chaos of sundered rocks. A little further, and the defile shut in altogether, forming a *cul de sac* of apparently perpendicular walls, from 2000 to 3000 feet high. "How are we to get out of this?" I asked Peder. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the inaccessible summit in front. "But where does the stream come from?" "That you will soon see." Lo! all at once a clean split from top to bottom disclosed itself in the wall on our left, and in passing its mouth we had a glimpse up the monstrous chasm, whose dark-blue sides, falling sheer 3000 feet, vanished at the bottom in eternal gloom and spray.

Crossing the stream again, we commenced ascending over the débris of stony avalanches, the path becoming steeper and steeper, until the far-off summit almost hung over our heads. It was now a zigzag ladder, roughly thrown together, but very firm. The red mare which my friend rode climbed it like a cat, never hesitating, even at an angle of 50° , and never making a false step. The performance of this noble animal was almost incredible. I should never have believed a horse capable of such gymnastics, had I not seen it with my own eyes, had I not mounted her myself at the most difficult points, in order to test her powers. You, who have climbed the *Mayenwand*, in going from the glacier of the Rhone to the Grimsel, imagine a slant higher, steeper, and

composed of loose rocks, and you will have an exact picture of our ascent. We climbed well; and yet it took us just an hour and a half to reach the summit.

We were now on the great plateau of the Hardanger Fjeld, 2500 feet above the sea. A wild region lay before us—great swells, covered with heather, sweeping into the distance and given up to solitude and silence. A few isolated peaks, streaked with snow, rose from this upper level; and a deep break on our left revealed the top of the chasm through which the torrent made its way. At its extremity, a mile or more distant, rose a light cloud of vapour, seeming close at hand in the thin mountain air. The thick, spongy soil, not more than two feet deep, rests on a solid bed of rock,—the entire Hardanger Fjeld, in fact, is but a single rock,—and is therefore always swampy. Whortleberries were abundant, as well as the multeberry (*Rubus chamaemorus*), which I have found growing in Newfoundland; and Peder, running off on the hunt of them, was continually leading us astray. But at last, we approached the wreath of whirling spray, and heard the hollow roar of the Vöring-Foss. The great chasm yawned before us; another step, and we stood on the brink. I seized the branch of a tough pine sapling as a support and leaned over. My head did not swim; the height was too great for that, the impression too grand and wonderful. The shelf of rock on which I stood projected far out over a gulf 1200 feet deep, whose opposite side rose in one great escarpment from the bottom to a height of 800 feet above my head. On this black wall, wet with eternal spray, was painted a splendid rainbow, forming two thirds of a circle before it melted

into the gloom below. A little stream fell in one long thread of silver from the very summit, like a plumb-line dropped to measure the 2000 feet. On my right hand the river, coming down from the level of the fjeld in a torn, twisted, and boiling mass, reached the brink of the gulf at a point about 400 feet below me, whence it fell in a single sheet to the bottom, a depth of between 800 and 900 feet.

Could one view it from below, this fall would present one of the grandest spectacles in the world. In height, volume of water, and sublime surroundings it has no equal. The spectator, however, looks down upon it from a great height above its brink, whence it is so foreshortened that he can only guess its majesty and beauty. By lying upon your belly and thrusting your head out beyond the roots of the pines, you can safely peer into the dread abyss, and watch, through the vortex of whirling spray in its tortured womb, the starry coruscations which radiate from the bottom of the fall, like rockets of water incessantly exploding. But this view, sublime as it is, only whets your desire to stand below, and see the river, with its sprayey crest shining against the sky, make but one leap from heaven to hell. Some persons have succeeded, by entering the chasm at its mouth in the valley below, in getting far enough to see a portion of the fall, the remainder being concealed by a projecting rock; and the time will come, no doubt, when somebody will have energy enough to carry a path to its very foot. I envy the travellers who will then visit the Vöring-Foss.

A short distance above the fall there are a few cabins inhabited by sceters, or herdsmen, whither we repaired to procure some fresh milk. The house was rude and dirty: but

the people received us in a friendly manner. The powerful housewife laid aside her hay-rake, and brought us milk which was actually sweet (a rare thing in Norway,) dirty, but not rancid butter, and tolerable cheese. When my friend asked for water, she dipped a pailful from a neighbouring stream, thick with decayed moss and vegetable mould, and handed it to him. He was nice enough to pick out a rotten root before drinking, which one of the children snatched up from the floor and ate. Yet these people did not appear to be in want; they were healthy, cheerful, and contented; and their filthy manner of living was the result of sheer indolence and slovenliness. There was nothing to prevent them from being neat and comfortable, even with their scanty means; but the good gifts of God are always spoiled and wasted in dirty hands.

When we opened our bottle of wine, an exquisite aroma diffused itself through the room—a mingled smell of vine blossoms and ripe grapes. How could the coarse vintage sent to the North, watered and chemically doctored as it is, produce such a miracle? We tasted—superb old Chateau Latour, from the sunniest hill of Bordeaux! By whatever accident it had wandered thither, it did not fall into unappreciative hands. Even Brita Halstendsdatter Höl, the strong housewife, smacked her lips over the glass which she drank after sitting to me for her portrait.

When the sketch was completed, we filled the empty bottle with milk and set out on our return.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SKETCHES FROM THE BERGENSTIFT.

Our return from the Vöring-Foss to the hamlet of Sæbø was accomplished without accident or particular incident. As we were crossing the Eyfjordsvand, the stillness of the savage glen, yet more profound in the dusk of evening, was broken by the sudden thunder of a slide in some valley to the eastward. Peder stopped in the midst of "*Frie dig ved lifvet*," and listened. "Ho!" said he, "the spring is the time when the rocks come down, but that sounds like a big fellow, too." Peder was not so lively on the way back, not because he was fatigued, for in showing us how they danced on the fjeld, he flung himself into the air in a marvellous manner, and turned over twice before coming down, but partly because he had broken our bottle of milk, and partly because there was something on his mind. I waited patiently, knowing that it would come out at last, as indeed it did. "You see," said he, hesitatingly, "some travellers give a drink-money to the guide. It is n't an obligation, you know; but then some give it. Now, if you should choose to give me anything, do n't pay it to the landlord for me. Because then I won't get it. You are not bound to do so

you know but *some* travellers do it, and I do n't know but you might also. Now, if you should, give it directly to me, and then I will have it." When we reached Vik, we called Peder aside and gave him three marks. "Oh, you must pay your bill to the landlord," said he. "But that is your drink-money," I explained. "That?" he exclaimed; "it is not possible! *Frie dig ved lifvet*," &c., and so he sang, cut a pigeon-wing or two, and proceeded to knot and double knot the money in a corner of his pocket-handkerchief.

"Come and take a swim!" said Peder, reappearing. "I can swim ever since I fell into the water. I tumbled off the pier, you must know, and down I went. Everything became black before my eyes; and I thought to myself, 'Peder, this is the end of you.' But I kicked and splashed nevertheless, until my eyes opened again, wide enough to see where a rope was. Well, after I found I could fall into the water without drowning, I was not afraid to swim." In fact, Peder now swam very well, and floundered about with great satisfaction in the ice cold water. A single plunge was all I could endure. After supper the landlady came in to talk to me about America. She had a son in California, and a daughter in Wisconsin, and showed me their daguerrotypes and some bits of gold with great pride. She was a stout, kindly, motherly body, and paid especial attention to our wants on finding where we came from. Indeed we were treated in the most friendly manner by these good people, and had no reason to complain of our reckoning on leaving. This experience confirms me in the belief that honesty and simplicity may still be characteristics of the Norwegians in the more remote parts of the country.

We bade a cordial farewell to Vik next morning, and set off on our return, in splendid sunshine. Peder was in the boat, rejoiced to be with us again; and we had no sooner gotten under way, than he began singing, "*Frie dig ved livet.*" It was an intensely hot day, and the shores of Ulvik were perfectly dazzling. The turf had a silken gloss; the trees stood darkly and richly green, and the water was purest sapphire. "It is a beautiful bay, is it not?" said the farmer who furnished us with horses, after we had left the boat and were slowly climbing the fjeld. I thought I had never seen a finer; but when heaven and earth are in entire harmony, when form, colour and atmosphere accord like some rich swell of music, whatever one sees is perfect. Hence I shall not say how beautiful the bay of Ulvik was to me, since under other aspects the description would not be true.

The farmer's little daughter, however, who came along to take back one of the horses, would have been a pleasant apparition at any time and in any season. She wore her Sunday dress, consisting of a scarlet bodice over a white chemise, green petticoat, and white apron, while her shining flaxen hair was plaited into one long braid with narrow strips of crimson and yellow cloth and then twisted like a garland around her head. She was not more than twelve or thirteen years old, but tall, straight as a young pine, and beautifully formed, with the promise of early maidenhood in the gentle swell of her bosom. Her complexion was lovely—pink, brightened with sunburnt gold,—and her eyes like the blossoms of the forget-me-not, in hue. In watching her firm yet graceful tread, as she easily kept pace with the

horse, I could not realise that in a few more years she would probably be no more graceful and beautiful than the women at work in the fields—coarse, clumsy shapes, with frowzy air, leathery faces, and enormous hanging breasts.

In the Bergenstift, however, one sometimes sees a pretty face; and the natural grace of the form is not always lost. About Vossevangen, for instance, the farmers' daughters are often quite handsome; but beauty, either male or female, is in Norway the rarest apparition. The grown-up women, especially after marriage, are in general remarkably plain. Except among some of the native tribes of Africa, I have nowhere seen such overgrown, loose, pendant breasts as among them. This is not the case in Sweden, where, if there are few beauties, there are at least a great many passable faces. There are marked differences in the blood of the two nations; and the greater variety of feature and complexion in Norway seems to indicate a less complete fusion of the original stocks.

We were rowed across the Graven Lake by an old farmer, who wore the costume of the last century,—a red coat, *à la* Frederic the Great, long waistcoat, and white knee-breeches. He demanded double the lawful fare, which, indeed, was shamefully small; and we paid him without demur. At Vasenden we found our carriages and harness in good condition, nothing having been abstracted except a ball of twine. Horses were in waiting, apparently belonging to some well-to-do farmer; for the boys were well dressed, and took especial care of them. We reached the merchant's comfortable residence at Vossevangen before sunset, and made amends

on his sumptuous fare for the privations of the past three days.

We now resumed the main road between Christiania and Bergen. The same cloudless days continued to dawn upon us. For one summer, Norway had changed climates with Spain. Our oil-cloths were burnt up and cracked by the heat, our clothes covered with dust, and our faces became as brown as those of Bedouins. For a week we had not a cloud in the sky; the superbly clear days belied the old saying of "weather-breeders."

Our road, on leaving Vossevangen, led through pine-forests, following the course of a stream up a wild valley, enclosed by lofty mountains. Some lovely cataracts fell from the steep on our left; but this is the land of cataracts and there is many a one, not even distinguished by a name, which would be renowned in Switzerland. I asked my postillion the name of the stream beside us. "Oh," said he, 'it has none; it is not big enough!' He wanted to take us all the way through to Gudvangen, twenty-eight miles, on our paying double fare, predicting that we would be obliged to wait three hours for fresh horses at each intermediate station. He waited some time at Tvinde, the first station, in the hope that we would yield, but departed suddenly in a rage on seeing that the horses were already coming. At this place, a stout young fellow, who had evidently been asleep, came out of the house and stood in the door staring at us with open mouth for a full hour. The postmaster sat on the step and did likewise. It was the height of harvest-time, and the weather favourable almost to a miracle; yet most of the harvesters lay upon their backs

under the trees as we passed. The women appeared to do most of the out-door, as well as the inn-door work. They are certainly far more industrious than the men, who, judging from what I saw of them, are downright indolent. Evidences of slow, patient, plodding toil, one sees truly; but active industry, thrift, and honest ambition, nowhere.

The scenery increased in wildness and roughness as we proceeded. The summit of Hvitnaset (White-nose) lifted its pinnacles of grey rock over the brow of the mountains on the north, and in front, pale, blue-grey peaks, 5000 feet high, appeared on either hand. The next station was a village of huts on the side of a hill. Everybody was in the fields except one woman, who remained to take charge of the station. She was a stupid creature, but had a proper sense of her duty; for she started at full speed to order horses, and we afterwards found that she must have run full three English miles in the space of half an hour. The emigration to America from this part of Bergenstift has been very great, and the people exhibited much curiosity to see and speak with us.

The scenery became at the same time more barren and more magnificent, as we approached the last station, Stalheim, which is a miserable little village at the head of the famous Naerödal. Our farmer-postillion wished to take us on to Gudvangen with the same horses, urging the same reasons as the former one. It would have been better if we had accepted his proposal; but our previous experience had made us mistrustful. The man spoke truth, however: hour after hour passed away, and the horses came not. A few miserable people collected about us, and begged money. I

sketched the oldest, ugliest and dirtiest of them, as a specimen, but regretted it afterwards, as his gratitude on receiving a trifle for sitting, obliged me to give him my hand. Hereupon another old fellow, not quite so hideous, wanted to be taken also. "Lars," said a woman to the former, "are you not ashamed to have so ugly a face as yours go to America?" "Oh," said he, "it does not look so ugly in the book." His delight on getting the money created some amusement. "Indeed," he protested, "I am poor, and want it; and you need not laugh."

The last gush of sunset was brightening the tops of the savage fjeld when the horses arrived. We had waited two hours and three quarters and I therefore wrote a complaint in the post-book in my best Norsk. From the top of a hill beyond the village, we looked down into the Naerödal. We stood on the brink of a tremendous wall about a thousand feet above the valley. On one side, the stream we had been following fell in a single cascade 400 feet; on the other, a second stream, issuing from some unseen defile, flung its several ribbons of foam from nearly an equal height. The valley, or rather gorge, disappeared in front between mountains of sheer rock, which rose to the height of 3000 feet. The road—a splendid specimen of engineering—was doubled back and forth around the edge of a spur projecting from the wall on which we stood, and so descended to the bottom. Once below, our carriages rolled rapidly down the gorge, which was already dusky with twilight. The stream, of the most exquisite translucent azure-green colour, rolled between us; and the mountain crests towered so far above, that our necks ached as we looked upwards. I have seen

but one valley which in depth and sublimity can equal the Naerdöl—the pass of the Taurus, in Asia Minor, leading from Cappadocia into Cilicia. In many places the precipices were 2000 feet in perpendicular height; and the streams of the upper fjeld, falling from the summits, lost themselves in evanescent water-dust before they reached the bottom. The bed of the valley was heaped with fragments of rock; which are loosed from above with every returning spring.

It was quite dark before we reached Gudvangen, thoroughly tired and as hungry as wolves. My postillion, on hearing me complain, pulled a piece of dry mutton out of his pocket and gave it to me. He was very anxious to learn whether brandy and tobacco were as dear in America as in Norway: if so, he did not wish to emigrate. A stout girl had charge of Braisted's horse; the female postillions always fell to his lot. She complained of hard work and poor pay, and would emigrate if she had the money. At Gudvangen we had a boat journey of thirty-five miles before us, and therefore engaged two boats with eight oarsmen for the morrow. The people tried hard to make us take more, but we had more than the number actually required by law, and, as it turned out, quite as many as were necessary. Travellers generally supply themselves with brandy for the use of their ootmen, from an idea that they will be stubborn and dilatory without it. We did so in no single instance; yet our men were always steady and cheerful.

We shipped our carriages and sent them off in the larger boat, delaying our own departure until we had fortified ourselves with a good breakfast, and laid in some hard bread and pork omelette, for the day. The Gudvangen Fjord

down which we now glided over the glassy water is a narrow mountain avenue of glorious scenery. The unseen plateaus of the Blaa and Graa Fjelds, on either hand, spilled their streams over precipices from 1000 to 2000 feet in height, above whose cornices shot the pointed summits of bare grey rock, wreathed in shifting clouds, 4000 feet above the sea. Pine-trees feathered the less abrupt steeps, with patches of dazzling turf here and there; and wherever a gentler slope could be found in the coves, stood cottages surrounded by potato-fields and ripe barley stacked on poles. Not a breath of air rippled the dark water, which was a perfect mirror to the mountains and the strip of sky between them, while broad sheets of morning sunshine, streaming down the breaks in the line of precipices, interrupted with patches of fiery colour the deep, rich, transparent gloom of the shadows. It was an enchanted voyage until we reached the mouth of the Aurlands Fjord, divided from that of Gudvangen by a single rocky buttress 1000 feet high. Beyond this point the watery channel is much broader, and the shores diminish in grandeur as they approach the Sogne Fjord, of which this is but a lateral branch.

I was a little disappointed in the scenery of Sogne Fjord. The mountains which enclose it are masses of sterile rock, neither lofty nor bold enough in their forms to make impression after the unrivalled scenery through which we had passed. The point of Vangnæs, a short distance to the westward, is the "Framnæs" of Frithiof's Saga; and I therefore looked towards it with some interest, for the sake of that hero and his northern lily, Ingeborg. There are many bauta-stones still standing on the shore, but one who

is familiar with Tegner's poem must not except to find his descriptions verified, either in scenery or tradition. On turning eastward, around the point of Fronningen, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of two handsome houses, with orchards and gardens, on the sunny side of the bank. The vegetation, protected in some degree from the sea-winds, was wonderfully rich and luxuriant. There were now occasional pine-woods on the southern shore, but the general aspect of this fjord is bleak and desolate. In the heat and breathless silence of noonday, the water was like solid crystal. A faint line, as if drawn with a pencil along the bases of the opposite mountains, divided them from the equally perfect and palpable mountains inverted below them. In the shadows near us, it was quite impossible to detect the boundary between the substance and its counterpart. In the afternoon we passed the mouth of the northern arms of the fjord, which strike into the heart of the wildest and grandest region of Norway; the valley of Justedal, with its tremendous glaciers, the snowy teeth of the Hurunger, and the crowning peaks of the Skagtolstind. Our course lay down the other arm, to Lærdalsören, at the head of the fjord. By five o'clock it came in sight, at the mouth of a valley opening through the barren flanks on the Fille Fjeld. We landed, after a voyage of ten hours, and found welcome signs of civilisation in a neat but exorbitant inn.

Our boatmen, with the exception of stopping half an hour for breakfast, had pulled steadily the whole time. We had no cause to be dissatisfied with them, while they were delighted with the moderate gratuity we gave them. They were tough, well-made fellows, possessing a considerable

amount of endurance, but less actual strength than one would suspect. Braisted, who occasionally tried his hand at an oar, could pull them around with the greatest ease. English travellers whom I have met inform me that in almost every trial they find themselves stronger than the Norwegians. This is probably to be accounted for by their insufficient nourishment. Sour milk and oaten bread never yet fed an athlete. The proportions of their bodies would admit of fine muscular development; and if they cannot do what their Viking ancestors once did, it is because they no longer live upon the spoils of other lands, as they.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HALLINGDAL—THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE OF NORWAY.

THERE are two roads from Lærdalsören to Christiania the eastern one passing through the districts of Valdres and Hadeland, by way of the Little Miösen Lake and the Randsfjord, while the western, after crossing the Fille Fjeld, descends the long Hallingdal to Ringerike. In point of scenery there is little difference between them; but as we intended visiting the province of Tellemark, in Southern Norway, we chose the latter. The valley of the Fille Fjeld, which we entered on leaving Lærdalsören, is enclosed by wild, barren mountains, more isolated and irregular in their forms than the Hardanger and Dovre Fjelds. There were occasional precipices and dancing waterfalls, but in general the same tameness and monotony we had found on the Sogne Fjord. Down the bed of the valley flowed a large rapid stream, clear as crystal, and of a beautiful beryl tint. The cultivation was scanty; and the potato fields, utterly ruined by disease, tainted the air with sickening effluvia. The occasional forests on the hillsides were of fir and birch, while poplar, ash, and linden grew in the valley. The only fruit trees I saw were some sour red cherries.

But in the splendour of the day, this unfriendly valley shone like a dell of the Apennines. Not a cloud disturbed the serenity of the sky; the brown grass and yellow moss on the mountains were painted with sunny gold, and the gloss and sparkle of the foliage equalled that of the Italian *ilax* and laurel. On the second stage a new and superb road carried us through the rugged defile of Saltenaaset. This pass is evidently the effect of some mighty avalanche thousands of ages ago. The valley is blocked up by tremendous masses of rock, hurled one upon the other in the wildest confusion, while the shattered peaks from which they fell still tower far above. Threading this chaos in the shadow of the rocks, we looked across the glen upon a braided chain of foam, twisted together at the end into a long white cascade, which dropped into the gulf below. In another place, a rainbow meteor suddenly flashed across the face of a dark crag, betraying the dusty spray of a fall, else invisible.

On the third stage the road, after mounting a difficult steep, descended into the valley of Borgund, in which stands most probably the most ancient church in Norway. It is a singular, fantastic structure, bristling with spiky spires and covered with a scale armour of black pitched shingles. It is certainly of no more recent date than the twelfth century, and possibly of the close of the eleventh. The architecture shows the Byzantine style in the rounded choir and the arched galleries along the sides, the Gothic in the windows and pointed gables, and the horned ornaments on the roof suggest the pagan temples of the ante-Christian period. **A more grotesque affair could hardly be found in Christendom; it could only be matched among the monstrosities of Chinese**

art. With the exception of the church of Hitterdal, in Tellemark, a building of similar date, this is the best preserved of the few antiquities of Norway. The entire absence of feudal castles is a thing to be noticed. Serfdom never existed here, and one result of this circumstance, perhaps, is the ease with which institutions of a purely republican stamp have been introduced.

Our road still proceeded up the bottom of a rough barren valley crossing stony headlands on either side. At the station of Haug our course turned to the south-east, climbing a slope leading to the plateau of the Fille Fjeld—a severe pull for our horses in the intense heat. The birch woods gradually diminished in size until they ceased altogether, and the naked plain stretched before us. In this upper land the air was delicious and inspiring. We were more than 3000 feet above the sea, but the summits to the right and left, with their soft gleams of pale gray, lilac and purple hues in the sunshine, and pure blue in shadow, rose to the height of 6000. The heat of the previous ten days had stripped them bare of snow, and the landscape was drear and monotonous. The summits of the Norwegian Fjelds have only the charm of wildness and bleakness. I doubt whether any mountains of equal height exhibit less grandeur in their upper regions. The most imposing features of Norwegian scenery are its deep valleys, its tremendous gorges with their cataracts, flung like banners from steepes which seem to lean against the very sky, and, most of all, its winding, labyrinthine fjords—valleys of the sea, in which the phenomena of the valleys of the land are repeated. I found

no scenery in the Bergenstift of so original and impressive a character as that of the Lofoden Isles.

The day was Sunday, and we, of course, expect to see some evidence of it in the appearance of the people. Yet, during the whole day, we found but one clean person—the hostess of an inn on the summit of Fille Fjeld, where we stopped to bait our horses. She was a young fresh-faced woman, in the first year of her wifehood, and her snowy chemise and tidy petticoat made her shine like a star among the dirty and frowzy creatures in the kitchen. I should not forget a boy, who was washing his face in a brook as we passed; but he was young, and didn't know any better. Otherwise the people lounged about the houses, or sat on the rocks in the sun, filthy, and something else, to judge from certain signs. At Haug, forgetting that it was a fast station, where there is no *tilsigelse* (money for ordering horses) to be paid, I handed the usual sum to the landlady, saying: "This is for *tilsigelse*." "It is quite right," said she, pocketing the coin.

Skirting an azure lake, we crossed the highest part of the pass, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and descended a naked valley to the inn of Bjöberg. The landlord received us very cordially; and as the inn promised tolerable accommodation, he easily persuaded us to stop there for the night. His wife wore a frightful costume, which we afterwards found to prevail throughout all Hemsedal and Hallingdal. It consisted simply of a band across the shoulders, above the breasts, passing around the arms and over the back of the neck, with an immense baggy, dangling skirt hanging therefrom to the ancles. Whether she was fat or lean

straight or crooked, symmetrical or deformed, it was impossible to discern, except when the wind blew. The only thing to be said in favour of such a costume is, that it does not impede the development and expansion of the body in any direction. Hence I would strongly recommend its adoption to the advocates of reform in feminine dress at home. There is certainly none of that weight upon the hips, of which they complain in the fashionable costume. It is far more baggy, loose, and hideous than the Bloomer, with the additional advantage of making all ages and styles of beauty equally repulsive, while on the score of health and convenience, there is still less to be said against it. Do not stop at half-way measures, oh, fair reformers!

It seems incredible that, in a pastoral country like Norway, it should be almost impossible to procure sweet milk and good butter. The cattle are of good quality, there is no better grass in the world; and the only explanation of the fact is to be found in the general want of cleanliness, especially among the inhabitants of the mountain districts, which are devoted to pasturage alone. Knowing this, one wonders the less to see no measures taken for a supply of water in the richer grain-growing valleys, where it is so easily procurable. At Bjöberg, for instance, there was a stream of delicious water flowing down the hill, close beside the inn, and four bored pine-trunks would have brought it to the very door; but, instead of that, the landlady whirled off to the stream in her revolving dress, to wash the dishes, or to bring us half a pint to wash ourselves. We found water much more abundant the previous winter in Swedish Lapland.

Leaving Bjöberg betimes, we drove rapidly down Hemmedal, enjoying the pure delicious airs of the upper fjeld. The scenery was bleak and grey; and even the soft pencil of the morning sun failed to impart any charm to it, except the nameless fascination of utter solitude and silence. The valley descends so gradually that we had driven two Norsk miles before the fir-forests in its bed began to creep up the mountain-sides. During the second stage we passed the remarkable peak of Saaten, on the opposite side of the valley—the end or cape of a long projecting ridge, terminating in a scarped cliff, from the very summit of which fell a cascade from three to four hundred feet in height. Where the water came from, it was impossible to guess, unless there were a large deposit of snow in the rear; for the mountains fell away behind Saaten, and the jagged, cleft headland rose alone above the valley. It was a strange and fantastic feature of the landscape, and, to me, a new form in the repertory of mountain aspects.

We now drove, through fir-woods balmy with warm resinous odours, to Ekre, where we had ordered breakfast by *forbud*. The morning air had given us a healthy appetite; but our spirits sank when the only person at the station, a stupid girl of twenty, dressed in the same bulging, hideous sack, informed us that nothing was to be had. After some persuasion she promised us coffee, cheese, and bread, which came in due time; but with the best will we found it impossible to eat anything. The butter was rather black than yellow, the cheese as detestable to the taste as to the smell the bread made apparently of saw-dust, with a slight mixture of oat-bran, and the coffee muddy dregs, with some sour

cream in a cup and sugar-candy which appeared to have been sucked and then dropped in the ashes. The original colour of the girl's hands was barely to be distinguished through their coating of dirt; and all of us, tough old travellers as we were, sickened at the sight of her. I verily believe that the poorer classes of the Norwegians are the filthiest people in Europe. They are even worse than the Lapps, for their habits of life allow them to be clean.

After passing Ekre, our view opened down the valley over a wild stretch of wooded hills, to the blue mountain folds of the Hallingdal, which crosses the Hemsedal almost at right angles, and receives its tributary waters. The forms of the mountains are here more gradual; and those grand sweeps and breaks which constitute the peculiar charms of the scenery of the Bergenstift are met with no longer. We had a hot ride to the next station, where we were obliged to wait nearly an hour in the kitchen, our *forbud* not having been forwarded from the former station as soon as the law allowed us to expect. A strapping boy of eighteen acted as station master. His trowsers reached considerably above his shoulder blades, leaving barely room for a waistcoat, six inches long, to be buttoned over his collar bone. The characteristic costumes of Norway are more quaint and picturesque in the published illustrations than in the reality, particularly those of Hemsedal. My postillion to this station was a communicative fellow, and gave me some information about the value of labour. A harvest-hand gets from one mark (twenty-one cents) to one and a half daily, with food, or two marks without. Most work is paid by the job; a strong lumber-man may make two and a

half marks when the days are long, at six skillings (five cents) a tree—a plowman two marks. In the winter the usual wages of labourers are two marks a week, with board. Shoemakers, tailors, and other mechanics average about the same daily. When one considers the scarcity of good food and the high price of all luxuries, especially tobacco and brandy, it does not seem strange that the emigration fever should be so prevalent. The Norwegians have two traits in common with a large class of Americans—rampant patriotism and love of gain; but they cannot so easily satisfy the latter without sacrificing the former.

From the village of Göl, with its dark pretty church, we descended a steep of many hundred feet, into Hallingdal, whose broad stream flashed blue in the sunshine far below us. The mountains were now wooded to their very summits; and over the less abrupt slopes, ripe oats and barley-fields made yellow spots of harvest among the dark forests. By this time we were out of smoking material, and stopped at the house of a *landhandlare*, or country merchant, to procure a supply. A riotous sound came from the door as we approached. Six or eight men, all more or less drunk, and one woman, were inside, singing, jumping, and howling like a pack of Bedlamites. We bought the whole stock of tobacco, consisting of two cigars, and hastened out of the len. The last station of ten miles was down the beautiful Hallingdal, through a country which seemed rich by contrast with Hemsedel and the barren fjeld. Our stopping-place was the village of Næs, which we reached in a famished condition, having eaten nothing all day. There were two *landhandlare* in the place, with one of whom we lodged

Here we found a few signs of Christianity such as gardens and decent dresses; but both of the merchant's shops swarmed with rum-drinkers.

I had written, and sent off from Bjöborg, *forbud* tickets for every station as far as Kongsberg. By the legal regulations, the *skyds-skaffer* is obliged to send forward such tickets as soon as received, the traveller paying the cost thereof on his arrival. Notwithstanding we had given our *forbud* twelve hours' start, and had punctually paid the expense at every station, we overtook it at Næs. The post-master came to know whether we would have it sent on by special express, or wait until some traveller bound the same way would take it for us. I ordered it to be sent immediately, astounded at such a question, until, making the acquaintance of a Scotchman and his wife, who had arrived in advance of us, the mystery was solved. They had spent the night at the first station beyond Bjöberg, where our *forbud* tickets were given to them, with the request that they would deliver them. They had punctually done so as far as Næs, where the people had endeavoured to prevent them from stopping for the night, insisting that they were bound to go on and carry the *forbud*. The cool impudence of this transaction reached the sublime. At every station that day, pay had been taken for service unperformed, and it was more than once demanded twice over.

We trusted the repeated assurance of the post-master at Næs, that our tickets had been forwarded at once, and paid him accordingly. But at the first station next morning we found that he had not done so; and this interlinked chain of swindling lasted the whole day. We were obliged to

wait an hour or two at every post, to pay for messengers who probably never went, and then to resist a demand for repayment at the other end of the station. What redress was there? We might indeed have written a complaint in imperfect Norsk, which would be read by an inspector a month afterwards; or perhaps it would be crossed out as soon as we left, as we saw done in several cases. Unless a traveller is very well versed in the language and in the laws relating to the *skyds* system, he has no defence against imposition, and even in such a case, he can only obtain redress through delay. The system can only work equitably when the people are honest; and perhaps they were so when it was first adopted.

Here I must tell an unpleasant truth. There must have been some foundation in the beginning for the wide reputation which the Norwegians have for honest simplicity of character; but the accounts given by former travellers are undeserved praise if applied at present. The people are trading on fictitious capital. "Should I have a written contract?" I asked of a landlord, in relation to a man with whom I was making a bargain. "Oh, no," said he, "everybody is honest in Norway;" and the same man tried his best to cheat me. Said Braisted, "I once heard an old sailor say,—'when a man has a reputation for honesty, watch him!'"—and there is some knowledge of human nature in the remark. Norway was a fresh field when Laing went thither; opportunities for imposition were so rare, that the faculty had not been developed; he found the people honest, and later travellers have been content with echoing his opinion. "When I first came to the country," said an Irish gentle

man who for ten years past has spent his summers there, "I was advised, as I did not understand the currency, to offer a handful in payment, and let the people take what was due to them." "Would you do it now?" I asked. "No, indeed," said he, "and the man who then advised me, a Norwegian merchant, now says he would not do it either." An English salmon-fisher told me very much the same thing. "I believe they are honest in their intercourse with each other," said he; "but they do not scruple to take advantage of travellers whenever they can." For my own part, I must say that in no country of Europe, except Italy, have I experienced so many attempts at imposition. Another Englishman, who has been farming in Norway for several years, and who employs about forty labourers, has been obliged to procure Swedes, on account of the peculations of native hands. I came to Norway with the popular impression concerning the people, and would not confess myself so disagreeably undeceived, could I suppose that my own experiences were exceptional. I found, however, that they tallied with those of other travellers; and the conclusion is too flagrant to be concealed.

As a general rule, I have found the people honest in proportion as they are stupid. They are quick-witted whenever the spirit of gain is aroused; and the ease with which they pick up little arts of acquisitiveness does not suggest an integrity proof against temptation. It is but a negative virtue, rather than that stable quality rooted in the very core of a man's nature. I may, perhaps, judge a little harshly; but when one finds the love of gain so strongly developed, so keen and grasping, in combination with the

four capital vices of the Norwegians—indolence, filth, drunkenness, and licentiousness,—the descent to such dishonest arts as I have described is scarcely a single step. There are, no doubt, many districts where the people are still untempted by rich tourists and sportsmen, and retain the virtues once ascribed to the whole population: but that there has been a general and rapid deterioration of character cannot be denied. The statistics of morality, for instance, show that one child out of every ten is illegitimate; and the ratio has been steadily increasing for the past fifty years. Would that the more intelligent classes would seriously set themselves to work for the good of "*Gamle Norge*" instead of being content with the poetical flourish of her name!

The following day, from Naes to Green, was a continuation of our journey down the Hallingdal. There was little change in the scenery,—high fir-wooded mountains on either hand, the lower slopes spotted with farms. The houses showed some slight improvement as we advanced. The people were all at work in the fields, cutting the year's satisfactory harvest. A scorching sun blazed in a cloudless sky; the earth was baked and dry, and suffocating clouds of dust rose from under our horses' hoofs. Most of the women in the fields, on account of the heat, had pulled off their body-sacks, and were working in shifts made on the same principle, which reached to the knees. Other garments they had none. A few, recognising us as strangers, hastily threw on their sacks or got behind a barley-stack until we had passed; the others were quite unconcerned. One, whose garment was exceedingly short, no sooner saw us than she commenced a fjeld dance, full of astonishing leaps and whirls

to the great diversion of the other hands. "Weel dona, cutty sark!" I cried; but the quotation was thrown away upon her.

Green, on the Kröder Lake, which we did not reach until long after dark, was an oasis after our previous experience. Such clean, refined, friendly people, such a neat table, such excellent fare, and such delicious beds we had certainly never seen before. Blessed be decency! blessed be humanity! was our fervent ejaculation. And when in the morning we paid an honest reckoning and received a hearty "*lycksame resa!*" (a lucky journey!) at parting, we vowed that the place should always be green in our memories. Thence to Kongsberg we had fast stations and civilised people; the country was open, well settled, and cultivated, the scenery pleasant and picturesque, and, except the insufferable heat and dust, we could complain of nothing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TELLEMARK AND THE RIUKAN FOSS.

KONGSBERG, where we arrived on the 26th of August, is celebrated for its extensive silver mines, which were first opened by Christian IV in 1624, and are now worked by the Government. They are doubtless interesting to mineralogists; but we did not visit them. The guide-book says, "The principal entrance to the mines is through a level nearly two English miles in length; from this level you descend by thirty-eight perpendicular ladders, of the average length of five fathoms each, a very fatiguing task, and then find yourself at the bottom of the shaft, and are rewarded by the sight of the veins of native silver"—not a bit of which, after all, are you allowed to put into your pocket. Thank you! I prefer remaining above ground, and was content with having in my possession smelted specimens of the ore, stamped with the head of Oscar I.

The goal of our journey was the Riukan Foss, which lies in Upper Tellemark, on the south-eastern edge of the great plateau of the Hardanger Fjeld. This cascade disputes with the Vöring Foss the supremacy of the thousand waterfalls of Norway. There are several ways from Kongsberg

thither; and in our ignorance of the country, we suffered ourselves to be guided by the landlord of our hotel. Let no traveller follow our example! The road he recommended was almost impassable for carriages, and miserably supplied with horses, while that through Hitterdal, by which we returned, is broad, smooth, and excellent. We left on the morning after our arrival, taking a road which led up the valley of the Lauven for some distance, and then struck westward through the hills to a little station called Moen. Here, as the place was rarely visited by travellers, the people were simple, honest, and friendly. Horses could not be had in less than two hours; and my postillion, an intelligent fellow far gone in consumption, proposed taking the same horse to the next station, fifteen miles further. He accepted my offer of increased pay; but another, who appeared to be the owner of the horses, refused, demanding more than double the usual rates. "How is it?" said I, "that you were willing to bring us to Moen for one and a half marks, and will not take us to Bolkesjö for less than five?" "It was my turn," he answered, "to furnish post-horses. I am bound by law to bring you here at the price fixed by the law; but now I can make my own bargain, and I want a price that will leave me some profit." This was reasonable enough; and we finally agreed to retain two of the horses taking the postmaster's for a third.

The region we now traversed was almost a wilderness. There were grazing-farms in the valley, with a few fields of oats or barley; but these soon ceased, and an interminable forest enclosed us. The road, terribly rough and stony, crossed spurs of the hills, slowly climbing to a wild summit.

level, whence we caught glimpses of lakes far below us, and the blue mountain-ranges in the west, with the pyramidal peak of the Gousta Fjeld crowning them. Bolkesjö, which we reached in a little more than two hours, is a small hamlet on the western slope of the mountain, overlooking a wide tract of lake and forest. Most of the inhabitants were away in the harvest-fields; but the *skyds-shaffer*, a tall powerful fellow, with a grin of ineffable stupidity on his face, came forward as we pulled in our horses on the turf square between the rows of magazines. "Can we get horses at once?" "Ne-e-ey!" was his drawling answer, accompanied with a still broader grin, as if the thing were a good joke. "How soon?" "In three hours." "But if we pay fast prices?" He hesitated, scratched his head, and drawled, "In a *liten stund*" (a "short time"), which may mean any time from five minutes to as many hours. "Can we get fresh milk?" "Ne-e-ey!" "Can we get butter?" "Ne-e-ey!" "What can we get?" "Nothing." Fortunately we had foreseen this emergency, and had brought a meal with us from Kongsberg.

We took possession of the kitchen, a spacious and tolerably clean apartment, with ponderous benches against two sides of it, and two bedsteads, as huge and ugly as those of kings, built along the third. Enormous platters of pewter, earthen and stone ware, were ranged on shelves, while a cupboard, fantastically painted, contained the smaller crockery. There was a heavy red and green cornice above the bed, upon which the names of the host and his wife, with the date of their marriage, were painted in yellow letters. The worthy couple lay so high that several steps were necessary to

enable them to reach the bed, in which process their eyes encountered words of admonition, painted upon triangular boards, introduced to strengthen the pillars at the head and foot. One of these inscriptions ran, "This is my bed: here I take my rest in the night, and when morning comes I get up cheerfully and go to work;" and the other, "When thou liest down to sleep think on thy last hour, pray that God will guard thy sleep, and be ready for thy last hour when it comes." On the bottom of the cupboard was a representation of two individuals with chalk-white faces and inky eyes, smoking their pipes and clinking glasses. The same fondness for decorations and inscriptions is seen in all the houses in Tellemark and a great part of Hallingdal. Some of them are thoroughly Chinese in gaudy colour and grotesque design.

In the course of an hour and a half we obtained three strong and spirited stallions, and continued our journey towards the Tind-Sö. During this stage of twelve or thirteen miles, the quality of our carriages was tested in the most satisfactory manner. Up-hill and down, over stock and stone, jolted on rock and wrenched in gulley, they were whirled at a smashing rate; but the tough ash and firmly-welded iron resisted every shock. For any other than Norwegian horses and vehicles, it would have been hazardous travelling. We were anxious to retain the same animals for the remaining stage to Tinoset, at the foot of the lake; but the postillions refused, and a further delay of two hours was the consequence. It was dark when the new horses came; and ten miles of forest lay before us. We were ferried one by one across the Tind Elv, on a weak, loose raft

and got our carriages up a frightful bank on the opposite side by miraculous luck. Fortunately we struck the post-road from Hitterdal at this place; for it would have been impossible to ride over such rocky by-ways as we had left behind us. A white streak was all that was visible in the gloom of the forest. We kept in the middle of it, not knowing whether the road went up, down, or on a level, until we had gone over it. At last, however, the forest came to an end, and we saw Tind Lake lying still and black in the starlight. All were in bed at Tinoset; but we went into the common sleeping-room, and stirred the people up promiscuously until we found the housewife, who gave us the only supper the house afforded—hard oaten bread and milk. We three then made the most of two small beds.

In the morning we took a boat, with four oarsmen, for Mael, at the mouth of the Westfjord-dal, in which lies the Riukan Foss. There was no end to our wonderful weather. In rainy Norway the sky had for once forgotten its clouds. One after another dawned the bright Egyptian days, followed by nights soft, starry, and dewless. The wooded shores of the long Tind Lake were illuminated with perfect sunshine, and its mirror of translucent beryl broke into light waves under the northern breeze. Yet, with every advantage of sun and air, I found this lake undeserving of its reputation for picturesque beauty. The highest peaks rise to the height of 2000 feet, but there is nothing bold and decided in their forms, and after the splendid fjords of the western coast the scenery appears tame and common-place. Our boatmen pulled well, and by noon brought us to Hakenaes, a distance of twenty-one miles. Here we stopped to engage horses to

the Riukan Foss, as there is no post-station at Mael. While the old man put off in his boat to notify the farmers whose turn it was to supply the animals, we entered the farm-house, a substantial two-story building. The rooms were tolerably clean and well stocked with the clumsy, heavy furniture of the country, which is mostly made by the farmers themselves, every man being his own carpenter, cooper, and blacksmith. There were some odd old stools made of segments of the trunk of a tree, the upper part hollowed out so as to receive the body, and form a support for the back. I have no doubt that this fashion of seat is as old as the time of the Vikings. The owner was evidently a man in tolerable circumstances, and we therefore cherished the hope of getting a good meal; but all that the old woman, with the best will in the world, was able to furnish, was milk, butter, oaten bread, and an egg apiece. The upper rooms were all supplied with beds, one of which displayed remarkable portraits of the Crown Prince of Denmark and his spouse, upon the head-board. In another room was a loom of primitive construction.

It was nearly two hours before the old farmer returned with the information that the horses would be at Mael as soon as we; but we lay upon the bank for some time after arriving there, watching the postillions swim them across the mouth of the Maan Elv. Leaving the boat, which was to await our return the next day, we set off up the West-fjord-dal, towards the broad cone-like mass of the Gousta-Fjeld, whose huge bulk, 6000 feet in height, loomed grandly over the valley. The houses of Mael, clustered about its little church, were scattered over the slope above the lake;

and across the river, amid the fields of grass and grain, stood another village of equal size. The bed of the valley dotted with farms and groups of farm-houses, appeared to be thickly populated; but as a farmer's residence rarely consists of less than six buildings—sometimes even eight—a stranger would naturally overrate the number of inhabitants. The production of grain, also, is much less than would be supposed from the amount of land under cultivation, owing to the heads being so light. The valley of the Maan, apparently a rich and populous region, is in reality rather the reverse. In relation to its beauty, however, there can be no two opinions. Deeply sunken between the Gousta and another bold spur of the Hardanger, its golden harvest-fields and groves of birch, ash, and pine seem doubly charming from the contrast of the savage steep overhanging them, at first scantily feathered with fir-trees, and scarred with the tracks of cataracts and slides, then streaked only with patches of grey moss, and at last bleak and sublimely bare. The deeply-channelled cone of the Gousta, with its indented summit, rose far above us, sharp and clear in the thin ether but its base, wrapped in forests and wet by many a waterfall—sank into the bed of blue vapour which filled the valley.

There was no Arabian, nor even Byzantine blood in our horses; and our attendants—a stout full-grown farmer and a boy of sixteen—easily kept pace with their slow rough trot. In order to reach Tinoset the next day, we had determined to push on to the Riukan Foss the same evening. Our quarters for the night were to be in the house of the old farmer, Ole Torgensen, in the village of Dål, half-way between Mael and the cataract, which we did not reach until

five o'clock, when the sun was already resting his chin on the shoulder of the Gousta. On a turfy slope surrounded with groves, above the pretty little church of Dál, we found Ole's *gaard*. There was no one at home except the daughter, a blooming lass of twenty, whose neat dress, and graceful, friendly deportment, after the hideous feminines of Hal lingdal, in their ungirdled sacks and shifts, so charmed us that if we had been younger, more sentimental, and less experienced in such matters, I should not answer for the consequences. She ushered us into the guests' room, which was neatness itself, set before us a bottle of Bavarian beer and promised to have a supper ready on our return.

There were still ten miles to the Riukan, and consequently no time to be lost. The valley contracted, squeezing the Maan between the interlocking bases of the mountains, through which, in the course of uncounted centuries, it had worn itself a deep groove, cut straight and clean into the heart of the rock. The loud, perpetual roar of the vexed waters filled the glen; the only sound except the bleating of goats clinging to the steep pastures above us. The mountain walls on either hand were now so high and precipitous, that the bed of the valley lay wholly in shadow; and on looking back, its further foldings were dimly seen through purple mist. Only the peak of the Gousta, which from this point appeared an entire and perfect pyramid 1500 feet in perpendicular height above the mountain platform from which it rose, gleamed with a rich bronze lustre in the setting sun. The valley was now a mere ascending gorge, along the sides of which our road climbed. Before us extended a slanting shelf thrust out from the mountain

and affording room for a few cottages and fields; but all else was naked rock and ragged pine. From one of the huts we passed, a crippled, distorted form crawled out on its hands and knees to beg of us. It was a boy of sixteen struck with another and scarcely less frightful form of leprosy. In this case, instead of hideous swellings and fungous excrescences, the limbs gradually dry up and drop off piecemeal at the joints. Well may the victims of both these forms of hopeless disease curse the hour in which they were begotten. I know of no more awful example of that visitation of the sins of the parents upon the children, which almost always attends confirmed drunkenness, filth, and licentiousness.

When we reached the little hamlet on the shelf of the mountain, the last rays of the sun were playing on the summits above. We had mounted about 2000 feet since leaving the Tind Lake, and the dusky valley yawned far beneath us, its termination invisible, as if leading downward into a lower world. Many hundreds of feet below the edge of the wild little platform on which we stood, thundered the Maan in a cleft, the bottom of which the sun has never beheld. Beyond this the path was impracticable for horses; we walked, climbed, or scrambled along the side of the dizzy steep, where, in many places, a false step would have sent us to the brink of gulfs whose mysteries we had no desire to explore. After we had advanced nearly two miles in this manner, ascending rapidly all the time, a hollow reverberation, and a glimpse of profounder abysses ahead, revealed the neighbourhood of the Riukan. All at once patches of lurid gloom appeared through the openings

of the birch thicket we were threading, and we came abruptly upon the brink of the great chasm into which the river falls.

The Riukan lay before us, a miracle of sprayey splendour, an apparition of unearthly loveliness, set in a framework of darkness and terror befitting the jaws of hell. Before us, so high against the sky as to shut out the colour of sunset, rose the top of the valley—the level of the Hardanger table land, on which, a short distance further, lies the Miös-Vand, a lovely lake, in which the Maan Elv is born. The river first comes into sight a mass of boiling foam, shooting around the corner of a line of black cliffs which are rent for its passage, curves to the right as it descends, and then drops in a single fall of 500 feet in a hollow caldron of bare black rock. The water is already foam as it leaps from the summit; and the successive waves, as they are whirled into the air, and feel the gusts which for ever revolve around the abyss, drop into beaded fringes in falling, and go fluttering down like scarfs of the richest lace. It is not water, but the spirit of water. The bottom is lost in a shifting snowy film, with starry rays of foam radiating from its heart, below which, as the clouds shift, break momentary gleams of perfect emerald light. What fairy bowers of some Northern Undine are suggested in those sudden flashes of silver and green! In that dim profound, which human eye can but partially explore, in which human foot shall never be set, what secret wonders may still lie hidden! And around this vision of perfect loveliness, rise the awful walls wet with spray which never dries, and crossed by ledges of dazzling turf, from the gulf so far

below our feet, until, still further above our heads, they lift their irregular cornices against the sky.

I do not think I am extravagant when I say that the Riukan Foss is the most beautiful cataract in the world. I looked upon it with that involuntary suspension of the breath and quickeening of the pulse, which is the surest recognition of beauty. The whole scene, with its breadth and grandeur of form, and its superb gloom of colouring, enshrining this one glorious flash of grace, and brightness, and loveliness, is indelibly impressed upon my mind. Not alone during that half hour of fading sunset, but day after day, and night after night, the embroidered spray-wreaths of the Riukan were falling before me.

We turned away reluctantly at last, when the emerald pavement of Undine's palace was no longer visible through the shooting meteors of silver foam. The depths of Westfjord dal were filled with purple darkness: only the perfect pyramid of the Gousta, lifted upon a mountain basement more than 4000 feet in height, shone like a colossal wedge of fire against the violet sky. By the time we reached our horses we discovered that we were hungry, and, leaving the attendants to follow at their leisure, we urged the tired animals down the rocky road. The smell of fresh-cut grain and sweet mountain hay filled the cool evening air; darkness crept under the birches and pines, and we no longer met the home-going harvesters. Between nine and ten our horses took the way to a *gaard* standing a little off the road; but it did not appear to be Ole Torgensen's, so we kept on. In the darkness, however, we began to doubt our memory, and finally turned back again. This time there could be no

mistake: it was *not* Ole Torgensen's. I knocked at various doors, and hallooed loudly, until a sleepy farmer made his appearance, and started us forward again. He kindly offered to accompany us, but we did not think it necessary. Terribly fatigued and hungry, we at last saw a star of promise—the light of Ole's kitchen window. There was a white cloth on the table in the guests' house, and Ole's charming daughter—the Rose of Westfjord-dalen—did not keep us long waiting. Roast mutton, tender as her own heart, potatoes plump as her cheeks, and beer sparkling as her eyes, graced the board; but emptiness, void as our own celibate lives, was there when we arose. In the upper room there were beds, with linen fresh as youth and aromatic as spring; and the peace of a full stomach and a clear conscience descended upon our sleep.

In the morning we prepared for an early return to Mael, as the boatmen were anxious to get back to their barley-fields. I found but one expression in the guests' book—that of satisfaction with Ole Torgensen, and cheerfully added our amen to the previous declarations. Ole's bill proved his honesty, no less than his worthy face. He brightened up on learning that we were Americans. "Why," said he, "there have only been two Americans here before in all my life; and you cannot be a *born* American, because you speak Norsk so well." "Oh," said I, "I have learned the language in travelling." "Is it possible?" he exclaimed: "then you must have a powerful intellect." "By no means," said I, "it is a very easy thing; I have travelled much and can speak six other languages." Now, God help us!" cried he "seven languages! It is truly wonderful how much com-

prehension God has given unto man, that he can keep sever languages in his head at one time. Here am I, and I am not a fool; yet I do not see how it would be possible for me to speak anything but Norsk; and when I think of you, it shows me what wonders God has done. Will you not mak a mark under your name, in the book, so that I may distinguish you from the other two?" I cheerfully complied, and hereby notify future visitors why my name is italicised in Ole's book.

We bade farewell to the good old man, and rode down the valley of the Maan, through the morning shadow of the Gousta. Our boat was in readiness; and its couch of fir boughs in the stern became a pleasant divan of indolence, after our hard horses and rough roads. We reached Tinoset by one o'clock, but were obliged to wait until four for horses. The only refreshment we could obtain was oaten bread, and weak spruce beer. Off at last, we took the post-road to Hitterdal, a smooth, excellent highway, through interminable forests of fir and pine. Towards the close of the stage, glimpses of a broad, beautiful, and thickly-settled valley glimmered through the woods, and we found ourselves on the edge of a tremendous gully, apparently the bed of an extinct river. The banks on both sides were composed entirely of gravel and huge rounded pebbles, masses of which we loosened at the top, and sent down the sides, gathering as they rolled, until in a cloud of dust they crashed with a sound like thunder upon the loose shingles of the bottom 200 feet below. It was scarcely possible to account for this phenomenon by the action of spring torrents from the melted snow. The immense banks of gravel, which we found

to extend for a considerable distance along the northern side of the valley, seemed rather to be the deposit of an ocean-flood.

Hitterdal, with its enclosed fields, its harvests, and groups of picturesque, substantial farm-houses, gave us promise of good quarters for the night ; and when our postillions stopped at the door of a prosperous-looking establishment, we congratulated ourselves on our luck. But (—) never whistle until you are out of the woods. The people seemed decidedly not to like the idea of our remaining, but promised to give us supper and beds. They were stupid, but not unfriendly ; and our causes of dissatisfaction were, first, that they were so outrageously filthy, and secondly, that they lived so miserably when their means evidently allowed them to do better. The family room, with its two cumbrous bedsteads built against the wall, and indescribably dirty beds, was given up to us, the family betaking themselves to the stable. As they issued thence in the morning, in single garments, we were involuntary observers of their degree of bodily neatness ; and the impression was one we would willingly forget. Yet a great painted desk in the room contained, amid many flourishes, the names and character of the host and hostess, as follows :—“ Andres Svennogensen Bamble, and Ragnil 'Thorkilsdatter Bamble, Which These Two Are Respectable People.” Over the cupboard, studded with earthen-ware dishes, was an inscription in misspelt Latin : “ Solli Deo Glorria.” Our supper consisted of boiled potatoes and fried salt pork, which, having seen the respectable hosts, it required considerable courage to eat, although we had not seen the cooking. Fleas darkened the floor ; and they, with

the fear of something worse, prevented us from sleeping much. We did not ask for coffee in the morning, but, as soon as we could procure horses, drove away hungry and disgusted from Bamble-Kaasa and its respectable inhabitants.

The church of Hitterdal, larger than that of Borgund, dates from about the same period, probably the twelfth century. Its style is similar, although it has not the same horned ornaments upon the roof, and the Byzantine features being simpler, produce a more harmonious effect. It is a charmingly quaint and picturesque building, and the people of the valley are justly proud of it. The interior has been renovated, not in the best style.

Well, to make this very long chapter short, we passed the beautiful falls of the Tind Elv, drove for more than twenty miles over wild piny hills, and then descended to Kongsberg, where Fru Hansen comforted us with a good dinner. The next day we breakfasted in Drammen, and, in baking heat and stifling dust, traversed the civilised country between that city and Christiania. Our Norwegian travel was now at an end; and, as a snobby Englishman once said to me of the Nile, "it is a good thing to have gotten over."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

WE spent four days in Christiania, after completing our Norwegian travels. The sky was still perfectly clear, and up to the day of our departure no rain fell. Out of sixty days which we had devoted to Norway, only four were rainy—a degree of good fortune which rarely falls to the lot of travellers in the North.

Christiania, from its proximity to the continent, and its character as capital of the country, is sufficiently advanced in the arts of living, to be a pleasant resting-place after the *désagrémens* and privations of travel in the interior. It has two or three tolerably good and very exorbitant hotels, and some bankers with less than the usual amount of conscience. One of them offered to change some Prussian thalers for my friend, at only ten per cent. less than their current value. The *vognmand* from whom we purchased our carriages, endeavoured to evade his bargain, and protested that he had not money enough to repurchase them. I insisted, however, and with such good effect that he finally pulled a roll of notes, amounting to several hundred dollars out of his pocket, and paid me the amount in full. The

English travellers whom I met had not fared any better and one and all of us were obliged to recede from our preconceived ideas of Norwegian character. But enough of an unpleasant theme; I would rather praise than blame, any day, but I can neither praise nor be silent when censure is a part of the truth.

I had a long conversation with a distinguished Norwegian, on the condition of the country people. He differed with me in the opinion that the clergy were to some extent responsible for their filthy and licentious habits, asserting that, though the latter were *petits seigneurs*, with considerable privileges and powers, the people were jealously suspicious of any attempt to exert an influence upon their lives. But is not this a natural result of the preaching of doctrinal religion, of giving an undue value to external forms and ceremonies? "We have a stubborn people," said my informant; "their excessive self esteem makes them difficult to manage. Besides, their morals are perhaps better than would be inferred from the statistics. Old habits have been retained, in many districts, which are certainly reprehensible but which spring from custom rather than depravity. I wish they were less vain and sensitive, since in that case they would improve more rapidly." He stated also that the surprising number of illegitimate births is partly accounted for by the fact that there are a great number of connections which have all the character of marriage except the actual ceremony. This is an affair of considerable cost and show; and many of the poorer people, unable to afford it, live together rather than wait, hoping that a time may come when

they will be able to defray the expenses, and legitimate the children who may meanwhile be born. In some cases the parties disagree, the connection is broken off, and each one seeks a new mate. Whatever palliation there may be in particular instances, the moral effect of this custom is unquestionably bad; and the volume of statistics recently published by Herr Sundt, who was appointed by the Storthing to investigate the subject, shows that there is no agricultural population in the world which stands lower in the scale of chastity, than that of Norway.

In the course of our conversation, the gentleman gave an amusing instance of the very sensitiveness which he condemned. I happened, casually, to speak of the Icelandic language. "The *Icelandic* language!" he exclaimed. "So you also in America call it Icelandic; but you ought to know that it is Norwegian. It is the same language spoken by the Norwegian Vikings who colonised Iceland—the old Norsk, which originated here, and was merely carried thither." "We certainly have some reason," I replied, "seeing that it now only exists in Iceland, and has not been spoken in Norway for centuries; but let me ask why you, speaking Danish, call your language Norsk." "Our language, as written and printed, is certainly pure Danish," said he; "but there is some difference of accent in speaking it." He did not add that this difference is strenuously preserved and even increased by the Norwegians, that they may not be suspected of speaking Danish, while they resist with equal zeal, any approach to the Swedish. Often, in thoughtlessly speaking of the language as Danish, I have heard the ill-

humoured reply, "Our language is not Danish, but Norsk." As well might we say at home, "We speak American, not English."

I had the good fortune to find Professor Munck, the historian of Norway, at home, though on the eve of leaving for Italy. He is one of the few distinguished literary names the country has produced. Holberg the comedian was born in Bergen; but he is generally classed among the Danish authors. In art, however, Norway takes no mean rank, the names of her painters Dahl, Gude, and Tidemand having a European reputation. Professor Munck is about fifty years of age, and a fine specimen of the Viking stock. He speaks English fluently, and I regretted that the shortness of my stay did not allow me to make further drafts on his surplus intelligence. In the Museum of Northern Antiquities, which is small, as compared with that of Copenhagen, but admirably arranged, I made the acquaintance of Professor Keyser, the author of a very interesting work, on the "Religion of Northmen," a translation of which by Mr. Barclay Pennock, appeared in New York, some three years ago.

I was indebted to Professor Munck, for a sight of the Storting, or National Legislative Assembly, which was then in session. The large hall of the University, a semi-circular room, something like our Senate Chamber, has been given up to its use, until an appropriate building shall be erected. The appearance and conduct of the body strikingly reminded me of one of our State Legislatures. The members were plain, practical-looking men, chosen from all classes, and without any distinguishing mark of dress. The speaker was quite a young man, with a moustache. Schwe-

igaard, the first jurist in Norway, was speaking as we entered. The hall is very badly constructed for sound, and I could not understand the drift of his speech, but was exceedingly struck by the dryness of his manner. The Norwegian Constitution has been in operation forty-three years, and its provisions, in most respects so just and liberal, have been most thoroughly and satisfactorily tested. The Swedes and a small conservative party in Norway, would willingly see the powers of the Storthing curtailed a little; but the people now know what they have got, and are further than ever from yielding any part of it. In the house of almost every Norwegian farmer, one sees the constitution, with the *fac-simile* autographs of its signers, framed and conspicuously hung up. The reproach has been made, that it is not an original instrument—that it is merely a translation of the Spanish Constitution of 1812, a copy of the French Constitution of 1791, &c.; but it is none the worse for that. Its framers at least had the wisdom to produce the right thing at the right time, and by their resolution and determined attitude to change a subject province into a free and independent state: for, carefully guarded as it is, the union with Sweden is only a source of strength and security.

One peculiarity of the Storthing is, that a majority of its members are, and necessarily must be, farmers; whence Norway is sometimes nicknamed the *Farmer State*. Naturally, they take very good care of their own interests, one of their first steps being to abolish all taxes on landed property; but in other respects I cannot learn that their rule is not as equitable as that of most legislative bodies. Mügge, in his recently published *Nordisches Bilderbuch* (Northern

Picture Book), gives an account of a conversation which he had with a Swedish statesman on this subject. The latter was complaining of the stubbornness and ignorance of the Norwegian farmers. Mügge asked, (the remainder of the dialogue is too good to be omitted):—

“The Storthing, then, consists of a majority of coarse and ignorant people?”

STATESMAN. “I will not assert that. A certain practical understanding cannot be denied to most of these farmers, and they often bestow on their sons a good education before giving them the charge of the paternal fields. One, therefore, finds in the country many accomplished men: how could there be 700 students in Christiania, if there were not many farmers’ sons among them?”

AUTHOR. “But does this majority of farmers in the Storthing commit absurdities? does it govern the country badly, burden it with debts or enact unjust laws?”

STATESMAN. “That cannot exactly be admitted, although this majority naturally gives its own interests the preference, and shapes the government accordingly. The state has no debts; on the contrary, its treasury is full, an abundance of silver, its bank-notes in demand, order everywhere, and, as you see, an increase of prosperity, with a flourishing commerce. Here lies a statement before me, according to which, in the last six months alone, more than a hundred vessels have been launched in different ports.”

AUTHOR. “The Farmer-Legislature, then, as I remark, takes care of itself, but is niggardly and avaricious when its own interests are not concerned?”

STATESMAN. “It is a peculiar state of affairs. In very

many respects this reproach cannot be made against the farmers. If anything is to be done for science, or for so-called utilitarian objects, they are always ready to give money. If a deserving man is to be assisted, if means are wanted for beneficial purposes, insane asylums, hospitals, schools, and such like institutions, the Council of State is always sure that it will encounter no opposition. On other occasions however, these lords of the land are as hard and tough as Norwegian pines, and button up their pockets so tight that not a dollar drops out."

"AUTHOR. "On what occasions?"

STATESMAN. "Why, you see (shrugging his shoulders), those farmers have not the least *comprehension of statesmanship*! As soon as there is any talk of appropriations for increasing the army, or the number of officers, or the pay of foreign ministers, or the salaries of high official persons, or anything of that sort, you can't do anything with them."

AUTHOR. (To himself.) "God keep them a long time without a comprehension of statesmanship! If I were a member of the Storthing, I would have as thick a head as the rest of them."

On the 5th of September, Braisted and I took passage for Gottenburg, my friend having already gone home by way of Kiel. We had a smooth sea and an agreeable voyage, and awoke the next morning in Sweden. On the day after our arrival, a fire broke out in the suburb of Haga, which consumed thirteen large houses, and turned more than two hundred poor people out of doors. This gave me an opportunity to see how fires are managed here. It was full

half an hour after the alarm-bell was rung before the first engine began to play ; the water had to be hauled from the canal, and the machine, of a very small and antiquated pattern, contributed little towards stopping the progress of the flames. The intervention of a row of gardens alone saved the whole suburb from destruction. 'There must have been from six to eight thousand spectators present, scattered all over the rocky knolls which surround Gottenburg. The fields were covered with piles of household furniture and clothing, yet no guard seemed to be necessary for their protection, and the owners showed no concern for their security.

There is a degree of confidence exhibited towards strangers in Sweden, especially in hotels, at post-stations, and on board the inland steamers, which tells well for the general honesty of the people. We went on board the steamer *Werner* on the morning of the 8th, but first paid our passage two days afterwards, just before reaching Carlstad. An account book hangs up in the cabin, in which each passenger enters the number of meals or other refreshments he has had, makes his own bill and hands over the amount to the stewardess. In posting, the *skjutsbonder* very often do not know the rates, and take implicitly what the traveller gives them. I have yet to experience the first attempt at imposition in Sweden. The only instances I heard of were related to me by Swedes themselves, a large class of whom make a point of depreciating their own country and character. This habit of detraction is carried to quite as great an extreme as the vanity of the Norwegians, and is the less pardonable vice of the two.

It was a pleasant thing to hear again the musical Swed.

ish tongue, and to exchange the indifference and reserve of Norway for the friendly, genial, courteous manner of Sweden. What I have said about the formality and affectation of manners, and the rigidity of social etiquette, in the chapters relating to Stockholm, was meant to apply especially to the capital. Far be it from me to censure that natural and spontaneous courtesy which is a characteristic of the whole people. The more I see of the Swedes, the more I am convinced that there is no kinder, simpler, and honester people in the world. With a liberal common school system, a fairer representation, and release from the burden of a state church, they would develop rapidly and nobly.

Our voyage from Gottenburg to Carlstad, on the Wener Lake, had but one noteworthy point—the Falls of Trollhättan. Even had I not been fresh from the Riukan-Foss, which was still flashing in my memory, I should have been disappointed in this renowned cataract. It is not a single fall, but four successive descents, within the distance of half a mile, none of them being over twenty feet in perpendicular height. The Toppö Fall is the only one which at all impressed me, and that principally through its remarkable form. The huge mass of the Götha River, squeezed between two rocks, slides down a plane with an inclination of about 50° , strikes a projecting rock at the bottom, and takes an upward curve, flinging tremendous volumes of spray, or rather broken water, into the air. The bright emerald face of the watery plane is covered with a network of silver threads of shifting spray, and gleams of pale blue and purple light play among the shadows of the rising globes of foam below.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TRAMP THROUGH WERMELAND AND DALECARLIA.

ON leaving Carlstad our route lay northward up the valley of the Klar Elv, in the province of Wermeland, and thence over the hills, by way of Westerdale, in Dalecarlia, to the head of the Siljan Lake. The greater part of this region is almost unknown to travellers, and belongs to the poorest and wildest parts of Sweden. We made choice of it for this reason, that we might become acquainted with the people in their true character, and compare them with the same class in Norway. Our heavy luggage had all been sent on to Stockholm, in the charge of an Irish friend, and we retained no more than could be carried easily in two packs, as we anticipated being obliged to perform part of the journey on foot.

It rained in torrents during the day we spent in Carlstad, and some lumber merchants of Gottenburg, who were on their way to Fryxendal, to superintend the getting down of their rafts, predicted that the deluge would last an entire month. There was always a month of rainy weather at this season they said, and we had better give up our proposed journey. We trusted to our combined good luck

however, and were not deceived, for, with the exception of two days, we had charming weather during the remainder of our stay in Sweden. Having engaged a two-horse cart for the first post-station, we left Carlstad on the morning of the 11th of September. The clouds were still heavy, but gradually rolled into compacter masses, giving promise of breaking away. The city is built upon a little island at the head of the lake, whence we crossed to the mainland by a strong old bridge. Our road led eastward through a slightly undulating country, where broad woods of fir and birch divided the large, well cultivated farms. The *gårds*, or mansions, which we passed, with their gardens and ornamental shrubbery, gave evidence of comfort and competence. The people were in the harvest-fields, cutting oats, which they piled upon stakes to dry. Every one we met saluted us courteously, with a cheerful and friendly air, which was all the more agreeable by contrast with the Norwegian reserve.

At the station, Prestegård, we procured a good breakfast of ham, eggs, and potatoes, and engaged two carts to take us further. We now turned northward over a lovely rolling country, watered with frequent streams,—a land of soft outlines, of woods and swelling knolls, to which the stately old houses gave an expression of contentment and household happiness. At Deye we left our carts, shouldered our packs, and trudged off on foot up the valley of the Klar Elv, which is here a broad lazy stream, filled with tens of thousands of pine logs, waiting to be carried down to the Wener by the first freshet. The scenery charmed us by its rich and quiet beauty; it was without grand or striking features, but

gently undulating, peaceful, and home-like. We found walking very fatiguing in the hot sun which blazed upon us all the afternoon with a summer heat. The handsome residences and gardens, which we occasionally passed, gave evidence of taste and refinement in their possessors, and there was a pleasant grace in the courteous greetings of the country people whom we met. Towards evening we reached a post-station, and were tired enough to take horses again. It was after dark before we drew up at Ohlsäter, in the heart of Wermeland. Here we found a neat, comfortable room, with clean beds, and procured a supper of superb potatoes. The landlord was a tall, handsome fellow, whose friendly manners, and frank face, breathing honesty and kindness in every lineament, quite won my heart. Were there more such persons in the world, it would be a pleasanter place of residence.

We took horses and bone-shattering carts in the morning, for a distance of thirteen miles up the valley of the Klar Elv. The country was very picturesque and beautiful, well cultivated, and quite thickly settled. The wood in the sheltered bed of the valley was of remarkably fine growth; the birch trees were the largest I ever saw, some of them being over one hundred feet in height. Comfortable residences, with orchards and well-kept gardens attached, were quite frequent, and large saw-mills along the river, which in some places was entirely concealed by floating rafts of lumber, gave an air of industry and animation to the landscape. In one place the road was spanned, for a considerable distance, with triumphal arches of foliage. I inquired the meaning of this display of the boy who accompanied us. "Why,"

said he, "there was a wedding a week ago, at the *herregård* (gentleman's residence); the young Herr got married, and these arches were put up for him and his bride." The *herregård*, which we passed soon afterwards, was an imposing mansion, upon an eminence overlooking the valley. Beside it was a *jernbruk*, or iron-works, from which a tram way, some miles in length, led to the mines.

Resuming our knapsacks, we walked on up the valley. The hills on either side increased in height, and gloomed darkly under a threatening sky. The aspect of the country gradually became wilder, though, wherever there was cultivation, it bore the same evidence of thrift and prosperity. After a steady walk of four hours, we reached the village of Råda, where our road left the beautiful Klar Elv, and struck northwards towards Westerdal, in Dalecarlia. We procured a dinner of potatoes and bacon, with excellent ale, enjoying, meanwhile, a lovely view over a lake to the eastward, which stretched away for ten miles between the wooded hills. The evening was cold and raw: we drove through pine-woods, around the head of the lake, and by six o'clock reached Asp-lund, a miserable little hamlet on a dreary hill. The post-station was a forlorn cottage with a single room, not of the most inviting appearance. I asked if we could get quarters for the night. "If you *will* stay, of course you *can*," said the occupant, an old woman; "but there is no bed, and I can get you horses directly to go on." It was a distance of thirteen miles to the next station, but we yielded to the old woman's hint, and set forward. The road led through woods which seemed interminable. We were jammed together into a little two-wheeled cart, with the boy between our knees

He seemed much disinclined to hurry the horse, but soon fell asleep, and one of us held him by the collar to prevent his tumbling out, while the other took the lines, and urged on our slow beast. The night was so dark that we had great difficulty in keeping the road, but towards eleven o'clock we emerged from the woods, and found, by shaking the boy that we were approaching the station at last. This was a little place called Laggasen, on the northern frontier of Wermeland.

Everybody had gone to bed in the hut at which we stopped. We entered the kitchen, which was at the same time the bed-room, and aroused the inmates, who consisted of a lonely woman, with two or three children. She got up in a very scanty chemise, lit a wooden splinter, and inspected us, and, in answer to our demand for a bed, informed us that we would have to lie upon the floor. We were about to do this, when she said we could get good quarters at the *Nore*, on the top of the hill. Her earnestness in persuading us to go made me suspect that she merely wanted to get rid of us, and I insisted that she should accompany us to show the way. After some hesitation she consented, and we set out. We first crossed a broad swamp, on a road made of loose logs, then climbed a hill, and trudged for some distance across stubble-fields, until my patience was quite worn out, and Braisted made use of some powerful maritime expressions. Finally, we reached a house, which we entered without more ado. The close, stifling atmosphere, and the sound of hard breathing on all sides, showed us that a whole family had been for some hours asleep there. Our guide thumped on the floor, and hailed, and at length somebody awoke. "Can you

give two travellers a bed?" she asked. "No," was the comfortable reply, followed by the yell of an aroused baby, and the noises of the older children. We retreated at once, and opened a battery of reproaches on the old woman for having brought us on a fool's errand. "'There is Ohlsen's,'" she replied, very quietly, "I think I can get you a bed there." Whereupon we entered another house in the same unceremonious manner, but with a better result. A plump good natured housewife jumped out of bed, went to an opposite door, and thumped upon it. "Lars!" she cried, "come out of that this minute!" As we entered, with a torch of dry fir, Lars, who proved to be a middle-aged man, got out of bed sleepily, picked up his clothes and marched off. The hostess then brought clean sheets and pillow-cases, and by midnight we were sweetly and blissfully stowed away together in the place vacated by poor Lars.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of the good people in the morning. The hostess brought us coffee, and her son went off to get us a horse and cart. She would make no charge, as we had had so little, she said, and was quite grateful for the moderate sum I gave her. We had a wild road over hills, covered with pine forests, through the breaks in which we now and then caught a glimpse of a long lake to the westward, shining with a steel-blue gleam in the morning sun. There were but few clearings along the road, and miles frequently intervened without a sign of human habitation. We met, however, with great numbers of travellers, mostly farmers, with laden hay-carts. It was Sunday morning, and I could not help contrasting these people with those we had seen on the same day three weeks

previous whilst crossing the Fille Fjeld. Here, every one had evidently been washed and combed: the men wore clean shirts and stockings, and the women chemises of snowy whiteness under their gay boddices. They were mostly Dalecarlians, in the picturesque costume of the province. We entered Dalecarlia on this stage, and the frank fresh faces of these people, their unmistakeable expression of honesty and integrity, and the hearty cordiality of their greetings, welcomed us delightfully to the storied ground of Sweden.

Towards noon we reached the village of Tyngsjö, a little settlement buried in the heart of the wild woods. A mile or two of the southern slope of a hill had been cleared away, and over this a number of dark wooden farmhouses were scattered, with oats and potato-fields around them. An odd little church stood in midst, and the rich swell of a hymn, sung by sweet Swedish voices, floated to us over the fields as we drove up to the post-station. The master, a tall, slender man, with yellow locks falling upon his shoulders, and a face which might be trusted with millions, welcomed us with a fine antique courtesy, and at once sent off for horses. In a little while three farmers came, saluting us gracefully, and standing bareheaded while they spoke to us. One of them, who wore a dark brown jacket and knee-breeches, with a clean white shirt and stockings, had a strikingly beautiful head. The face was a perfect oval, the eyes large and dark, and the jet-black hair, parted on the forehead, fell in silky waves upon his shoulders. He was as handsome and graceful as one of Vandyk's cavaliers, and showed the born gentleman in his demeanour. He proposed that we should take

one horse, as it could be gotten without delay, while two (which the law obliged us to take and pay for, if the farmers chose), would have detained us an hour. As the women were in church, the post-master himself cooked us some freshly-dug potatoes, which, with excellent butter, he set before us. "I have a kind of ale," said he, "which is called porter; if you will try it, perhaps you will like it." It was, in reality, so good, that we took a second bottle with us for refreshment on the road. When I asked how much we should pay, he said: "I don't think you should pay anything, there was so little." "Well," said I, "It is worth at least half a rigsdaler." "Oh, but that may be too much," he answered hesitatingly.

Our postillion was a fine handsome fellow, so rosy and robust that it made one feel stronger and healthier to sit beside him. He did not spare the horse, which was a big, capable animal, and we rolled along through endless forests of fir and pine as rapidly as the sandy road would allow. After we had gone about eight miles he left us, taking a shorter foot-path through the woods. We guessed at our proper direction, sometimes taking the wrong road, but finally, after two hours or more, emerged from the woods into Westerdal, one of the two great valleys from which Dalecarlia (*Dalarne*, or The Dales) takes its name. The day was magnificent, clear, and with a cold north-east wind resembling the latter part of October at home. The broad level valley, with its fields and clustered villages, lay before us in the pale, cold autumnal sunshine, with low blue hills bounding it in the distance. We met many parties in carts either returning from church, or on their way to visit neigh-

hours. All were in brilliant Sunday costume, the men in blue jackets and knee-breeches, with vests of red or some other brilliant colour, and the women with gay embroidered boddices, white sleeves, and striped petticoats of blue, red, brown, and purple, and scarlet stockings. Some of them wore, in addition, an outer jacket of snowy sheepskin, with elaborate ornamental stitch-work on the back. Their faces were as frank and cheerful as their dresses were tidy, and they all greeted us with that spontaneous goodness of heart which recognises a brother in every man. We had again taken a wrong road, and a merry party carefully set us right again, one old lady even proposing to leave her friends and accompany us, for fear we should go astray again.

We crossed the Westerdal by a floating bridge, and towards sunset reached the inn of Rågsveden, our destination. It was a farmer's *gård*, standing a little distance off the road. An entrance through one of the buildings, closed with double doors, admitted us into the courtyard, a hollow square surrounded with two story wooden dwellings, painted dark red. There seemed to be no one at home, but after knocking and calling for a time an old man made his appearance. He was in his second childhood, but knew enough to usher us into the kitchen and ask us to wait for the landlord's arrival. After half an hour our postillion arrived with four or five men in their gayest and trimmest costume the landlord among them. They immediately asked who and what we were, and we were then obliged to give them an account of all our travels. Their questions were shrewd and intelligent, and their manner of asking, coupled as it was with their native courtesy, showed an earnest desire for

information, which we were most willing to gratify. By and by the hostess came, and we were ushered into a very pleasant room, with two beds, and furnished with a supper of fresh meat, potatoes, and mead. The landlord and two or three of the neighbours sat with us before the fire until we were too sleepy to answer any more questions. A more naturally independent and manly bearing I have never seen than that of our host. He was a tall, powerful man, of middle age, with very handsome features, which were softened but not weakened in expression by his long blond hair, parted on his forehead. He had the proper pride which belongs to the consciousness of worth, and has no kinship with empty vanity. "We have come to Dalecarlia to see the descendants of the people who gave Gustavus Vasa his throne," said I, curious to see whether he would betray any signs of flattered pride. His blue eye flashed a little, as he sat with his hands clasped over one knee, gazing at the fire, a light flush ran over his temples—but he said nothing. Some time ago a proposition was made to place a portrait of Gustavus Vasa in the church at Mora. "No," said the Dalecarlians, "we will not have it: we do not need any picture to remind us of what our fathers have done."

The landlady was a little woman, who confessed to being forty-nine years old, although she did not appear to be more than forty. "I have had a great deal of headache," said she, "and I look much older than I am." Her teeth were superb, as were those of all the women we saw. I do not suppose a tooth-brush is known in the valley; yet the teeth one sees are perfect pearls. The use of so much sour milk is said to preserve them. There was a younger person in

the house, whom we took to be a girl of sixteen, but who proved to be the son's wife, a woman of twenty-six, and the mother of two or three children. The Dalecarlians marry young when they are able, but even in opposite cases they rarely commit any violation of the laws of morality. Instances are frequent, I was told, where a man and woman, unable to defray the expense of marriage, live together for years in a state of mutual chastity, until they have saved a sum sufficient to enable them to assume the responsibilities of married life. I know there is no honester, and I doubt whether there is a purer, people on the earth than these Dalecarlians.

We awoke to another glorious autumnal day. The valley was white with frost in the morning, and the air deliciously keen and cold; but after sunrise heavy white vapours arose from the spangled grass, and the day gradually grew milder. I was amused at the *naïve* curiosity of the landlady and her daughter-in-law, who came into our room very early, that they might see the make of our garments and our manner of dressing. As they did not appear to be conscious of any impropriety, we did not think it necessary to feel embarrassed. Our Lapland journey had taught us habits of self-possession under such trying circumstances. We had coffee, paid an absurdly small sum for our entertainment, and took a cordial leave of the good people. A boy of fifteen, whose eyes, teeth and complexion kept my admiration on the stretch during the whole stage, drove us through unbroken woods to Skamhed, ten miles further down the valley. Here the inn was a little one story hut, miserable to behold externally but containing a neat guest's room

and moreover, as we discovered in the course of time—a good breakfast. While we were waiting there, a man came up who greeted us in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, on learning that we came from America. “Are you not afraid to travel so far from home?” he asked: “how could you cross the great sea?” “Oh,” I answered, “there is no more danger in one part of the world than another.” “Yes,” said he, “God is as near on the water as on the land”—unconsciously repeating the last words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert: “Christ walked upon the waves and quieted them, and he walks yet, for them that believe in Him.” Hereupon he began repeating some hymns, mingled with texts of Scripture, which process he continued until we became heartily tired. I took him at a venture, for an over-enthusiastic *Läsare*, or “Reader,” the name given to the Swedish dissenters.

We had a station of twenty three miles before us, to the village of Landbobyn, which lies in the wooded wilderness between Osterdal and Westerdal. Our postillion, a fine young fellow of twenty-two, over six feet in height, put on his best blue jacket and knee-breeches, with a leather apron reaching from his shoulders to below his knees. This is an article worn by almost all Dalecarlians for the purpose of saving their clothes while at work, and gives them an awkward and ungraceful air. This fellow, in spite of a little fear at the bare idea, expressed his willingness to go with us all over the world, but the spirit of wandering was evidently so easy to be kindled in him, that I rather discouraged him. We had a monotonous journey of five hours through a forest of pine, fir, and birch, in which deer and

elk are frequently met with; while the wolf and the bear haunt its remoter valleys. The ground was but slightly undulating, and the scenery in general was as tame as it was savage.

Landbobyn was a wretched hamlet on the banks of a stream, with a few cleared fields about it. As the sun had not yet set, we determined to push on to Kettbo, eight or ten miles further, and engaged a boy to pilot us through the woods. The post-station was a miserable place, where we found it impossible to get anything to eat. I sat down and talked with the family while our guide recruited himself with a large dish of thick sour milk. "Why do you travel about the earth?" asked his mother: "is it that you may spy out the poverty of the people and see how miserably they live?" "No," said I, "it is that I may become acquainted with the people, whether they are poor or not." "But," she continued, "did you ever see a people poorer than we?" "Often," said I; "because you are contented, and no one can be entirely poor who does not complain." She shook her head with a sad smile and said nothing.

Our guide poled us across the river in a rickety boat, and then plunged into the woods. He was a tall, well grown boy of fifteen or sixteen, with a beautiful oval face, long fair hair parted in the middle and hanging upon his shoulders, and a fine, manly, resolute expression. With his jacket, girdle, knee-breeches, and the high crowned and broad brimmed felt hat he wore, he reminded me strongly of the picture of Gustavus Vasa in his Dalecarlian disguise, in the cathedral of Upsala. He was a splendid walker, and quite put me, old pedestrian as I am, out of countenance. 'The foot

path we followed was terribly rough; we stumbled over stock and stone, leaped fallen trees, crossed swamps on tussocks of spongy moss, and climbed over heaps of granite boulders: yet, while we were panting and exhausted with our exertions to keep pace with him, he walked onward as quietly and easily as if the smoothest meadow turf were under his feet. I was quite puzzled by the speed he kept up on such a hard path, without seeming to put forth any extra strength. At sunset he pointed out some clearings on a hill side over the tree tops, a mile or two ahead, as our destination. Dusk was gathering as we came upon a pretty lake, with a village scattered along its hilly shore. The post-station, however, was beyond it, and after some delay the boy procured a boat and rowed us across. Telling us to go up the hill and we should find the inn, he bade us good bye and set out on his return.

We soon reached a *gård*, the owner whereof, after satisfying his curiosity concerning us by numerous questions, informed us that the inn was still further. After groping about in the dark for awhile, we found it. The landlord and his wife were sitting before the fire, and seemed, I thought, considerably embarrassed by our arrival. There was no bed, they said, and they had nothing that we could eat; their house was beyond the lake, and they only came over to take charge of the post-station when their turn arrived. We were devoured with hunger and thirst, and told them we should be satisfied with potatoes and a place on the floor. The wife's brother, who came in soon afterwards, was thereupon despatched across the lake to bring coffee for us, and the pleasant good-wife put our potatoes upon the fire to

oil. We lit our pipes, meanwhile, and sat before the fire, talking with our host and some neighbours who came in. They had much to ask about America, none of them having ever before seen a native of that country. Their questions related principally to the cost of living, to the value of labour, the price of grain, the climate and productions, and the character of our laws. They informed me that the usual wages in Dalecarlia were 24 skillings (13 cents) a day, and that one *tunne* (about 480 lbs.) of rye cost 32 *rigsdaler* (\$8.37½). "No doubt you write descriptions of your travels?" asked the landlord. I assented. "And then, perhaps, you make books of them?" he continued: whereupon one of the neighbours asked, "But do you get any money for your books?"

The potatoes were finally done, and they, with some delicious milk, constituted our supper. By this time the brother had returned, bringing with him coffee, a pillow, and a large coverlet made entirely of cat-skins. A deep bed of hay was spread upon the floor, a coarse linen sheet thrown over it, and, with the soft fur covering, we had a sumptuous bed. About midnight we were awakened by an arrival. Two tailors, one of them hump-backed, on their way to Wermeland, came in, with a tall, strong woman as postillion. The fire was rekindled, and every thing which the landlord had extracted from us was repeated to the newcomers, together with a very genial criticism upon our personal appearance and character. After an hour or two, more hay was brought in and the two tailors and the postillioness lay down side by side. We had barely got to sleep again, when there was another arrival. "I am the

post-girl," said a female voice. Hereupon everybody woke up, and the story of the two foreign travellers was told over again. In the course of the conversation I learned that the girl carried the post twenty English miles once a week, for which she received 24 *rigs* (\$6.25) annually. "It is a hard business," said the hump-backed tailor. "Yes; but I am obliged to do it," answered the girl. After her departure we were not again disturbed, and managed to get some sleep at last.

We all completed our toilettes in the same room, without the least embarrassment; and, with a traveller's curiosity, I may be pardoned for noticing the general bodily cleanliness of my various bed-fellows, especially as the city Swedes are in the habit of saying that the country people are shockingly dirty. We had coffee, and made arrangements with the girl who had brought the tailors to take us back in her cart. Our host would make no charge for the bed, and next to nothing for our fare, so I put a bank-note in the hand of little Pehr, his only child, telling him to take care of it, and spend it wisely when he grew up. The delight of the good people knew no bounds. Pehr must hold up his little mouth to be kissed, again and again; the mother shook us warmly by the hand, and the father harnessed his horse and started with us. May the blessing of God be upon all poor, honest, and contented people!

Our road led between wooded hills to the Siljan-Forss, a large iron-foundry upon a stream which flows into the Siljan Lake. It was a lovely morning, and our postillion who was a woman of good sense and some intelligence, chatted with me the whole way. She was delighted to find that we could

so easily make ourselves understood. "When I saw you first in the night," said she, "I thought you must certainly be Swedes. All the foreigners I saw in Stockholm had something dark and cloudy in their countenances, but both of you have shining faces." She questioned me a great deal about the sacred localities of Palestine, and about the state of religion in America. She evidently belonged to the *Läsare*, who, she stated, were very numerous in Dalecarlia. "It is a shame," said she, "that we poor people are obliged to pay so much for the support of the Church, whether we belong to it or not. Our taxes amount to 40 *rigs* yearly, ten of which, in Mora parish, go to the priest. They say he has an income of half a *rigs* every hour of his life. King Oscar wishes to make religion free, and so it ought to be, but the clergy are all against him, and the clergy control the *Bondestånd* (House of Peasants), and so he can do nothing." The woman was thirty-one years old, and worn with hard labour. I asked her if she was married. "No," she answered, with a deep sigh, looking at the betrothal-ring on her finger. "Ah," she continued, "we are all poor, Sweden is a poor country; we have only iron and timber, not grain, and cotton, and silk, and sugar, like other countries."

As we descended towards the post-station of Vik we caught a glimpse of the Siljan Lake to the south, and the tall tower of Mora Church, far to the eastward. At Vik, where we found the same simple and honest race of people, we parted with the postillioness and with our host of Kettbo who thanked us again in Pehr's name, as he shook hands for the last time. We now had fast horses, and a fine road over a long wooded hill, which was quite covered with the

lingon, or Swedish cranberry. From the further slope we at last looked down upon Mora, at the head of the Siljan Lake, in the midst of a broad and fertile valley. Ten miles to the eastward arose the spire of Orsa, and southward, on an island in the lake, the tall church of Sollerön. "You can see three churches at once," said our postillion with great pride. So we could, and also the large, stately inn of Mora—a most welcome sight to us, after five days on potato diet.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAST DAYS IN THE NORTH.

MORA, in Dalecarlia, is classic ground. It was here that Gustavus Vasa first harangued the people, and kindled that spark of revolution, which in the end swept the Danes from Sweden. In the cellar of a house which was pointed out to us, on the southern shore of the Siljan Lake, he lay hidden three days; in the barn of Ivan Elfssen he threshed corn, disguised as a peasant; and on the road by which we had travelled from Kettbo, in descending to the lake, we had seen the mounds of stone, heaped over the Danes, who were slain in his first victorious engagement. This district is considered, also, one of the most beautiful in Sweden. It has, indeed, a quiet, tranquil beauty, which gradually grows upon the eye, so that if one is not particularly aroused on first acquaintance, he at least carries away a delightful picture in his memory. But in order to enjoy properly any Swedish landscape whatsoever, one should not be too fresh from Norway.

After dinner we called at the "Parsonage of Mora," which has given Miss Fredrika Bremer the materials for one of her stories of Swedish life.

The *Prost*, Herr Kjelström, was not at home, but his wife received us with great cordiality, and insisted upon our remaining to tea. The magister——, who called at the same time, gave us some information concerning the porphyry quarries at Elfdal, which we were debating whether we should visit. Very little is doing at present, not more than ten men in all being employed, and in his opinion we would hardly be repaid for the journey thither; so we determined to turn southward again, and gradually make our way to Stockholm. Fru Kjelström was one of the few Swedes I met, who was really an enthusiastic admirer of Tegner; she knew by heart the greater part of his "Frithiof's Saga."

The morning after our arrival in Mora dawned dark and cloudy, with a wailing wind and dashes of rain. There were threats of the equinoctial storm, and we remembered the prediction of the lumber merchants in Carlstad. During the night, however, a little steamer belonging to an iron company arrived, offering us the chance of a passage down the lake to Leksand. While we were waiting on the shore the magister, who had come to see us depart, gave me some information about the Läsare. He admitted that there were many in Dalecarlia, and said that the policy of persecution, which was practised against them in the beginning, was now dropped. They were, in general, ignored by the clerical authorities. He looked upon the movement rather as a transient hallucination than as a permanent secession from the Established Church, and seemed to think that it would gradually disappear, if left to itself. He admitted that the king was in favour of religious liberty, but was so guarded

in speaking of the subject that I did not ascertain his own views.

We had on board about sixty passengers, mostly peasants from Upper Elfdal, bound on a peddling excursion through Sweden, with packs of articles which they manufacture at home. Their stock consisted mostly of pocket-books, purses, boxes, and various small articles of ornament and use. The little steamer was so well laden with their solid forms that she settled into the mud, and the crew had hard poling to get her off. There was service in Mora Church, and the sound of the organ and choir was heard along the lake. Many friends and relatives of the wandering Elfdalians were on the little wooden pier to bid them adieu. "God's peace be with thee!" was a parting salutation which I heard many times repeated. At last we got fairly clear and paddled off through the sepia-coloured water, watching the softly undulating shores, which soon sank low enough to show the blue, irregular hills in the distant background. Mora spire was the central point in the landscape, and remained visible until we had nearly reached the other end of the lake. The Siljan has a length of about twenty-five miles, with a breadth of from six to ten. The shores are hilly, but only moderately high, except in the neighborhood of Rättvik, where they were bold and beautiful. The soft slopes on either hand were covered with the yellow pillars of the ripe oats, bound to upright stakes to dry. From every village rose a tall midsummer pole, yet laden with the withered garlands of Sweden's fairest festival, and bearing aloft its patriotic symbol, the crossed arrows of Dalecarlia. The threatened storm broke and dispersed as we left Mora,

and strong sun-bursts between the clouds flashed across these pastoral pictures.

Soon after we left, a number of the men and women collected together on the after-deck, and commenced singing hymns, which occupation they kept up with untiring fervour during the whole voyage. The young girls were remarkable for weight and solidity of figure, ugliness of face, and sweetness of voice. The clear, ringing tones, with a bell-like purity and delicious *timbre*, issued without effort from between their thick, beefy lips, and there was such a contrast between sound and substance, that they attracted my attention more than I should have thought possible. Some of the men, who had heard what we were, entered into conversation with us. I soon discovered that they were all Läsare, and one of them, who seemed to exercise a kind of leadership, and who was a man of considerable intelligence, gave me a good deal of information about the sect. They met together privately, he said, to read the New Testament, trusting entirely to its inspired pages for the means of enlightenment as to what was necessary for the salvation of their souls. The clergy stood between them and the Voice of God, who had spoken not to a particular class, but to all mankind. They were liable to a fine of 200 *rigs* (\$52) every time they thus met together, my informant had once been obliged to pay it himself. Nevertheless, he said they were not interfered with so much at present, except that they were obliged to pay tithes, as before. "The king is a good man," he continued, "he means well, and would do us justice if he had the power; but the clergy are all against him, and his own authority is limited. Now they are

going to bring the question of religious freedom before the Diet, but we have not the least hope that anything will be done." He also stated—what, indeed, must be evident to every observing traveller—that the doctrines of the Läsare had spread very rapidly, and that their numbers were continually increasing.

The creation of such a powerful dissenting body is a thing that might have been expected. The Church, in Sweden, had become a system of forms and ceremonies. The pure spiritualism of Swedenborg, in the last century, was a natural and gigantic rebound to the opposite extreme, but, from its lofty intellectuality, was unfitted to be the nucleus of a popular protest. Meanwhile, the souls of the people starved on the dry husks which were portioned out to them. They needed genuine nourishment. They are an earnest, reflective race, and the religious element is deeply implanted in their nature. The present movement, so much like Methodism in many particulars, owes its success to the same genial and all-embracing doctrine of an impartial visitation of Divine grace, bringing man into nearer and tenderer relations to his Maker. In a word, it is the democratic, opposed to the aristocratic principle in religion. It is fashionable in Sweden to sneer at the Läsare; their numbers, character, and sincerity are very generally under-estimated. No doubt there is much that is absurd and grotesque in their services; no doubt they run into violent and unchristian extremes, and often merely substitute fanaticism for spiritual apathy; but I believe they will in the end be the instrument of bestowing religious liberty upon Sweden.

There was no end to the desire of these people for know-

ledge. They overwhelmed us with questions about our country, its government, laws, climate, productions and geographical extent. Next to America, they seemed most interested in Palestine, and considered me as specially favoured by Providence in having beheld Jerusalem. They all complained of the burdens which fall upon a poor man in Sweden, in the shape of government taxes, tithes, and the obligation of supporting a portion of the army, who are distributed through the provinces. Thus Dalecarlia, they informed me, with a population of 132,000, is obliged to maintain 1200 troops. The tax on land corresponded very nearly with the statement made by my female postillion the previous day. Dalecarlia, its mines excepted, is one of the poorest of the Swedish provinces. Many of its inhabitants are obliged to wander forth every summer, either to take service elsewhere, or to dispose of the articles they fabricate at home, in order, after some years of this irregular life, to possess enough to enable them to pass the rest of their days humbly at home. Our fellow-passengers told me of several who had emigrated to America, where they had spent five or six years. They grew home-sick at last, and returned to their chilly hills. But it was not the bleak fir-woods, the oat-fields, or the wooden huts which they missed; it was the truth, the honesty, the manliness, and the loving tenderness which dwell in Dalecarlian hearts.

We had a strong wind abeam, but our little steamer made good progress down the lake. The shores contracted, and the white church of Leksand rose over the dark woods, and between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, we were moored in the Dal River, where it issues from the Sijan. The

Elfdal pedlars shouldered their immense packs and set out bidding us a friendly adieu as we parted. After establishing ourselves in the little inn, where we procured a tolerable dinner, we called upon the *Domprost* Hvasser, to whom I had a letter from a countryman who made a pedestrian journey through Dalecarlia five years ago. The parsonage was a spacious building near the church, standing upon the brink of a lofty bank overlooking the outflow of the Dal. The Domprost, a hale, stout old man, with something irresistibly hearty and cheering in his manner, gave us both his hands and drew us into the room, on seeing that we were strangers. He then proceeded to read the letter. "Ho!" he exclaimed, "to think that he has remembered me all this time! And he has not forgotten that it was just midsummer when he was here!" Presently he went out, and soon returned with a basket in one hand and some plates in the other, which he placed before us and heaped with fine ripe cherries. "Now it is autumn," said he; "it is no longer midsummer, but we have a little of the summer's fruit left." He presented us to his sister and daughter, and to two handsome young magisters, who assisted him in his parochial duties.

We walked in the garden, which was laid out with some taste along the brow of the hill. A superb drooping birch, eighty feet in height, was the crowning glory of the place. The birch is the characteristic tree of Sweden, as the fir is of Norway, the beech of Denmark, the oak of England and Germany, the chestnut of Italy, and the palm of Egypt. Of nothern trees, there is none more graceful in outline, but in the cold, silvery hue of its foliage, summer can never find

ner best expression. The parson had a neat little bowling alley, in a grove of pine, on a projecting spur of the hill. He did not disdain secular recreations; his religion was cheerful and jubilant; he had found something else in the Bible than the Lamentations of Jeremiah. There are so many Christians who—to judge from the settled expression of their faces—suffer under their belief, that it is a comfort to find those who see nothing heretical in the fullest and freest enjoyment of life. There was an apple-tree in the garden which was just bursting into blossoms for the second time. I called the Domprost's attention to it, remarking, in a line from Frithiof's Saga:—"Hösten bjuder sin thron til varen" (Autumn offers his throne to the spring). "What!" he exclaimed in joyful surprise, "do you know Tegner?" and immediately continued the quotation.

There was no resisting the hospitable persuasions of the family; we were obliged to take supper and spend the evening with them. The daughter and the two magisters sang for us all the characteristic songs of Wermeland and Dalecarlia which they could remember, and I was more than ever charmed with the wild, simple, original character of the native melodies of Sweden. They are mostly in the minor key, and some of them might almost be called monotonous, yet it is monotony, or rather simplicity, in the notation, which sticks to the memory. The longings, the regrets, the fidelity, and the tenderness of the people, find an echo in these airs, which have all the character of improvisations, and rekindle in the heart of the hearer the passions they were intended to relieve.

We at last took leave of the good old man and his friendly

household. The night was dark and rainy, and the magisters accompanied us to the inn. In the morning it was raining dismally,—a slow, cold, driving rain, which is the climax of bad weather. We determined, however, to push onward as far as Fahlun, the capital of Dalecarlia, about four Swedish miles distant. Our road was down the valley of the Dal Elv, which we crossed twice on floating bridges, through a very rich, beautiful, and thickly settled country. The hills were here higher and bolder than in Westerdal, dark with forests of fir and pine, and swept south-eastward in long ranges, leaving a broad, open valley for the river to wander in. This valley, from three to five miles in width, was almost entirely covered with enclosed fields, owing to which the road was barred with gates, and our progress was much delayed thereby. The houses were neat and substantial, many of them with gardens and orchards attached, while the unusual lumber of the barns and granaries gave evidence of a more prosperous state of agriculture than we had seen since leaving the neighborhood of Carlstad. We pressed forward in the rain and raw wind, and reached Fahlun towards evening, just in time to avoid a drenching storm.

Of the celebrated copper-mines of Fahlun, some of which have been worked for 600 years, we saw nothing. We took their magnitude and richness for granted, on the strength of the immense heaps of dross through which we drove on approaching the town, and the desolate appearance of the surrounding country, whose vegetation has been for the most part destroyed by the fumes from the smelting works. In our sore and sodden condition we were in no humour to go

sight seeing, and so sat comfortably by the stove, while the rain beat against the windows, and the darkness fell. The next morning brought us a renewal of the same weather, but we set out bravely in our open cart, and jolted over the muddy roads with such perseverance, that we reached Hedemora at night. The hills diminished in height as we proceeded southward, but the scenery retained its lovely pastoral character. My most prominent recollection of the day's travel, however, is of the number of gates our numb and blue-faced boy-postillions were obliged to jump down and open.

From Hedemora, a journey of two days through the provinces of Westeraås and Uppland, brought us to Upsala. After leaving Dalecarlia and crossing the Dal River for the fifth and last time, the country gradually sank into those long, slightly rolling plains, which we had traversed last winter, between Stockholm and Gefle. Here villages were more frequent, but the houses had not the same air of thrift and comfort as in Dalecarlia. The population also changed in character, the faces we now saw being less bright, cheerful, and kindly, and the forms less tall and strongly knit.

We had very fair accommodations, at all the post-stations along the road, and found the people everywhere honest and obliging. Still, I missed the noble simplicity which I had admired so much in the natives of Westerdal, and on the frontier of Wermeland,—the unaffected kindness of heart which made me look upon every man as a friend.

The large town of Sala, where we spent a night, was filled with fugitives from Upsala, where the cholera was making great ravages. The violence of the disease was

over by the time we arrived ; but the students, all of whom had left, had not yet returned, and the fine old place had a melancholy air. The first thing we saw on approaching it, was a funeral. Professor Bergfalk, who had remained at his post, and to whom I had letters, most kindly gave me an entire day of his time. I saw the famous *Codex argenteus* in the library, the original manuscript of Frithiof's Saga the journals of Swedenborg and Linnæus, the Botanical Garden, and the tombs of Gustavus Vasa and John III. in the cathedral. But most interesting of all was our drive to Old Upsala, where we climbed upon the mound of Odin and drank mead out of the silver-mounted drinking horn from which Bernadotte, Oscar, and the whole royal family of Sweden, are in the habit of drinking when they make a pilgrimage to the burial place of the Scandinavian gods.

A cold, pale, yellow light lay upon the landscape ; the towers of Upsala Cathedral, and the massive front of the palace, rose dark against the sky, in the south-west ; a chill autumnal wind blew over the plains, and the yellowing foliage of the birch drifted across the mysterious mounds, like those few golden leaves of poetry, which the modern bards of the North have cast upon the grave of the grand, muscular religion of the earlier race. There was no melodious wailing in the wind, like that which proclaimed "Pan is dead !" through the groves of Greece and Ionia ; but a cold rustling hiss, as if the serpent of Midgard were exulting over the ruins of Walhalla. But in the stinging, aromatic flood of the amber-coloured mead, I drank to Odin, to Balder, and to Freja.

We reached Stockholm on the 22nd of September, in the midst of a furious gale, accompanied with heavy squalls of snow--the same in which the Russian line-of-battle ship "*Lefort*," foundered in the Gulf of Finland. In the mild calm, sunny, autumn days which followed, the beautiful city charmed us more than ever, and I felt half inclined to take back all I had said against the place, during the dismal weather of last spring. The trees in the Djurgård and in the islands of Mälar, were still in full foliage; the Dalecarlian boatwomen plied their crafts in the outer harbour; the little garden under the Norrbro was gay with music and lamps every evening; and the brief and jovial summer life of the Swedes, so near its close, clung to the flying sunshine, that not a moment might be suffered to pass by unenjoyed.

In another week we were standing on the deck of the Prussian steamer "*Nagler*," threading the rocky archipelago between Stockholm and the open Baltic on our way to Stettin. In leaving the North, after ten months of winter and summer wanderings, and with scarce a hope of returning again, I found myself repeating, over and over again, the farewell of Frithiof:—

*" Fareväl, J fjällar,
 Der äran bor;
 J runohällar,
 För väldig Thor;
 J blåa sjöar,
 Jag känt så väl;
 J skär och öar,
 Fareväl, fareväl!"*

TRAVELS
IN
GREECE AND RUSSIA

WITH AN EXCURSION TO CRETE

BY
BAYARD TAYLOR

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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P R E F A C E.

THE reader will observe that in describing Greece, I have devoted myself to the physical aspects of the country, and the character and habits of its present population, rather than to its past history and classic associations. If, therefore, there are no new pictures in this volume, there may be, at least, some old and familiar subjects exhibited under new atmospheric effects. I should otherwise have hesitated to select a field which may be considered well-nigh exhausted, were it not that the country is still in a transition state, and every few years presents a new phase to the traveller's eye.

Owing to the pressure of other literary labors, this volume has been too rapidly prepared for the press, to allow me to add a special chapter on the Ethnology of Greece, as I had originally designed. I can only record my complete conviction of the truth of the views entertained by Fallmereyer, that the modern Greeks are a

mongrel race, in which the Slavic element is predominant, and that the pure Hellenic blood is to be found only in a few localities.

The chapters relating to Russia must be considered as studies rather than finished pictures. They are an attempt to sketch the gay, bizarre, incongruous *external* forms of Russian life. Anything more could not be safely attempted without a longer residence in the country and a knowledge of the language—both of which I hope to accomplish at some future day. So far, however, as the Greek Church is concerned, it may be interesting to the reader to trace its character and influence in the two countries, which, with a common ambition, are far from having a common destiny.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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CONTENTS

	CHAPTER I.	1
Pictures from the Dalmatian Coast,		1
	CHAPTER II.	9
Further from Dalmatia,		9
	CHAPTER III.	22
First Days in Greece,		22
	CHAPTER IV.	34
On the Acropolis,		34
	CHAPTER V.	45
Winter Life in Athens,		45
	CHAPTER VI.	54
A Greek Baptism,		54
	CHAPTER VII.	65
the Court of King Otho,		65
	CHAPTER VIII.	76
Greek Festivals, Religious and Civic,		76
	CHAPTER IX.	89
An Excursion to Crete,		89
	CHAPTER X.	101
A Cretan Journey,		101

	PAGE
CHAPTER XI	
Our Imprisonment at Rhithymnos,	112
CHAPTER XII.	
The Caverns, Mountains, and Labyrinths of Crete,	123
CHAPTER XIII	
Two Days with an Archbishop,	137
CHAPTER XIV	
The Earthquake at Corinth,	148
CHAPTER XV	
Argolis and Arcadia,	161
CHAPTER XVI.	
Four Days among the Spartans,	169
CHAPTER XVII	
Messenia, Elis, and Achaia,	186
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Byron in Greece,	203
CHAPTER XIX.	
The Haunts of the Muses,	216
CHAPTER XX.	
Parnassus and the Dorian Mountains,	226
CHAPTER XXI.	
The Frontier of Thessaly,	237
CHAPTER XXII.	
Adventures in Euboea,	247
CHAPTER XXIII.	
People and Government,	261
CHAPTER XXIV	
Agriculture and Resources,	273
CHAPTER XXV.	
Return to the North.	281
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Cracow, and the Salt Mines of Wieliczka,	289
CHAPTER XXVII.	
A Glance at Warsaw,	303

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
A Journey through Central Russia,	315
CHAPTER XXIX.	
A Panoramic View of Moscow,	325
CHAPTER XXX.	
The Kremlin,	334
CHAPTER XXXI.	
A Visit to the Foundling Hospital,	348
CHAPTER XXXII.	
Moscow, In-doors and Out,	359
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
Railroads in Russia,	37
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
St. Petersburg and its Palaces,	381
CHAPTER XXXV.	
Tzarako Selo, Paulovsk and the Islands,	394
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
Varieties of the Russian Capital,	407
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
Journey through the Baltic Provinces,	417

TRAVELS IN GREECE AND RUSSIA.

I.

G R E E C E .

CHAPTER I.

PICTURES FROM THE DALMATIAN COAST.

AFTER giving up the hope of enjoying a Siberian Winter, which had been my original intention, I determined to go as near as possible to the opposite extreme of avoiding the Winter altogether. But by the time we left Gotha (on the 4th of December, 1857) the season was already inaugurated. The first snow whitened the Thuringian hills; bitter blasts blew down upon us from the Hartz—the last chilly farewell of the forsaken North. Like a true German, he was not satisfied with one adieu, but must return again and again to prolong the sweet sorrow of parting. He accompanied us to Dresden, through the black and lowering passes of the Saxon Switzerland, over the open plains of Bohemia, and only left us for a while in the valley of the Danube to return with a more violent embrace, on the top of the Semmering

Alp. Finally, at the southern edge of the *Karst*, or table-land of Carinthia, where his rugged name of Boreas is Italianized into the Bora, we left him, and the little olive-trees in the gardens of Trieste welcomed us to the threshold of the South.

At Trieste, I determined to make the most of my southward voyage, by taking the Lloyd steamer of the Dalmatian and Albanian line, which would enable me to see something of one of the least frequented and most interesting of the Mediterranean shores. At noon, on the 12th, we were all three on board of the *Miramar*, Captain Mazarevitch, steaming out of Trieste under a cloudless sky and over a smooth blue sea, albeit the south-eastern wind, blowing over the Istrian mountains, was keen enough. Our vessel, although new, clean, and sufficiently comfortable, was painfully slow, and consequently we were not up with Pola, the famous amphitheatre whereof is plainly visible from the sea, until long after dark. Our comfort during the afternoon was our fine view of the Julian Alps, wheeling in a splendid arc around the head of the Adriatic, from Trieste nearly to Venice. During the night we crossed the mouth of the Gulf of Fiume, which you may remember as the only outlet of Croatia, much talked of during the Hungarian struggle, in connexion with the design of uniting the Slavic races with the Magyars, and securing a seaport for the new nation. I cheerfully testify that the Gulf of Fiume is as rough a piece of water as the Bay of Biscay, and this is all I know about it, for by sunrise we were at anchor in the harbor of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia.

Most gentlemen have heard of this place, from reading

on the labels of certain square, wicker-encased bottles—" *Maraschino di Zara*." Those who have dipped into history far enough will remember the famous sea-fight fought here during the Fourth Crusade, and the happy few who know Venice have not forgotten the famous picture in the Doge's Palace, wherein the son of Barbarossa is taken prisoner by the Venetians, the most flagrant case of lying which the world can produce—no such incident ever having occurred. Zara, I suspect, looks pretty much as it did in those days. Its long, crenelated walls and square bastions had a familiar aspect to me, from the aforesaid picture. Of its ancient history I need only say that it was the capital of the Roman province of Liburnia, and a place of some note in the days of Augustus.

The sun rose over the snowy range of the Velebich, which separates Dalmatia from the Turkish pashalik of Bosnia. The land, under the clearest illumination, looked intensely bare and stony. Around the harbor were olive orchards, with a spiry Italian cypress or two, and some leafless fig-trees. Dalmatian boatmen thronged the low quay, in front of the water gate, and hovered about the steamer, in their red caps, loose shirts and wide trowsers. The picture was neither Italian nor Oriental, yet with something of both, and there was enough of Frank innovation to give it a shabby air. I know nothing more slovenly and melancholy than the aspect of those Mediterranean ports which are in a transition state—where the old costume, habits, and ways of living have been for the most part given up, and those of Western Europe are still new enough to appear awkward and affected. The interior of

the town produced the same impression; there was every where the same curious mixture of two heterogeneous elements. Only the country people, who had come in with their market-carts and were selling vegetables in the principal square, and some shaggy fellows, whom I took to be Morlaks, or Mountain Slaves, seemed to be purely Dalmatian, both in blood and habits. Their Slavic ancestry was to be seen at a glance. The deep-set eye, the heavy brow, the strong nose, and lengthened oval of the face—the expression of courage, calculation, and obstinacy—the erect, rather haughty form, and free, graceful carriage, are characteristics which belong to all the branches of this widely spread race. Some of the old men were noble figures; but the men, as elsewhere among the Slaves, were much handsomer than the women.

Zara is a little place, and one can easily see the whole of it in an hour. The streets are very narrow and crooked, but paved with heavy stone slabs, and kept perfectly clean. At one corner of the public square, stands a Corinthian pillar surmounted by a winged griffin, which is believed to have belonged to a temple of the age of Augustus. The Cathedral, a low building of marble, Byzantine in style, was founded by old Dandolo, who wintered here in 1202, on his way to take Constantinople. We went into a café to taste Maraschino on its native soil, but the specimen proved that the flavor of the liqueur is improved by banishment. It is made from the berries of a variety of wild cherry, called the *marasca*, whence the name.

We left at noon, and running along a coast which appeared barren, although every valley which opened to

the sea was silver-gray with olive orchards, reached Sebenico a little before sunset. This is a wonderfully picturesque place, built along the side of a hill which rises steeply from the water, and dominated by three massive Venetian fortresses, behind which towers a bald, barren mountain. Our steamer was hauled in beside a mole which protects the little harbor, and we stepped ashore to see the place before dark. Crowds of grizzly, dirty men, dressed in wide trowsers and shaggy sheepskin jackets, stared at us with curiosity. A few of them begged in unintelligible Illyrian or bad Italian. The women, some of whom were quite pretty, wore a very picturesque costume, consisting of a crimson boddice, open to the waist in front, disclosing a snowy linen chemise, in which the full breast was enveloped, a petticoat of red or dark blue, and a gay handkerchief twisted through the long braids of their thick black hair.

The streets were so very narrow, steep, and dark, that we hesitated at first about plunging into such a suspicious labyrinth, but at last hit upon a lane which led us to the public square before the Cathedral, the only level piece of ground in the city. It is an artificial terrace, about half-way up the hill, and may be a hundred feet square. On one side is the Cathedral, a very quaint, squat old building of white marble, in a bastard Byzantine style; on the other a building resting on an arched corridor, which reminds you of Venice. Broad slabs of slippery marble paved the court, which we found utterly silent and deserted. As the yellow lustre of sunset struck upon the dome and the front of the fortress which frowned high over our heads, and a

glimpse of purple sea glimmered afar through the gap by which we had ascended, I felt as if I had discovered some lost, forgotten city of the past, over which no wind of ruin had as yet blown. All was quaint and solemn, mellowed by the touch of age: had it been new, it would have been merely grotesque.

We mounted to the fort, whence there was a wide view of the coast, the sea, and the Dalmatian Islands. The fortresses appeared to be no longer kept up as defences, for which, indeed, they are now worthless. Sebenico is a poor place, and as proud as it is poor, if one may rely upon the statements made by a thriving brewer, who keeps a beer-house on the quay. "There is no such thing as enterprise here," said he; "the country is capable of producing much more than it does, if the people were not so lazy. Here, for instance, are half-a-dozen old Venetian families, who consider themselves too nobly born to do anything, and who are gradually starving in their pride. After having sold everything except the family mansion, they then sell their plate piece by piece. What they will do when that is gone, I cannot tell. I am considered rich, because I earn more than I spend, but am despised by these gentry because I have a business. My father was once applied to by one of them, who wished to borrow money. He went to the house, but was refused admittance by the noble lady, who said: 'Stay in the street until my lord comes out.' Well, when my lord came, my father said to him: 'If my person is not worthy to enter your house, my money is not worthy to touch your fingers'—and so left him. These people would like to restore the Venetian rule, because they

held offices then, and were somebodies ; but if we were well rid of them, and could fill their places with Germans, not afraid to work, it would be better for Dalmatia." I have no doubt there is much truth in the brewer's remarks. Dalmatia seems to me as well adapted for the production of wine, oil, and silk, as any part of Southern Europe. Its present yield of wine, which is of excellent quality, amounts to 1,200,000 barrels annually. About 60,000 barrels of oil are produced, but as the number of olive trees in the province amounts to near three millions, and from two-and-a-half to five pounds of olives (according to the season) yield one pound of oil, there must be a great waste of raw material in the preparation of the article. Wheat and barley also thrive remarkably well. The value of the staples exported from the province amounts to about \$2,000,000 yearly, which, for a population of 400,000, gives but \$5 a head as the amount of their industry beyond what is required for their maintenance.

Early the next morning we started again, still favored with cloudless skies and sleeping seas. The tops of the shore hills rose bold and yellow above the olive terraces which belted their bases, and far inland rose pale-purple mountain chains, tipped with snow—the dividing ridge between Dalmatia and Bosnia. Towards noon, rounding a point of the coast and turning almost due eastward, the spires of Spalato (not *Spalatro*, as it is generally spelled) famous for its memories of Diocletian, twinkled before us. It lies on a little cove, at the head of a wide bay, landlocked by the islands of the Dalmatian Archipelago, and at the end of a gently sloping plain three or four miles long

The mountains here fall back, and form a graceful amphitheatre, at the head of which stood the old Roman city of Salona. Spalato is founded on the ruins of Diocletian's palace, the walls of which still contain the whole of the mediæval city. Every one has heard of Diocletian and his Dalmatian cabbages, but few know how much of his imperial hermitage has been spared by time. Let us go ashore and see.

CHAPTER II.

FURTHER FROM DALMATIA.

SPALATO ought properly to be called *Diocleziano*. In the front of the long row of houses facing the sea, we counted twenty-eight arches of the Emperor's palace, and we recognised, in the hexagonal structure behind the tall Venetian belfrey, the temple of Jupiter which stood within its walls. Landing in the midst of a wild, dirty, but very picturesque crowd of Dalmatians and Morlaks, we discovered an arched entrance into the mass of houses, in the centre of the ancient sea-front. A vaulted passage, ascending by irregular steps, led us into the midst of irregular ruins, among which the modern inhabitants are nested like bats, blackening with their fires and defiling with their filth the Roman arches and walls. A circular hall, the vaulted roof of which had fallen in, was evidently the vestibule to the architectural splendors of the inner court.

Beyond this, however, the picture suddenly changed. A portico, supported by four pillars—monoliths of red granite, with Corinthian capitals of white marble—and with

a pediment sculptured in the most florid style, conducted us to the court of the palace, paved with marble, and surrounded by a colonnade of red granite, raised upon a lofty base. On the right hand, the massive portico of the temple of Jupiter now serves as the foundation of the lofty campanile, behind which stands the temple itself, almost entire in all its parts. On the left, a short distance behind the colonnade, is a smaller building of marble, with a very rich Corinthian cornice, which is generally supposed to have been a temple of *Æsculapius*, although some antiquaries regard it as the mausoleum of Diocletian. In front of the temple of Jupiter sits an Egyptian sphynx of black porphyry, with an inscription of the time of Amunoph III.—about fifteen centuries before Christ. The charm of the court is greatly enhanced by the suddenness with which it comes upon you, and by contrast with the tall, plain masses of the old Venetian houses which inclose it. The fact that it served as a public square to the inhabitants of the Spalato of the middle ages, which was built entirely within the palace-walls, has no doubt preserved it from ruin. The square is still called "*Piazza del Tempio*."

We went into the temple, now the cathedral. The tawdry appurtenances of its present religion do not at all harmonize with the simple severity of the old. It is rather gloomy, the ancient vaulted dome having no aperture to admit light, like that of the Roman Pantheon. There is an external colonnade, which is gradually falling into ruin through neglect, and its condition shows that there is need of an appeal similar to that upon the outside of a church in Florence—"If you bear the name of Christians, ob

respect the temple of the Lord!" Two large sarcophagi were lying between the columns. One of them had a cracked lid, a piece of which Braisted shoved aside, and diving into the interior, brought out a large thigh-bone, the owner of which must have been over six feet in height. There is an interior gallery, under the dome, which rests upon columns of porphyry and grey granite. This gallery is adorned with a frieze representing a hunt, whence some suppose the temple to have been erected to Diana instead of Jupiter. It is well known, however, that hunting subjects were used in the temples of various gods, at a later period. The execution is so very clumsy, that one can have no very exalted opinion of Diocletian's taste. I can only compare it to those monstrosities which were perpetrated under the name of sculpture, during the Greek Empire. In front of the temple of *Æsculapius* lies a sarcophagus, which is supposed to be that of Diocletian himself, and with more probability than usually belongs to such conjectures.

Braisted and I mounted to the summit of the campanile, and sat down to contemplate the landscape. It was a warm, sun, cloudless day, and the rich plain behind, sloping back to the site of the ancient *Salona*, the blue harbor, inclosed by the purple Dalmatian islands, and the bald, lilac-tinted mountains, rising along the Bosnian frontier, formed so large, cheerful, and harmonious a picture, that we at once understood Diocletian's choice, and gave him full credit for it. "He was the only Roman Emperor who had good common sense," said B., with a positiveness from which there was no appeal. In the gardens around *Spalato* we

noticed some cabbages, the descendants, probably, of those which Diocletian so ostentatiously shook under the nose of Maximinian. But in spite of his cabbages Diocletian was far from being a Diogenes in the purple. I looked down on the compact little town, and could easily trace the line of his palace-wall—an irregular parallelogram, 500 feet on the shortest side, and 670 on the longest. It was originally adorned with eighteen towers, and pierced with four gates, the main entrance, the *Porta Aurea* (golden gate), being on the side towards Salona. This has been recently excavated, and, except that its statues have fallen from their niches, is very well preserved. The other gates were named Silver, Bronze, and Iron. Within this space the Emperor had his residence and that of a large retinue, including his women, guards, and slaves, besides two temples, a theatre, bath, and halls for festivities. The Byzantine writer, Porphyrogenitus, who saw the palace in its perfect state, says: “No description can convey any idea of its magnificence.” Who would not be willing to raise cabbages in this style? For my part, I should not object to a dish of such imperial sour-kROUT.

We left Spalato in the afternoon, and made for the port of Milne, on the island of Brazza, whose olive-streaked hills shimmered faintly in the west. This island is the largest in the Dalmatian Archipelago, producing annually 80,000 barrels of wine, and 10,000 of oil. It was celebrated by Pliny for its fine goats, a distinction which it still preserves. Brazza, I am informed, sent quite a number of emigrants to California. It is curious to observe how very closely the threads of commercial and social intercourse are knitted,

all over the world. All civilized nations are rapidly becoming limbs of one vast body, in which any nerve that is touched in one is more or less felt by all. "Our business is very dull in Zara," said a Dalmatian to me, "on account of the crisis in America." "But the worst of the crisis there is already over," I said, "as well as in England." "Then we may hope that ours will not last long," said he. In Zante, and other Ionian islands, the people were greatly pinched, during the crisis of 1857, because the Anglo-Saxon race could not afford so many plum-puddings, and their currants remained unsold.

Rounding the western end of Brazza, a deep channel, terminating in a circular harbor, as regular as if cut by art, and sunk in the heart of the hills, opened unexpectedly on our right. This was Milne, the port of the island, a silent, solitary, tranquil place, which even our arrival did not appear to excite in the least. We halted here but a short time, and then sped away to Lesina, where Titian is said to have been banished for some years, through the strait where, in 1811, four English vessels defeated the French fleet of eleven, touched during the night at Curzola, and by the next sunrise were at anchor in the harbor of Ragusa. This is, historically, the most interesting point on the Dalmatian coast. A few scattering Greeks and Illyrians founded here, in the year 636, a little Republic—not bigger than the estate of many an English nobleman—which survived the fall of empires, and the political storms of nearly twelve hundred years. It was finally wiped out in January, 1808, by a decree of Napoleon, who bestowed upon Marshal Marmont, the commander of the French troops in Dal

matia, the title of Duke of Ragusa. Tributary both to Venice and the Ottoman Empire, it still preserved its municipal independence; and, besides its commerce, which at one time employed 360 vessels and 4,500 sailors, found leisure to cultivate literature and the sciences. Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine, was entertained as a guest by the Senate, after his shipwreck on the neighboring island of Lacroma, where he built a church to commemorate his escape. The Republic also sheltered King Sigismund of Hungary, after his defeat by Sultan Bajazet, and three times afforded succor to George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, the last gallant chieftain of the Grecian Empire. Ragusa, in short, has stood unharmed, like a bit of moss in the forest, while every tree has been blasted or uprooted, and many a chance sunbeam of history has struck athwart its secluded life. Napoleon, the Destroyer and Builder, set his foot upon it and crushed it at last.

The captain gave us two hours for a ramble on the shore, and we set out for Old Ragusa, which is between two and three miles distant. The present port is a landlocked basin, shut in by sweeping hills, which are feathered to their summits with olive groves, while the gardens below sparkle with their boskage of orange and lemon trees. The hills are dotted with country houses, many of them stately structures of the republican time, but all more or less dilapidated. Marks of the French and subsequent Russian invasion are seen on all sides. Roofless houses, neglected gardens, and terraced fields lying fallow, gave a melancholy air of decay to the landscape. Climbing a long hill from the harbor, we crossed the comb of a promontory, and

saw the sea before us, while down in a hollow of the coast, on our left, swam in the blue morning vapors the spires and fortresses of Old Ragusa. Far above it, on the summit of the overlooking mountains, shone the white walls of another fort, the road to which ascended the steep slope in fourteen zigzags. It was a warm picture, full of strong color, and sharp, decided outline. Clumps of aloe clung to the rocks below; oranges hung heavy over the garden walls above, and in a sunny spot some young palms were growing. We only succeeded in reaching the outskirts of Old Ragusa, whence we overlooked the falling city, upon whose main street, paved with slippery marble, no horse is yet allowed to set his foot.

I did not find the Ragusan costumes—at least those which I saw—quite so picturesque as those of the other Dalmatian ports. The race, however, is mainly the same. Indeed, it has been ascertained that of all the inhabitants of Dalmatia, fifteen out of sixteen are of Slavic blood. They are a medium-sized people, but tough, hardy, and of considerable muscular strength. Their mode of life is quite primitive. Every family has its patriarchal head, and the sons bring their wives home to the paternal hut, until the natural increase crowds them out of its narrow bounds. The mother takes her unweaned infant to the field with her, and lays it down on a soft stone to sleep. They still cultivate witches, and believe in demons and magical spells. Among the Morlaks, the bridegroom, until very recently, was obliged to catch his bride in a public race, like Hypo-itus, or the Tartar bachelors. Blood revenge, as among the Corsicans, exists in spite of the law, and the wandering

bard, singing the exploits of his heroic ancestors, goes from village to village, as in the days of Homer.

Continuing our voyage southward along the coast, we reached in the afternoon the *Bocca di Cattaro*, the entrance to one of the wildest and most wonderful harbors in the world. Austria has held on with the tenacity of a terrier to all the Venetian settlements along the Adriatic upon which she could lay hands. Look at the map, and you will see how, from Zara to Budua, she has seized a strip of coast, between two and three hundred miles in length, while its breadth wavers between five and thirty miles. Bosnia, the Herzegowina, and Montenegro have now no communication with the sea, except through Austrian ports. In two places this strip is interrupted by narrow wedges of the Turkish territory, which come down to the sea—of course at points where no seaport can be created. Austria has taken good care of that. We swept close under a beetling cliff of mellow-tinted rock, up which rose, bastion over bastion, the heavy white walls of a fortress. The mouth of the bay is somewhat less than a mile in breadth, with an island, also fortified, lying athwart it. We entered a deep, land-locked sheet of water, shut in by mountains. In the south-east rose a lofty peak of the Montenegrin Alps, its summit glittering with snow. "Where do you suppose Cattaro lies?" asked the captain. "Somewhere in this bay," I answered. "No," said he, "it is just under yon snowy peak." "But how are we to get there?" "Wait, and you will see!" was the answer.

We touched at Castelnovo, which was in the sixteenth

century the capital of the Herzegowina. It was taken by the Spaniards, the allies of Admiral Doria, who, after building the massive fortress which bears their name to this day, were in turn driven out by Khairreddin Barbarossa, the Turkish Admiral. Passing the warm, amphitheatric hills, rich with groves of olive, chestnut, and sycamore, we made for the southern end of the bay, which all at once opened laterally on the left, disclosing a new channel, at the head of which lay the little town of Perasto. Mountains, grey, naked, and impassably steep, hung over it. As we approached, a church and monastery, which seemed to float upon the water, rose to view. They were built upon rocks in the bay—quaint, curious structures, with bulging green domes upon their towers. After passing Perasto, where the captain joyfully pointed out his house (a white handkerchief was waving from the window), the bay curved eastward and then southward, actually cleaving the mountain range to the very foot of the central peak of snows. On all sides the bare steeps arose almost precipitously from the water to the height of 3,000 feet. We were on a mountain lake; the fiercest storms of the Adriatic could not disturb the serenity of these waters. They are barricaded against any wind that blows. At the extremity of the lake, under the steepest cliffs, lay Cattaro, with its sharp angled walls of defence climbing the mountain to a height of nearly a thousand feet above it. The sun had long since set on the town, although the mountains burned with a tawny lustre all along the eastern shore. We steamed up and cast anchor in front of the sea-wall.

We landed at once, in order to take advantage of the

vanishing daylight. A wild design for a moment came into my head—to take horses and a guard, ride up the mountain and over to Cettigne, the capital of Montenegro, and back again by sunrise—but unfortunately there was no moon, and I should have had the danger and the fatigue for nothing. Cattaro is a fortress, and the town, squeezed within the narrow limits of the walls, has the deepest and darkest streets. We discovered nothing of note in the course of our ramble. The place, I suspect, is much as it was when Venice defended and Khaireddin besieged it. We stood a moment in the public square to see the overhanging mountains burning with vermillion and orange in the last splendor of sunset, and then threaded the town to the further gate, where a powerful spring of the purest beryl-colored mountain water gushes out from under the walls.

A native Cattarese, who spoke some Italian, hung on to our skirts, in order to get a little money as a guide. “Find me some natives of Montenegro!” I said to him. “Oh, they wear the same dress as the Dalmatians,” said he, “but you can tell them by the cross on their caps.” Soon afterward we encountered an old man and his son, both of whom had a gilded Greek cross on the front of the red fez which they wore. “Here are two!” exclaimed the guide. He then stopped them, and without more ado, pulled off the old man’s fez, showed us the cross, and opened the folds of the cap, where a second cross and a number of *zwan-zigers* were hidden. “Here they keep their money,” he explained. The old fellow took the whole proceeding very good-humoredly, and was delighted when I said to him

"*Sbogo!*" (the Illyrian for "good-bye!") at parting. Soon afterwards we met some *pandours* or irregular soldiers, of the Vladika of Montenegro. They wore a spread-eagle on their caps, in addition to the cross. Our guide stopped them, and informed them (as I guessed) that we wanted to look at them. A proud straightening of the body, a haughty toss of the head, and a glance of mingled dignity and defiance was the only answer, as they held their way. I was delighted with this natural exhibition of their self-esteem, though it had been called forth in so offensive a way.

I heard very contradictory accounts respecting the present Vladika (Prince) of Montenegro. Our captain spoke of him as a highly-accomplished man, with a marked taste for literature, and rather sneered at his wife, the daughter of a Trieste merchant, who pinched herself to give her a dowry of a million of *zwanzigers* (about \$168,000) and thereby secure the hand of Prince Danilo. On the other hand, an English officer who visited Cettigne, informed me that the Vladika is a rough, boorish, and stupid fellow, and that his wife is handsome, accomplished, and fascinating. I should judge the latter report to be the correct one, as we are beginning to hear the most arbitrary and brutal acts charged against the Vladika. His predecessor was a Bishop, which did not prevent him from being a capital shot and a good horseman. It is easy to see that this little robber State will not be very long-lived, and that it will finally fall into the claws of Austria. But she will neither get it nor hold it without fighting.

We lay all night at Cattaro. So completely is the place

inclosed that the climate is different from that of Castel nuovo. The night was very cold, and as we steamed off in the morning we found the bay covered with a light sheet of ice from shore to shore. Outside, the air was mild and delightful. A short distance beyond the Bocca di Cattaro, we passed Budua, another Venetian colony, and the last Austrian port. Early in the afternoon we reached Antivari, in Albania, the seaport of the large city of Scutari, which is nearly a day's journey in the interior. The coast grew wilder and bolder; huge, tawny mountains soared from the sea to the clouds which rested on their snow-streaked summits, and the signs of habitation became less and less frequent. The next morning we were at Durazzo, a singularly picturesque town on a hillside defended by massive Venetian walls, above which shoots the slender shaft of a minaret. Thence we ran along under the Acroceraunian mountains, whose topmost peak, Mount Tschika, a shining wedge of snow, serves as a landmark for all this part of the Albanian coast. At Avlona, we saw the huge fortress built by Ali Pasha, the Turkish city in the rear, with its ten minarets, and the old Greek town and acropolis crowning the mountain ridge above. Acroceraunia is a wild and gloomily grand region, full of glorious subjects for the landscape painter.

Our deck now began to be covered with picturesque forms—Turkish soldiers, Albanians, with white kirtles and whole arsenals in their belts, Greek and Moslem merchants. Among them I noticed a Bosnian, whose white turban and green jacket denoted particular holiness. Accosting him in Arabic, which he spoke imperfectly, I found he was a

hadji, having made the grand pilgrimage to all the holy places. We quite agreed upon the subject of Damascus, the mere mention of which brought the water into his mouth. He prayed with praiseworthy regularity, at the stated times, generally finding the direction of Mecca within four points. One evening, however, while we were at anchor, the ship drifted around with the tide, and the *hadji*, not noticing this, commenced praying with his face towards Rome. I at once perceived this scandalous mistake, and interrupted the devotions of the holy man, to set him right. "In the name of God!" he exclaimed; "but you are right. This comes of trusting the Frank vessels."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST DAYS IN GREECE

OUR steamer lay four days at Corfu, during which time we took up our quarters in a hotel on shore. The days were warm and sunny, and we had no need of fire except in the evenings. Corfu is one of the pleasantest of the Mediterranean islands. Particularly agreeable to me was the English order, cleanliness, and security which prevail here, as everywhere else under the shadow of the British flag. Many of the Ionians are dissatisfied with the English protectorate, and would willingly be incorporated into the Hellenic Kingdom. I venture to say that, if this were done, five years would not elapse before the islands would be as insecure, the internal improvements as much neglected, and the Government as corrupt, as that of Greece itself. There are two things without which the English cannot exist—civil order and good roads; and they are just the things which Greece most wants.

During a short excursion into the interior of the island, I was struck by the indolence and lack of enterprise of the

inhabitants. We drove for miles through groves of splendid olive-trees, many of them upwards of five hundred years old, and bending under their weight of ungathered fruit. Thousands of barrels of oil were slowly wasting, for want of a little industry. I was told, to be sure, that the Albanians had been sent for to assist in gathering in the crop, and would come over as soon as their own work was completed; the Corfiotes appeared to be in the meantime resting on their oars. The currant crop had been much damaged by violent rains, and the people, therefore, complained of hard times; but there always will be hard times where thrift and forethought are so scarce. Col. Talbot, the Resident for Cephalaria, informed me that the natives of that island, on the contrary, are very industrious and economical.

We left Corfu at midnight, and by sunrise the next morning reached Prevesa, situated just inside the mouth of the Ambracian Gulf, and opposite to the low point on which stood Actium. Through the narrow strait by which we had entered, fled Cleopatra in her gilded galley, followed, ere long, by the ruined Antony. The ruins of Nicopolis (the City of Victory), which Cæsar built to commemorate the battle, are scattered over the isthmus between the sea and the gulf, about three miles north of Prevesa. Here we took on board His Excellency Abd-er-Rakhman Bey, military Governor of Candia, and his suite, consisting of an ugly adjutant, a stupid secretary, and two wicked-looking pipe-bearers. The latter encamped on the quarter-deck, but the Bey took a first-cabin passage. As he spoke no language but Turkish, our communication was

rather limited, although he evinced a strong desire to be social with us. His supply of oranges was distributed without stint, and one day at dinner he surprised the lady-passenger by sending for a hard-boiled egg, which he carefully shelled, stuck upon the end of his knife, and handed across the table to her. He was particularly careful not to touch pork, but could not withstand the seductions of wine, which he drank in great quantities. In proportion as he drank, he breathed asthmatically, and became confidential. At such times, he would complain of the enormous expense of his household, occasioned by his having three wives. One he had married because he loved her, another because she wanted to marry him, and the third he had bought at Trebizond for twenty thousand piastres. He was obliged to keep thirty servants, ten for each wife, and the three dames, he gave us to understand, were not particularly harmonious in their mutual relations. Thereupon the Bey sighed, and, I have no doubt, wished he was a Frank.

We touched at Santa Maura, the capital of Leucadia. A single palm-tree and some chimneys rose above the heavy Venetian walls of the town, which frown defiance at the old Turkish fortress across the strait. The island appears to be well cultivated; we sailed for several hours under its western shore, which falls in steep masses of pale red rock to the sea. Sappho's Leap, of course, was the great point of interest. It is a precipice about two hundred feet in height, near the southern extremity of the island, and, I should judge, well adapted for the old lady's purpose. I must confess that, in spite of Sappho's genius—and I believe her to be the only genuine female poet for two thousand

years before and after her time—her theatrical death does not move me now. It once did. At the age of seventeen, I wrote a poem, wildly thrilling and full of gushing pathos, on "The Death of Sappho." Of course, I represented her as a young and beautiful girl. But it makes a difference, when you know that she was old enough to be Phaon's mother, and that, although Alcæus sings of her as the "violet-haired and sweetly-smiling Sappho," the probability is that she was sallow, scraggy, and ill-favored, as are all Grecian women at the age of fifty.

The fact is, the mist of antiquity enlarges, glorifies, and transfigures everything. As it was in the days of Solon and Pisistratus, so it is now. The Heroic Age is far behind us; the race of demigods has disappeared from the earth. Perhaps it is as well that the Past is so doubtful, that we look upon its figures as on the procession of a marble frieze, not applying to them the littleness of our own everyday life. We should else lose somewhat of our veneration for them, and thereby, for what is noble in our own time. Plato in patent-leather boots—and yet, no doubt, Plato conformed to the petty fashions of his time—would not be for us the honey-lipped sage of the Academy. Every man of those old Greeks had his faults, his jealousies, his sins—not less than our own, but rather more. The historic interest attaching to a place, is one thing; the emotion which it inspires in the traveller's mind, is another. When the latter does not come unsought, it is a pitiful hypocrisy to counterfeit it, and I therefore promise the reader, that, as I do not consider the ancient Greeks a whit better than the Anglo-Saxons, although in specialities they obtained a

higher development, I shall concern myself with them as little as possible.

Cephalonia now rose before us, with the steep, blue hills of Ithaca on the left, and at sunset we were at anchor in the spacious Gulf of Argostoli. The town is built along one side of a circular bay, and makes a very pretty appearance from the water. Here we landed Col. Talbot, the Resident of the island, a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman, who appears to be quite popular among the natives. During the night we touched at Zante, and by sunrise lay at anchor off Missolonghi, renowned through the names of Bozzaris and Byron. The bay is so shallow that large vessels cannot approach nearer than four or five miles, owing to which cause we were unable to go ashore. The town is built on level, marshy ground, at the foot of the Acarnanian Mountains, yet, in spite of its situation, it is said to be quite healthy. Among our passengers was a native of Missolonghi, a gigantic Greek, by the name of "George," the avant-courier of a Russian nobleman. He remembered Byron in his Greek costume, very well. His father was killed during the siege, himself, mother, and sisters taken by the Egyptians and sent as slaves to Cairo, whence they only escaped after seven years' servitude. After serving as courier for many years, he had come back to Missolonghi to settle, and had laid out his earnings in a currant plantation; which speculation, on account of the vine-sickness and heavy rains, turned out so badly that he was obliged to go back to his old business. He looked like an honest fellow, and in spite of his extreme obsequiousness and constant use of "*gnädiger herr*" (which came

from having lived in Vienna), I agreed to employ him until we should get settled in Athens.

On the southern or Achaïan shore of the Gulf of Corinth, sixteen miles distant, is Patras, one of the most flourishing ports in Greece. The mediæval town, as well as the broad, rich plain behind it, were completely laid waste by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha, and only the fortress, which crowns a steep height, and from which the Greeks never were able to dislodge the Turkish garrison, even when all the rest of the Morea was in their own hands, has been spared. From its walls, on the warm, cloudless afternoon of our visit, we overlooked the beautiful Achaïan plain, whose olive orchards, barely old enough to give a faint, silvery gleam to the landscape, showed how complete the desolation had been. At our feet lay the white, bustling, new town, a very hive of industry; then the dark, dazzling purple of the Gulf, beyond which the stupendous headlands of Kakiscala and Arássova rose like colossal pyramids.

At Patras, I set foot, for the first time, on the mainland of Greece, and nowhere could a stranger receive a more favorable impression of Modern Hellas. The streets are broad, regular, and kept in very good order, the houses comfortable and substantial, the bazaars crowded, and the shops of the mechanics, open to the street, present a succession of busy pictures. Few idlers were to be seen; even the shoemaker was putting out a row of soles to dry, in the principal street, and some ropemakers were reeling in another. Meeting the Bey, who was walking about in state, followed at a respectful distance by his attendants, we invited him to accompany us to a garden outside

the town, whither George proposed conducting us. The unusual procession attracted a number of spectators, and we were followed by a large crowd of boys to the outskirts of Patras. The garden was of considerable extent, and filled with superb orange and lemon trees, boughs of which were broken and laid before us. The attendants brought a table, the Bey lit his pipe, and three of the delights of the Orient—shade, smoke, and verdure—were at once supplied. In an arbor near us were a party of Greeks, the gentlemen in crimson jackets and leggings and snowy fustanellas, and the ladies in the coquettish little fez, with its golden tassel, which gives such a charm to black eyes and black hair.

The next morning we passed between the fortresses of Morea and Roumelia, touched at Lepanto (the ancient Naupactus), and found ourselves fairly within that long, land-locked gulf, whose shores are mountains of immortal name. The day was of a crystalline clearness, and the long, rhythmical undulations, the grouped or scattered peaks of those interlinking mountain-chains, which seem to have arisen, like the walls of Thebes, to the sound of music, were as clearly and delicately cut upon the blue plane of the air as the figures of a frieze of Phidias. As we stood across towards Vostitza, the snowy hump of Parnassus rose above his tawny, barren buttresses, crowning the Dorian hills. Further eastward, the faintly-streaked summit of Helicon, whose base thrust a bold headland into the gulf; still further, floating in the dimmest distance, Cithæron, and on the southern shore, before us, the wild, dark masses of the Erymanthian hills, sloping away towards the white

cone of Cyllene, whose forests sheltered the young Jupiter. Apart from the magic of these names, the Corinthian Gulf is a noble piece of water, deep, sheltered, and with few impediments to navigation. But how deserted! During the day we spent in traversing its whole length, crossing twice from shore to shore, we did not see three vessels. At Galaxidi, near the foot of Parnassus, however, ship-building is carried on to some extent, the wood being brought down from the Dorian forests. The Greek vessels are all very small, and the largest of those on the stocks at Galaxidi would not exceed two hundred tons.

By sunset, we were anchored at Lutraki, on the Isthmus of Corinth, at the foot of a spur of the Geranean Hills. Corinth and its grand acropolis lay to the south, eight or ten miles distant, guarding the entrance into the Peloponnesus; the Nemean Hills, the boundary of Argos, rose duskily in the rear. A chilly *tramontana*, or northwind, was blowing, and the barren, rocky, desolate shore suggested Norway rather than Greece. Notwithstanding Lutraki is the port of transit for the western side of the Isthmus, which is here only four or five miles in breadth, the place consists of just three houses. A warm mineral spring, with decided healing properties, gushes out of the earth, on the shore of the Gulf, but nobody can make use of it, because there is no house erected, and no possibility of getting a bed or a meal in the whole town. That evening, at dinner, the Greeks told us how the road across the isthmus is guarded with troops, because only two years previous sixty thousand drachmas (\$10,000) belonging to the Government were taken by robbers. Also, that the

same gentlemen had quite recently entered Corinth, plundered the house of a merchant and carried off his little son whom they retained in the mountains until the father raised an immense ransom. I began to find my respect for Modern Greece rapidly diminishing.

The next morning we were transported across the isthmus in shabby, second-hand carriages. The country is a wilderness, overgrown with mastic, sage, wild olive, and the pale green Isthmian pine. Companies of soldiers, in grey Bavarian uniforms, guarded the road. The highest part of the isthmus is not more than a hundred feet above the sea, and it is estimated that a ship canal could be cut through for about two millions of dollars. Kalamaki, on the eastern side, is a miserable little village, with this advantage over Lutraki, that it possesses a khan. The steamer from Piræus, which was to take us thither, had not arrived, and towards noon the pangs of hunger compelled us to visit this khan. We found the Greek passengers already assembled there, and regaling themselves on the various delicacies displayed at the door. There were fish of various kinds, swimming in basins of rancid oil, but they had been cooked two or three days previous, and were not to be eaten. We had more success with the bread, but the wine resembled a mixture of vinegar and tar, and gripped the stomach with sharp claws. The appearance of the cheese, which was packed into the skin of a black hog, who lay on his back with his snout and four feet in the air, and a deep gash in his belly, in order to reach the doubtful composition, was quite sufficient. We at last procured a few eggs and some raw onions, both of

which are protected by nature from the contact of filthy hands, and therefore cannot be so easily spoiled.

I went into some of the rooms of the khan, which offered simply bare walls, a dirty floor, and no window, for the accommodation of travellers. An Albanian Greek and his wife, who took their breakfast in one of these rooms, were obliged to pay half a dollar for the use thereof. The Albanian had been for some years settled in Athens, where he was doing business as a small shopkeeper. At length, he felt the need of a wife, and, true to the clannish spirit of the Greeks, went off to his native Janina to procure one. There were plenty of better educated and handsomer women in Athens, but he preferred the stout mass of health, stupidity, and pitiable ignorance which he was taking home, because she belonged to his own tribe. I do not suppose she ever before wore a Christian dress, or ate otherwise than with her fingers, and he was obliged to look after and assist her, as if she had been a three-years-old child. In the morning, he superintended her toilette, helping her to wash and dress herself; at table, he placed the food upon her plate and showed her how to eat it; and he never dared to leave her for a moment through the day, lest she should make some absurd mistake. I admired his unremitting care and patience, no less than her perfect reliance on his instructions. In fact, it was quite touching at times to see her questioning, half-frightened look say to him: "What must I do now?" If he sought a healthy mother for his children, he certainly found one, but I suspect that is about the only advantage he will derive from his union with her.

It was noon before we embarked, and a violent north wind retarded our slow old steamer. We ran across the Saronic Gulf, between the islands of Salamis and Egina, catching a glimpse of Megara on the right, while the Acropolis of Corinth sank and grew dim behind us. But everybody knows the letter of Sulpicius to Cicero, rhymed by Byron, and I shall not quote it again. On Egina I saw, in the last rays of the setting sun, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. Turning to one of the Greeks on board (an ex-member of the Legislature of the Ionian Islands), I pointed it out to him. "Ah," said he, "I did not know there was a temple there!"—and yet, thence came the Eginetan marbles. As we turned the corner of Salamis, the Acropolis of Athens detached itself from the shadows wrapping the base of Hymettus, and shone with a beckoning gleam. In half an hour more, it was dark. The wind blew fiercely, the moon shone cold, and we moved slowly into the harbor of the Piræus.

The competition of the boatmen was something frightful. George, however, shielded us, and in the course of time we landed with our baggage. Lumbering carriages were in waiting to take us to Athens. Nobody called for passports, and a huge official, with baggy island trowsers and a smiling, rotund face, turned his back when our trunks were brought ashore, in consideration of the moderate fee of sixteen cents.

Now we set off for Athens, shivering in the sharp wind, and looking out on either hand on bare, bleak fields, lighted by the full moon. After an hour, some olive-trees appeared, and we crossed the Cephissus; then bare fields again,

bleaker and colder than ever. At last the ground became more uneven, broke into detached hills on our right, over which towered the Acropolis—there was no mistaking that—and we recognised without difficulty, the Hill of the Nymphs, the Areopagus, and the Museion. Now commenced the town itself—low, shabby houses, streets lighted only by the moon. Here, thought I, is a terrible disenchantment. Can anything be more forlorn and desolate? The chill, grey hue of all things, the bareness and bleakness of our approach, the appearance of the modern town, the cold, piercing air, made, all together, the most disheartening impression upon me.

But when we got into Hermes street, and thence to our hotel (*de l'Orient*), things looked much more cheerful and promising. Once inside that edifice, we forgot our disappointment—forgot Athens, indeed—for a Christmas dinner awaited us, and there were other places and other people to be remembered.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ACROPOLIS.

Our first Athenian day was bright and fair, and what we saw during a walk to the temple of Jupiter Olympus was entirely sufficient to remove the chill impression of the previous night. There are few towns of its size in the world as lively as Athens. We saw almost the worst of it on entering from the Piræus. All the northern portion, which is newer, is very substantially built, and has a comfortable air of growth and improvement. As half the population may be said to live out of doors, the principal streets are always thronged, and the gorgeous raiment of the dandy palikars brightens and adorns them amazingly. It is not the Orient, by a great deal; yet it is far removed from the soberness of Europe. Indeed, the people speak of Europe as a continent outside of Greece. Neither is Athens particularly Greek, with its French fashions and German architecture. It is simply gay, bizarre, fantastic—a salad in which many heterogeneous substances combine to form a palatable whole.

I found one old friend—François, the false Janissary, the intrepid guide, the armed confronter of robbers, and the enthusiastic spouter of Homer, whose mingled wit, activity, intelligence, and ferocity, have been described at length by the Countess de Gasparin, the Rev. Dr. Strauss, and your humble servant. The day after our arrival, his Albanian nose and formidable moustache entered my room, followed by himself and his voice of surprise and welcome. As a natural consequence, he was booked as the future companion of our Hellenic journeys, and we took up our quarters in his house. Through him, I at once procured from Pittakys, the Conservator of Antiquities, a ticket of admission to the Acropolis, and we devoted the next day to our first visit.

Fortunately—as so much of one's satisfaction depends on the luck of his first impression—the day was a gift from heaven; not a wind blowing, not a cloud floating, and so warm that we threw open all our windows. Hymettus, Corydallus, and Parnes melted into vapory purple in the distance, but the nearer hills shone clear against the bluest of Grecian skies. François came at noon to accompany us. All Athens was in the streets, and the crimson jackets and clean white fustanellas of the palikars sparkled far and near through the dismal throng of Frank dresses. We passed down Hermes street to the outskirts of the city, in order first to visit the Temple of Theseus. This edifice, the best-preserved of all ancient temples, stands on a mound at the foot of the Areopagus, on its western side, overlooking part of the modern city. Its outer colonnade of Doric pillars, tinted with a rich golden stain, is entire; the cella is for the most part so, and little but the roof is wanting. It is

small, but very beautiful, and with such a background!—the olive groves of the Academy, Colonos and Parnes.

Our way was through the depression between the Areopagus and the Pnyx, but François took us aside to show us the smooth, rocky slant on the Nymphaeon, down which the sterile dames of Athens were wont to slide, in order to remove their reproach. The pregnant women also performed the same ceremony, it is said, in order to ascertain the sex of the unborn child, through the inclination of the body to the right or left. It is an exposed steep plane of native rock, with a rough seat at the top, polished very thoroughly by the action of so much expectant maternity. F. seated himself and slid down, in order to show us how the act was performed, affirming that the belief still exists, and that many of the Athenian women of the present day continue the practice.

At last we had climbed the bare surface of the hill, and stood before the ancient entrance of the Acropolis—a sloping pylon, now closed by a wooden grating. An arched way through a Venetian wall on the right admitted us to a sort of ruinous terrace, overlooking the theatre of Herodes Atticus, which has recently been excavated down to the floor of the arena, and now shows its semicircular tiers of seats up to the topmost gallery. Here we stood directly under the south-western corner of the wall of the Acropolis, over the shoulder of which, like an ivory wedge in a field of lapis-lazuli, gleamed a corner of the pediment of the Parthenon. Who could stand looking down into a theatre of the time of Hadrian, when the Periclesian temple of Pallas Athene beckoned to him from the sky?

We turned back, climbed a little further, entered a gateway, exhibited our ticket (a month's permission to visit the Acropolis), and then passed through another wall to the broad marble staircase leading directly up to the Propylæa of the Acropolis. This staircase has been cleared of the rubbish of sixteen centuries, the dislodged stones have been partially replaced, and the work of restoration is gradually and carefully progressing, so that in the course of time the ancient entrance will be almost reconstructed. On the right hand, the steps for pedestrians remain in their original position, and in the centre are fragments of the inclined plane, roughened by parallel grooves, for the feet of horses and the wheels of chariots. Above us, tenderly enshrined in the blue air, rose the beautiful Doric pillars of the Propylæa, bereft of capital and architrave, but scarcely needing such a crown to perfect their exquisite symmetry.

"You are now going up the same steps where Pericles walked," said François. Not only Pericles, but the curled Alcibiades, the serene Plato, the unshaken Socrates, the divine Phidias, Sophocles and Æschylus, Herodotus and Themistocles, and—but why mention names, when the full sunshine of that immortal era streams upon our pathway? And what is it to me that they have walked where I now walk? Let me not be wheedled out of my comfortable indifference by the rhythmic ringing of such names. The traveller comes here expecting to be impressed by the associations of the spot, and by a strong effort he succeeds in impressing himself. Repeat the same names for him elsewhere, and he will produce the same effect. But for me, I am hardened against conventional sentiment; I have

seen too much to be easily moved; I can resist the magic of ancient memories, no matter how classic. What is it to me that Pericles walked up these steps—that the gilded robes of Aspasia swept these Pentelican slabs—that Phidias saw the limbs of a god in the air, or Sophocles chanted a chorus as he walked? They were men, and I am a man, too—probably in many respects as good as they. Had I lived in their time, I should no doubt have looked upon them without the least awe—have slapped them on the back, and invited them to dinner. Now why should their ghosts shake me with weak emotion, and rob me of my cool judgment? No. I shall be indifferent.

So meditating, I walked up the steps. When we reached the first range of pillars stretched across the stairway, and came upon the level of the abutments which project on either hand, we stopped. On the end of the right terrace stands the little temple of *Nike Apteros*, or Wingless Victory, which has been recovered, piece by piece, and re-erected in its original form. Opposite to it is a massive square pedestal, twenty feet high, on which once stood, according to antiquarian surmise, equestrian statues of the sons of Xenophon. The little temple is a jewel of a structure not half so large as that of Vesta at Rome, and consists only of a cella with four Ionic columns at each end. Nevertheless, it lightens wonderfully the heavy masses of masonry against which it stands, and though neither in the lines of its erection, nor in any other important respect, harmonizing with the colonnades of the Propylæa, I defy any one to show wherein it does not harmonize with the general impression produced by this majestic front. I restrained

my impatience awhile, to view it, and was well repaid by the sight of the bas-relief of Victory untying her sandals, the conjectured work of Phidias.

The pillared portal, one colonnade rising above another, as the rock ascends, now received us. Capitals and architraves are gone, except those of the last rank, and huge blocks of the superb marble lie heaped in the passages between the columns. Beautiful as these are, lightly as their tapering stems rise against the blue vault, the impression created by the Propylæa is cheerful and elevating. And when you turn, looking down through the fluted vista, over the Areopagus, over the long plain of the Cephissus, shimmering silverly with the olive groves of the Academy, to the pass of Daphne and the blue hills of Salamis, you feel no longer the desolation of ruin, but inhale, with quiet enjoyment, the perfect harmony of the picture.

The Propylæa still form a portal which divides two worlds. You leave modern and mediæval associations behind you, and are alone with the Past. Over the ramparts of the Acropolis, you see no more of the mountains or the distant Ægean islands than the oldest Greek—large outlines, simple tints, and no object distinct enough to tell whether it be modern or ancient. The last of the portals is passed: you are on the summit alone with the Parthenon. You need no pointing finger: your eye turns, instinctively, to where it stands. Over heaps of ruin, over a plain buried under huge fragments of hewn and sculptured marble—drums of pillars, pedestals, capitals, cornices, friezes, triglyphs, and sunken panel-work—a wilderness of mutilated Art—it rises between you and the sky, which forms its only

background, and against which every scar left by the infidel generations shows its gash. Broken down to the earth in the middle, like a ship which has struck and parted, with the roof, cornices, and friezes mostly gone, and not a column unmutilated; and yet with the tawny gold of two thousand years staining its once spotless marble, sparkling with snow-white marks of shot and shell, and with its soaring pillars imbedded in the dark-blue ether (and here the sky seems blue only because they need such a background), you doubt for a moment whether the melancholy of its ruin, or the perfect and majestic loveliness which shines through that ruin, is most powerful.

I did not stop to solve this doubt. Once having looked upon the Parthenon, it was impossible to look elsewhere, and I drew nearer and nearer, finding a narrow lane through the chaos of fragments piled almost as high as my head, until I stood below the western front. I looked up at the Doric shafts, colossal as befitted the shrine of a goddess, yet tender and graceful as flower-stems, upholding without effort the massive entablature and the shattered pediment, in one corner of which two torsos alone remain of all the children of Phidias, and—to my confusion I must confess it—all my fine resolves were forgotten. I was seized with an overpowering mixture of that purest and loftiest admiration which is almost the same thing as love, and of unmitigated grief and indignation. Well—consider me a fool if you like—but, had I been alone, I should have cast myself prone upon the marble pavement, and exhausted, in some hysterical way, the violence of this unexpected passion. As it was, I remained grimly silent, not venturing

to speak, except when François, pointing to the despoiled pediment, said: "All the other statues were carried away by Lord Elgin." The strong Anglo-Saxon expression I then made use of, in connexion with Lord Elgin's name, was not profane, under such provocation, and was immediately pardoned by the woman at my side.

We ascended the steps to the floor of the temple, walked over its barren pavement past the spot where stood the statue of ivory and gold, past the traces of hideous Byzantine frescoes, to the centre, where the walls and colonnades on either hand are levelled to the very floor, and sat down in the marble chairs of the ancient priests, to contemplate the wreck in silence. Oh, unutterable sorrow!—for all the ages to come can never restore the glory which has here been destroyed. Ye may smile, ye yet unshaken columns, secure in your immortality of beauty, but ye cannot take away the weight of that reproach uttered by your fallen brethren. Man built them, man ruined them, but he can no more recreate them than he can rebeget the child which he has lost. In their perfect symmetry was solved the enigma of that harmony which is the very being of God and the operation of His laws. These blocks of sunny marble were piled upon each other to the chorus of the same song which the seasons sing in their ordered round, and the planets in their balanced orbits. The cheerful gods are dethroned; the rhythmic pulsations of the jubilant religion which inspired this immortal work have died away, and Earth will never see another Parthenon.

The air was perfectly still, the sky calm as Summer overhead, and, as we sat in the marble chairs, we looked out

over the ruins and the parapet of the Acropolis, to the purple hills of Pentelicus and Parnes in the north and west, and to the Ægean Sea, flashing in the sunshine like a pavement of silver between the shores of Attica and Ægina Poros and Hydra, in the distance. The glorious landscape, bathed in all beautiful tints, and filling the horizon with swelling curves and long, vanishing outlines, wore that soothed and tranquil air which a day of Summer, falling suddenly in the lap of Winter, always brings with it. But there was no solace for me in the sunny repose of the Grecian world below. I sat in a temple dedicated to Eternal Sorrow—

“So beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self”—

and a grief, in which there was no particle of selfishness, overcame me. Is it egotism to mention these things? Or can I tell you what the Parthenon still is, better than by confessing how it impressed me? If you want feet and yards, cubic measure, history and architectural technicalities, you shall have them—but not to-day. Let me indulge my sacred fury!

After awhile, Braisted desperately lit a cigar, saying: “I must have something between my teeth, or I shall grind them to pieces. I would destroy all the later architecture of Europe, except the Duomo at Milan, to restore this.” So, almost, would I. For this is the true temple of Divinity. Its perfect beauty is the expression of love and joy, such as never yet dwelt in the groined arches of Gothic aisles, or the painted domes of Roman worship

But Ruskin says that Grecian architecture is atheistic, whispers a neophyte of the fashionable school. Then tell Ruskin, who is so sagacious in some things, so capricious in others, that, in endeavoring to be terse and original, he has simply been absurd. I will not say a word against the solemnities of Gothic Art, which he declares to be the only religious form of architecture; but I ask, is there no joy, no cheerfulness, no comfort, no hopeful inspiration, in our religion? If there is, God has no better temple on earth than the Parthenon.

Atheistic? Prove it, and you glorify Atheism. You may take models of the Parthenon, at home, you may take drawings and photographs, and build up any super-transcendental theory out of such materials. Then come here, stand in the midst of its ruin, listen to the august voice which yet speaks from these sunburnt marbles, and unless you be one of those narrow souls who would botanize upon his mother's grave, you will fall down upon your knees and repent of your sins.

I thought all these thoughts, and a thousand more, while sitting in the marble chair, fronting the vacant pavement of the sanctuary of Pallas Athene. I did not care for the dethroned Pallas, nor her dead worshippers; I thought not of myself nor my race, of Greeks or Americans, of 400 B.C. or 1857 A.D. I was possessed with the spirit of the glorious temple around and above me. And the reflection came, involuntarily: Are not the triumphs of human art the sublimest praises of Him who created the human mind? What conceptions of a Deity guided the hand which daubed yonder barbarous frescoes, and that which raised these

perfect pillars? What ancient or modern Saint dares to sneer at *Heathen* Greece, where Socrates spake, and Phidias chiselled, and Ictinus built, glorifying God through the glory of Man for all time to come?

We walked slowly away, and looked down from the northern rampart upon modern Athens, the whole of which lay spread out beneath our feet. It was a depressing—I had almost said disgusting—sight. A company of dirty Greeks were gambling in the street at the foot of the Acropolis; the bells were ringing in the churches, and some bearded priests, with candles in their hands, were chanting nasally and dismally, in slow procession; still further, shabby fiacres moving to and fro, slovenly soldiers in German uniforms, country people with laden asses, and beggars by the wayside. The King's Palace shone bald and broad at the foot of Mount Lycabettus, and the new portion of the city, with its square German houses, stretched scatteringly away over the brown swells, until the eye passed it to rest, relieved, on the olive orchards of Colonos and the fair blue gorges of Mount Parnes.

We went through and around the Erechtheion, and then slowly picked our way through the wilderness of ruin to the Propylæa again. But, as I descended the steps of the Acropolis, I remembered who had walked there—not Pericles, nor Plato, nor Æschylus, nor Demosthenes—but Ictinus, the builder, and Phidias, the sculptor of the Parthenon.

CHAPTER V.

WINTER LIFE IN ATHENS.

Our first week in Athens was spent at the Hotel d'Orient, whose large, dreary, uncomfortable apartments we were glad to leave. The nominal cost of living at this establishment is ten francs a day, for which, however, one only receives a bed and two meals, the latter neither choice nor plentiful. Everything else is an extra charge, at the highest possible rates. Our little fire was kept alive with bits of ancient olive-tree roots, at the rate of a franc and a half the basketful. The landlord and servants endeavored to make up for their awkwardness and neglect by a cringing obsequiousness, which only rendered them more disagreeable. The other Athenian hotels, I understand, are conducted on the same principle. Like all other establishments of the kind in the Orient, they are probably good enough in Summer, when fresh air is the traveller's greatest luxury.

At the end of eight days we migrated to the *pandocheion* of François, in a pleasant situation near the University

Here we found less pretentious and more comfortable apartments, and equally good meals, at a reasonable price. The doors and windows were shaky and admitted the wind, it is true, but our sitting-room fronted the south (with a view of the Acropolis and the Areopagus), and could be kept warm without more labor or expense than would be required for an entire dwelling at home. Our principal anxiety was, that the supply of fuel, at any price, might become exhausted. We burned the olive and the vine, the cypress and the pine, twigs of rose-trees and dead cabbage-stalks, for aught I know, to feed our one little sheet-iron stove. For full two months we were obliged to keep up our fire from morning until night. Know ye the land of the cypress and myrtle, where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine? Here it is, with almost snow enough in the streets for a sleighing party, with the Ilissus frozen, and with a tolerable idea of Lapland, when you face the gusts which drive across the Cephissian plain.

As the other guests were Greek, our mode of living was similar to that of most Greek families. We had coffee in the morning, a substantial breakfast about noon, and dinner at six in the evening. The dishes were constructed after French and Italian models, but the meat is mostly goat's flesh. Beef, when it appears, is a phenomenon of toughness. Vegetables are rather scarce. Cow's milk, and butter or cheese therefrom, are substances unknown in Greece. The milk is from goats or sheep, and the butter generally from the latter. It is a white, cheesy material, with a slight flavor of tallow. The wine, when you get it unmixed with resin, is very palatable. We drank that of

Santorin, with the addition of a little water, and found it an excellent beverage. There are also three German breweries in Athens, which produce Bavarian beer. Last and not least, the water, especially that of the fountain of Callirhoë, is delicious.

The other inmates of our house consisted of a Servian Greek, with his family, from Thessalonica, and three Greek ladies from Constantinople. They were all wealthy persons, and probably good specimens of the Greeks of their class. Two of the ladies received their education in Mrs. Hill's school, and spoke French passably well. The Servian was an amiable fellow, devoted to his wife, whom he had brought to Athens for her health, but who lay for weeks at the point of death. She had her bedroom scrubbed soon after our arrival, and slept in it immediately afterward. Besides spending the coldest of the winter nights in prayer in a church, her husband brought a couple of priests every day to help her by the chanting of nasal liturgies. Once they came in the middle of the night to administer the sacrament to her. As the poor woman survived her spiritual treatment, the material remedies administered to her must have been of remarkable efficacy. Although her complaint was simply an inflammation of the lungs, the three Fanariote ladies finally left the house, through dread of an infection. During their stay, they never appeared at breakfast, their custom being to remain in a loose undress until evening. They generally lay in bed until noon, and Theodori, the chamber-man, carried in the dishes to them. The afternoon was devoted to dress, and the evening to cards. Their faces were daily brightened by a new coat

of paint (an almost universal practice among the Greek ladies), and one of them, who was a widow for the second time, was confined to her room two days every fortnight, by an illness, from which she always recovered with an astonishingly jet-black head of hair.

Our intercourse, however, was mainly with the foreign residents, and our Greek acquaintances were made, for the most part, at their houses. The latter have the reputation of being rather clannish, and do not open their doors readily to strangers, though Mr. Hill, Dr. King, and others who have resided in Athens for many years, are on intimate social terms with many Greek families. Whatever the cause may be, there is certainly more reserve exhibited towards foreigners than in most other countries in Europe. The contrast with Sweden and Norway, in this respect, is very great. I made the acquaintance of a number of Greek gentlemen, but very few of them asked me to visit them at their houses.

There is nothing particularly Greek in the physiognomy of Athens. The houses of the better sort are German in outward appearance, while the poorer dwellings resemble those of the Italian villages. A few squat, ancient churches, which have a mellow flavor of the Lower Empire, remain here and there, and the new ones are likewise Byzantine, but of a plainer and less picturesque stamp. The only modern building which has any pretensions to architectural beauty is the University. It is a low structure, well-proportioned, and with an inclosed portico of Pentelican marble, the pillars of which are finely relieved against the soft neutral-orange stain of the inner wall. The old Turkish

town was built close against the foot of the Acropolis, on the northern side. Scarcely a single building was left standing at the close of the Revolution, and only a mosque or two (now appropriated to other uses) remain in anything like their former state. The new town has stretched itself northward to the foot of Mount Lycabettus, and north-westward across the plain toward Colonos. For some years, apparently, nothing was done toward regulating and improving the streets, and they present the same tangled labyrinth as in most Oriental towns. The newer portions of the city, however, are well laid out, with broad, handsome streets, and spacious main avenues, converging to the palace as a centre. The city is intersected by two principal thoroughfares—Eolus street, which starts from the Temple of the Winds, at the foot of the Acropolis, and takes a straight course through the city to the plain of the Cephissus, and Hermes street, commencing in the middle of the square in front of the palace, and running south-westward to the foot of the hill on which the Temple of Theseus stands. The course of the latter street is broken in one place by an ancient church, around which it diverges in two arms, leaving the old, brown, charmingly-picturesque little building standing like an island in the midst. Above this interruption, its appearance, with the long white front of the king's palace closing the ascending vista, is astonishingly like that of the *Carl-Johansgade*, in Christiania. Athens is a little smaller than the latter capital, having at present about 30,000 inhabitants. It would be interesting to institute a series of comparisons between Norway and Greece, both new nations of nearly equal age, population, and

resources, but peopled with races of very different blood and character.

Except during the severely cold weather, Athens is as lively a town as may be. One-fourth of the inhabitants, I should say, are always in the streets, and many of the mechanics work, as is common in the Orient, in open shops. The coffee-houses of Beautiful Greece, the Orient, Olympus, Mars, &c., are always thronged, and every afternoon crowds may be seen on the Patissia Road—a continuation of Eolus street—where the King and Queen take their daily exercise on horseback. The national costume, both male and female, is gradually falling into disuse in the cities, although it is still universal in the country. The islanders adhere to their hideous dress with the greatest persistence. With sunrise the country people begin to appear in the streets with laden donkeys and donkey-carts, bringing wood, grain, vegetables, and milk, which they sell from house to house. Every morning you are awakened by the short, quick cry of “*gala! gala!*” (milk) followed, in an hour or two, by the droning announcement of “*anthomiró kai masti-i-i-ika!*” (mastic and orange-flower water). Venders of bread and coffee-rolls go about with circular trays on their heads, calling attention to their wares by loud and long-drawn cries. Later in the day, peddlers make their appearance, with packages of cheap cotton stuffs, cloth, handkerchiefs, and the like, or baskets of pins, needles, buttons, and tape. They proclaim loudly the character and price of their articles, the latter, of course, subject to negotiation. The same custom prevails as in Turkey, of demanding much more than the seller expects to get. Foreigners are generally fleeced

a little in the beginning, though much less so, I believe, than in Italy. Nevertheless, I cannot quite endorse the opinion expressed by Lord Carlisle and Professor Felton with regard to Grecian honesty.

I do not know why travellers should have said that there are few beggars in Athens. In reality, there are a great many, both stationary and itinerant. The former, of both sexes and all ages, sit at street corners and on the sunny side of walls, where they keep up an incessant exhortation to the passers-by, to give an alms for the sake of their souls, and those of all their relatives. I noticed that the Greeks very frequently give them a few *lepta*, sometimes with the remark that it is for their souls' sake. One of the beggars, a blind old man, who sits in Hermes street, was formerly a noted captain of pirates in the Archipelago. He lost his sight by the explosion of a package of cartridges, and now subsists on charity, while many of his comrades are rich and move in respectable society. The beggars who go from house to house are still more numerous, but equally successful in their business. The Greeks have this prominent virtue, that they care for their relatives who are in want, without considering it any particular merit.

The municipal government of Athens is perhaps a little more imperfect than that of New York. The Demarch is appointed by the King, out of three candidates chosen by electors, never with regard to his fitness for the office, but from his capacity to make a pliant tool of the Court. There are courts of justice, a police system, and regulations for houses, streets, &c.; but the main object of the government, as with our own city—until recently, at least—has

been the good of its members rather than that of the public. The streets are supposed to be lighted, but it is not safe to go beyond either of the two principal thoroughfares without carrying a lantern. There was a lamp opposite to our residence, which was usually lighted about midnight, after everybody had gone to bed. In our street, which was one of the broadest and finest in Athens, various excavations and levellings were carried on for two months, and at night there was neither a lamp nor a bar to prevent persons from falling into the pits. The Queen's Mistress of Ceremonies, Baroness Pluskow, while on her way to a ball at the Turkish Minister's, was precipitated, in her carriage, down a perpendicular bank three feet high, running across the road. The French Secretary of Legation, who, for safety, took the opposite side of the street, went down a still higher bank, broke his carriage, bruised his limbs, and lost all his decorations in the mud. This state of things favors the thieves who still abound in the city. Athens is no longer besieged by *barditti*, as it was about four years ago, but burglaries and highway robberies are frequent.

The Winter of 1857-8 was the severest in the memory of any inhabitant. For nearly eight weeks, we had an alternation of icy north-winds and snow-storms. The thermometer went down to 20° of Fahrenheit—a degree of cold which seriously affected the orange if not the olive trees. Winter is never so dreary as in those southern lands, where you see the palm-tree rocking despairingly in the biting gale, and the snow lying thick on the sunny fruit of the orange groves. As for the pepper trees, with their hanging tresses and their loose, misty foliage, which line the

broad avenues radiating from the palace, they were touched beyond recovery. The people, who could not afford to purchase wood or charcoal, at treble the usual price, even though they had hearths, which they have not, suffered greatly. They crouched at home, in cellars and basements, wrapped in rough capotes, or hovering around a *mangal*, or brazier of coals—the usual substitute for a stove. From Constantinople we had still worse accounts. The snow lay deep everywhere; charcoal sold at twelve piastres the *oka* (twenty cents a pound), and the famished wolves, descending from the hills, devoured people almost at the gates of the city. In Smyrna, Beyrout, and Alexandria, the Winter was equally severe, while in Odessa it was mild and agreeable, and in St. Petersburg there was scarcely snow enough for sleighing. All Northern Europe enjoyed a Winter as remarkable for warmth as that of the South for its cold. The line of division seemed to be about the parallel of latitude 45° . Whether this singular climatic phenomenon extended further eastward, into Asia, I was not able to ascertain. I was actually less sensitive to the cold in Lapland, during the previous winter, with the mercury frozen, than in Attica, within the belt of semi-tropical productions. It would be an interesting task for some one to collect and compare the meteorological records of that Winter, with a view of ascertaining the causes of these singular fluctuations of temperature.

CHAPTER VI.

A GREEK BAPTISM.

DURING my residence in Athens, I neglected no opportunities of witnessing the ceremonials of the Greek Church, especially those which are associated with the domestic life of the people. In the East, the sacraments of the Church have still their ancient significance. The people have made little or no spiritual progress in a thousand years, and many forms, which, elsewhere, are retained by the force of habit—their original meaning having long since been lost sight of—are still imbued with vital principle. They have, therefore, a special interest, as illustrations of the character and peculiar phases of the popular belief.

The Rev. John H. Hill—whose missionary labors in Greece, during the last thirty years, have made his name so well known to the Christian world—befriended me in every possible way, and I was indebted to him for the means of observing some features of Grecian life, not generally accessible to the curious traveller. So when, one windy morning in January, I received a note from him,

inviting us to attend the baptism of a child in a Greek family, I cast aside Grote, my Romaic grammar, and the unfinished letters for home, and set out for the Mission School. Æolus street, down which we walked, deserved its name. Icy blasts blew from the heights of Parnes and filled the city with clouds of dust. I should like to know whether Socrates and Alcibiades walked, bare-legged and bareheaded, wrapped only in the graceful folds of the chlamys, in such weather. The winter-wind of Athens bites through the thickest overcoat; and you look at the naked figures on the temple-friezes with a shudder. Those noble youths in the Panathenaic procession of the Parthenon, who bestride their broad-necked Thessalian horses, are very fine to behold; but give me pantaloons and thick stockings, rather than such unprotected anatomy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us to the residence of the happy parents, which was in the older part of the city, near the Temple of the Winds, and just under the Acropolis. The mother was a former pupil of the Mission School. She and a younger sister had been left orphans at an early age, and were taken and educated by Mrs. Hill. They inherited some property, which was in the charge of an uncle, who had succeeded in making away with the greater part of it, leaving the girls destitute. About a year and a half previous, a rich Athenian bachelor, of good character, applied to Mr. Hill for a wife, desiring to marry a girl who had been educated in his house. The elder of the sisters attracted him by her intelligence and her skill as a house-keeper, though she was far from beautiful, being deeply pitted with the small-pox. The result was that he married

her, took her sister also to live with him, and, through law suits which he instituted, recovered nearly all the property, out of which the two had been defrauded. This was a pleasant history in a world, and particularly in a land, where justice is not the rule; and we were glad of the chance to be present at the baptism of the first child.

The parents received us at the door. We were kindly welcomed, as friends of Mr. Hill, and ushered into a room where the other guests—all Greeks, and some thirty or forty in number—were already assembled. It was an Athenian room, without stove or fire-place, and warmed only with a brazier of coals. I therefore retained my overcoat, and found it still cold enough. Everything was in readiness for the ceremony, and the family had evidently been waiting for our arrival.

The priest, a tall, vigorous Macedonian—a married man, who had come to Athens to educate his sons—and the deacon, a very handsome young fellow, with dark olive complexion, and large languishing eyes, now prepared themselves by putting long embroidered collars over their gowns. They then made an altar of the chest of drawers, by placing upon it a picture of the Virgin, with lighted tapers on either side. Then a small table was brought into the centre of the room, as a pedestal for a tall, tri-forked wax-candle, representing the Trinity. A large brazen urn (the baptismal font) was next carried in, the priest's son, a boy of twelve, put coals and incense into the censer—and the ceremony began. The godfather, who was a venerable old gentleman, took his station in front of the font. Beside him stood the nurse, holding the babe, a lively boy

of six weeks old. Neither of the parents is allowed to be present during the ceremony.

After some preliminary chants and crossings—in the latter of which the whole company joined—the priest made the sign of the cross three times over the infant, blowing in its face each time. The object of this was to exorcise and banish from its body the evil spirits, which are supposed to be in possession of it up to the moment of baptism. The godfather then took it in his arms, and the Nicene Creed was thrice repeated—once by the deacon, once by the priest's son, and once by the godfather. A short liturgy followed; after which, the latter pronounced the child's name—"Apostolos"—which he had himself chosen. It is very important that the name should be mentioned to no one, not even the parents, until the moment of baptism: it must then be spoken for the first time.

The position of godfather, in Greece, also carries with it a great responsibility. In the two Protestant sects which still retain this beautiful custom, it is hardly more than a form, complimentary to the person who receives the office, but no longer carrying with it any real obligation. Among the Greeks, however, it is a relation to which belong legally acknowledged rights and duties, still further protected by all the sanction which the Church can confer. The godfather has not only the privilege of paying the baptismal expenses, and presenting the accustomed mug and spoon, but he stands thenceforth in a spiritual relationship to the family, which has all the force of a connexion by blood. For instance, he is not permitted to marry into the family within the limits of consanguinity prohibited by the Church

—which extend as far as the *ninth* degree, whatever that may be. He also watches over the child with paternal care, and in certain cases, his authority transcends even that of the parents.

The priest and deacon put on embroidered stoles (rather the worse for wear), and the former rolled up his sleeves. Basins of hot and cold water were poured into the font, and stirred together until a proper temperature was obtained. The water was then consecrated by holding the Bible over it, blowing upon it to expel the demons, dividing it with the hand in the form of a cross nine times (three apiece for each person of the Trinity), and various other mystical ceremonies, accompanied with nasal chanting. The censer—now puffing a thick cloud of incense, was swung toward the Virgin, then toward us, and then the other guests in succession—each one acknowledging the compliment by an inclination of the head.

A bottle of oil was next produced, and underwent the same process of consecration as the water. The priest first poured some of it three times into the font, in the form of a cross, and then filled the godfather's hollow hand, which was extended to receive it. The infant, having been, meanwhile, laid upon the floor and stripped, was taken up like a poor, unconscious, wriggling worm as it was, and anointed by the priest upon the forehead, breast, elbows, knees, palms of the hands, and soles of the feet. Each lubrication was accompanied by an appropriate blessing, until every important part of the body had been redeemed from the evil powers. The godfather then used the child as a towel, wiping his oily hands upon it, after which the priest placed it in the font.

The little fellow had been yelling lustily up to this time, but the bath soothed and quieted him. With one hand the priest poured water plentifully upon his head, then lifted him out and dipped him a second time. But instead of effusion it was this time complete immersion. Placing his hand over the child's mouth and nose, he plunged it completely under, three times in succession. The Greek Christians skilfully avoid the vexed question of "sprinkling or immersion," on which so much breath has been vainly spent, by combining both methods. If a child three times sprinkled and three times dipped, is not sufficiently baptized, the ordinance had better be set aside.

The screaming and half-strangled babe was laid on a warm cloth; and while the nurse dried the body, the priest cut four bits of hair from the top of his head (in the form of a cross, of course), and threw them into the font. A gaudy dress of blue and white, with a lace cap—the godfather's gift—was then produced, and the priest proceeded to clothe the child. It was an act of great solemnity, accompanied by a short service, wherein each article assumed a spiritual significance. Thus: "I endow thee with the coat of righteousness," and on went the coat; "I crown thee with the cap of grace," and he put it on; "I clothe thee with the shirt of faith," etc. This terminated the ceremony, so far as the little Christian was concerned. He was now quiet enough; and in a few minutes afterwards, I saw him sleeping the sleep of peace in the next room.

A hymn of praise and thanksgiving, interspersed with the reading of chapters from the Bible, was still necessary,

and lasted some fifteen or twenty minutes longer. In order to save time, the priest commenced washing his hands in the baptismal font, with a huge piece of brown soap, chanting lustily all the while. He was so little embarrassed by the solemnity of the occasion, that he cried out: "Oh, you fool!" in the middle of a prayer, to the boy who offered him a towel. This mixture of sacred and profane things is not unusual in the convenient Christianity of the East. I once heard something very similar to it on board an ocean steamer, during the prevalence of the cholera. The captain, who officiated at the burial of a poor fireman, read the service with one eye, while he looked after the men with the other, and the sacred text was interpolated with his orders and remarks, in this wise: "And now (Steady there!) we commit the body of our deceased shipmate to the deep. (Let go!) Our Father, who art in Heaven (Lubberly done!), hallowed be Thy name," etc.

At last the ceremonies were over, much to our satisfaction—for we began to be heartily tired. The font was carried out, after the godfather had washed his hands in it; the bureau, the image of the Virgin being removed, became a bureau again; the Trinitarian candle was extinguished, and the old Bibles, stoles, and collars tied up in a sheet. The parents were now allowed to enter the room, and receive the congratulations of the guests. They looked proud and happy, with the knowledge that their little Apostolos was cleansed of the hereditary taint of sin, and rescued from the power of the devil. The father produced a dish containing a quantity of the smallest Greek silver coins, each pierced and tied with a bit of blue

ribbon, and presented one to each guest, as a souvenir of the occasion. Then followed the usual course of refreshments—first, a jar of jelly, accompanied with glasses of water; then, cakes and almond-milk. In the old families, the jelly is often served with a single spoon, which each guest is obliged to use in turn—rather an ordeal to a stranger, until he becomes accustomed to it. We, however, were furnished with separate spoons and glasses, much to our satisfaction.

By this time the heavy canopy which stretched from Hymettus across to Parnes, spanning the plain of Attica, had broken into a storm of mingled snow and rain, and the solitary palm beside the Temple of the Winds wrestled despairingly with the wintry gusts. Snow upon palm-trees makes the same impression upon you as gray hair upon the head of a child. We returned home in a carriage, piled the roots of olives, and the shaggy, faun-like arms of grapevines upon our expensive fire, and sat down again to Grote, Leake, Mure, and Modern Greek.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURT OF KING OTHO.

THE Grecian Court, though rigidly hedged about with the stiffest German etiquette, is nevertheless easily accessible to strangers. I therefore asked for a presentation, in order that I might attend the Winter balls at the Palace, which furnish much the best opportunity of seeing the Greeks of the present day. The preliminary formalities were easily arranged. Our Consul, the Rev. Dr. King, called on the Grand Marshal of the Palace, Notaras, one morning, and the same afternoon I received an invitation to the New Year's ball.

As, according to the etiquette of larger Courts, which is strictly copied in this little one, a Consul cannot present strangers, this duty is performed by the Grand Marshal, whom, therefore, it was necessary that I should previously know. A company of Americans, some four or five years ago, made themselves ridiculous, by asking for a presentation, and then staying away at the appointed hour, on the childish plea that this regulation was intended as a national

insult. Dr. King was kind enough to accompany me to the Palace, where we were ushered into the Grand Marshal's chamber—a large, bare room, with a table, sofa, and half-a-dozen chairs, scarcely warmed by a fire of olive-
oats. Notaras is a large, heavy man, of about sixty, with prominent eyes, a broad face, and thick lips. He wore the fustanella, and a jacket covered with silver embroidery. Singularly enough, for a person holding his office, he does not understand any language but Greek. He explained to me, through the medium of Dr. King, what was necessary for me to do. "Come to the Palace," said he, "go where you see the others go, and when the King and Queen come in, get into the circle around them. Then, when the time for presentation arrives, I will do so, (making a sign with his hand), and you will step forward." All this was clear and satisfactory, and we departed.

Dr. King had stated in his note that I had travelled extensively and was the author of some books. It was intimated by the Marshal that he would do well to send a list of the same to the Palace. At his request, therefore, I furnished such a list, in French, the purpose of which I ascertained when the time for presentation arrived. I could not but wonder how much of the reputation which an author fancies he has achieved is made up in this way. You meet with Dr. Pitkins at a party, on a steamboat, or anywhere else. Somebody whispers to you: "He is the author of a work on the dramatic poetry of the Tartars." By-and-by you are introduced to him: you start a literary topic, and soon take occasion to say, "Your Tartar studies, Dr. Pitkins, make you an authority on the subject." Of

course, the Dr. is delighted to find that his fame has gone before him, and, if he accepts your invitation to call upon you, will find a copy of his work, three pages of which you have read, conspicuously displayed upon your parlor-table. Now, I was perfectly aware that King Otho knew no more of me or my books than of the Cherokee language, and when he said, "We have heard of you as a great traveller," etc., was neither surprised nor flattered, and was polite enough not to suggest whence his information had been derived.

As the ordinary full dress of European society is sufficient for admittance into the Palace, there was no further difficulty. The company were directed to assemble at a quarter before nine, but as all Athens was invited, and the city furnished but one carriage to every ten guests, I was obliged to go early, so that the same vehicle might be used to carry others. It was one of the coldest and windiest nights of the Winter, and, when the north wind blows, Attica is as dreary as Lapland. The vestibule of the Palace is too depressed to answer even the promise of its mediocre exterior, and the staircase, narrow, and with grades of inconvenient height—a single one being too little, and two taken together too much for the foot—is so clumsy, that one suspects that the original plans of the architect, who was no less than Leo von Klenze, cannot have been carried out. It is pitiful to see bad taste embodied in Pentelican marble.

I was therefore surprised and delighted on entering the ball-rooms, which are large, nobly planned and decorated with excellent taste. I have not seen, in any of the palaces of Europe—not even in the famous *Neue Residenz*, in

Munich—apartments at the same time so imposing and so cheerful as these. There are three in all, connected by lofty Ionic doorways of white marble, the fillets and volutes of the capitals relieved by gilding. The length and breadth of the halls is proportionate to their height, which is full sixty feet. The walls are of scagliola, with an ornamental frieze at half their height, above which they are painted in the Pompeian style. Chromatic decoration is also introduced in the sunken panel-work of the ceiling, the predominant colors being red and dead-golden. The general effect is wonderfully rich and harmonious, without being in the least glaring. Add to this the immense bronze chandeliers and candelabra, which pour a flood of soft light upon the walls and inlaid floors, and you have a picture of a festive hall, the equal of which can scarcely be found outside of St. Petersburg. The Greeks are proud of it; but I could not keep back the reflection, What avails this single flash of imperial splendor, in a land which has not a single road, where there is no permanent security for life and property, and whose treasury is hopelessly bankrupt?

There were not more than a dozen guests when I arrived, and their scattered figures were quite lost in the vast, brilliant space, so that I had a quarter of an hour of comparative solitude, which is a thing to be enjoyed in such places. One is thus familiarized to the unaccustomed pomp, is toned up to it (so to speak), and ere long finds himself comfortably at home and self-possessed. Presently, however, a full stream poured into the main hall—a tide of flashing, glittering, picturesque life, a mingling of the heroic and the common-place, of the semi-barbaric and the

super-civilized, which is the most striking feature of Grecian society, and of course is exhibited in the broadest light at a Court Ball. There were Greeks in the simple national costume, a sober-colored jacket and leggings, of cloth or velvet, embroidered with silk, red fez, and white fustanella; gaudy palikars, in the same dress, but of crimson, blazing with gold; diplomatic gentlemen, in the uniforms of their various courts, glaring but inelegant, with the exception of the English and French; ministers with blue ribbons and a multitude of orders; military and naval officers, Greek, English, and French; old captains of the war of independence, with wild hair streaming down their backs; beautiful Greek girls, national upwards from the waist, and French downwards; Hydriote and Spetziote women with their heads bound up in spangled handkerchiefs; islanders in their hideous dark-blue or green baggy trowsers; fine European ladies in the latest Parisian toilet, and lastly, some individuals, like myself, in the ordinary black and white, who all look as if they had just dropped the napkins from their arms.

I saw at once that modern conventionalities would not be able to frigify such a mass as was here thrown together, and that consequently, the ball would be more interesting and enjoyable than those of most Courts. The old palikars brought a refreshing mountain air with them. They walked the inlaid floors and lounged on the damask divans in as careless and unconstrained a way as if these had been rock and heather. Even the Grand Marshal, who now made his appearance in a jacket so covered with embroidery that he resembled a golden armadillo, failed to person

ify the idea of rigid ceremony. I espied an acquaintance at last, a gentleman attached to the Royal service, who began to point out a few of the noted persons present. "Do you see those two talking yonder," he asked. "The tall one, in blue uniform, is the son of Marco Bozzaris, at present one of the King's adjutants." He was a graceful, well-made, strikingly handsome man of forty-five, with dark hair and moustache, large dark eyes, and features in whose regularly and clearly cut lines I fancied there was something of the old Hellenic type. "The other," he continued, "is the Prime Minister, Miaulis, son of the celebrated Hydriote admiral." Two such names to begin with! Miaulis is a little man, with straight hair, prematurely gray, clear, intelligent brown eyes, a prominent nose, and pale olive complexion. "Do you see the other small man yonder?" asked my cicerone. "What, the one with a little, sloping head, and monstrous nose, who looks so much like a monkey?" "Yes," said he; "that is the son of Colocotronis, and, in spite of his looks, he is not deficient in cunning and natural ability."

By this time, at least six or seven hundred persons were assembled, and the hall was crowded. The masses of rich color and the gleam of gold and jewels harmonized naturally with the painted walls, which formed a proper frame to this gay, tumultuous picture. About nine o'clock, there was a stir in the halls beyond; the crowd parted, and the King and Queen, accompanied by the officers of the court and the ladies of honor, walked into the centre of the ball-room. The guests fell back, the foreign ministers and high officers of state pressed forwards, and a highly dignified

circle of some size was thus formed. The King looked remarkably well in his Greek dress of blue and silver; in fact I saw no other costume so rich and tasteful as his. The Queen wore a Parisian dress, white tulle over white satin, trimmed with roses, a coronet of pearls, a superb diamond necklace, and a crinoline of extravagant diameter. She turned towards the ladies, who, seated in three rows, occupied one side of the ball-room, while the King addressed himself first to Sir Thomas Wyse, and afterward to the other foreign ministers in succession. After he had gone around the circle, he went off to the ladies, and the Queen, who had meanwhile formed the centre of a large periphery of crinolines, came forward and saluted the ambassadors. I was standing beside some English naval officers, who were waiting for presentation, and I believe the same reflection suggested itself to all of us—that there can be no greater bore than to be obliged to address some mechanical remarks to scores of persons in succession. To make a witty, or even a sensible remark, to every one of such a number, requires either immense practice or an astonishing flexibility of intellect. The wonder is, that an hereditary monarch, educated in the life of a court, should retain any portion of his natural sense. There is nothing so paralyzing to the mind as the being obliged to talk continually for the mere sake of saying something.

The English officers were at last summoned by Sir Thomas Wyse, who stood by as interpreter, neither of them knowing any language but their own. The conversation did not last long, and, as the officers informed me, consisted of inquiries as to what part of England they came from, and

how they liked Greece. The Turkish Minister presented an Effendi, the Prussian Minister a naval officer, and, the golden armadillo then making the preconcerted signal, I stepped forward out of the ring. The Marshal had probably stated that I spoke German, as the King at once addressed me in that language. He is quite near-sighted, and thrust his head forward close to my face, as he spoke. He is of medium height, forty-two years old, and has some general resemblance to Jules Benedict, the composer. His head is bald on the crown, but he wears a large brown moustache, which almost conceals his upper lip. His nose is prominent, his chin pointed, and his large, hazel eyes rather deeply set. The prominent expression of his face is amiability, mixed with a certain degree of irresolution. His complexion is pale, owing to long-continued ill-health, and he has an air of weariness and sadness when his features are in repose. The throne of Hellas is evidently not an easy-chair. As a young man, he must have been handsome.

He commenced with a compliment, which—not knowing exactly how to reply to it—I acknowledged with a bow. As he seemed at a loss to know what to say next, I took the liberty of making a remark, although this was rather an infringement of court etiquette. The conversation once started, he spoke very fluently and sensibly, questioning me particularly about the influence of climate, and the method I took in order to acquire different languages. He detained me some eight or ten minutes, after which I withdrew into the circle, to await the Queen's pleasure. Presently she sailed along, sparkling with her diamonds and roses, and

the presentations were repeated to her, in the same order. When my turn came, she addressed me in German, in almost the same words as the King. Her remarks related principally to the beauty of Greece, and to the weather, which gave her occasion to state that during the twenty-one years of her residence in Athens, she had never known so cold a winter. She is near forty years of age, rather under the medium height, and inclining to corpulency. She is said to have been quite handsome, even so late as five years ago, but retains very little beauty now except such as belongs to robust health. Her face is large and heavy, her mouth long, thin and hard, and her eyes, of that fine clear gray which is so beautiful in a gentle face, express a coldly gracious condescension. She evidently never forgets that she is a Queen. Her movements and manners are certainly remarkably graceful and self-possessed, and she is withal a woman of will, energy, and ambition. I watched the two narrowly during a part of the evening, and a hundred indescribable little traits showed me that the amiability and kindness are all on the King's side, the pride, ambition, and energy on the Queen's. Neither one is the ruler required by Greece.

The ball opened with a somewhat stiff promenade around the room, in which Sir Thomas Wyse led off with the Queen, the King following with the lady of one of the Ministers, and after them the other Ambassadors and high Government officials, each changing his partner at every completion of the circle. The Mistress of Ceremonies Baroness von Pluskow, also figured in this initiatory procession. It was odd enough to see, among the gauzy

expansive phenomena of modern female costume, the figure of a Hydriote lady, in her island dress—an embroidered handkerchief tied over the head and hanging upon the shoulders, a dark, close-fitting vest, without ornament, and a straight, narrow skirt, falling directly from the hips to the ankles. At first glance, one half suspected that a kitchen-maid had slipped into the ball-room, resolved to have a little dancing before the supper-hour came. In itself, the costume is very picturesque and becoming, but the rocks of Hydra suit it better than these Pompeian frescoes. One of the Queen's maids of honor belongs to a noted Spetziote family, and wore the same costume; but her handkerchief was of yellow silk, richly embroidered with gold, and the skirt of her dress, of somewhat more ample dimensions, was of the same material. She was young and handsome, with a remarkably straight, classical profile, and was to me one of the most striking figures in the company.

The ball having now been formally opened, cotillions commenced, succeeded by waltzes and mazourkas, but no polkas. Nearly all the Greek ladies danced, and most of the young officers, all with much elegance and correctness, but the only fustanella to be seen on the floor was the King's. A good many of the young palikars looked on curiously: the old captains withdrew, along with the Senators, Deputies, and many officers and ministers, to the central hall, which was well studded with card tables. The third hall had a comfortable divan around its walls, whereon groups, principally of old men, gathered to talk scandal or politics, or to get a good chance at the refreshments as they came in through the further doors. The space was so

ample that the company, large as it was, did not seem in the least crowded.

While wandering through the throng, I came upon Sir Richard Church, the noble old Philhellene, now Commander-in-Chief of the Grecian army. He kindly took me in charge, and for two hours thenceforth sought out all the distinguished Greeks who were present, that I might see and speak to them. In this way I made the acquaintance of the brothers Miaulis, of Colocotronis, of Psyllas, the President of the Senate, of the sons of Admiral Tom-bazi, and a number of the old revolutionary heroes. The Minister Miaulis speaks English very well. He made particular inquiries concerning the latest American improvements in dock-yards and floating docks, as he was about refitting the navy-yard at Poros. I ventured to ask whether he thought it advisable to build up a Greek navy, seeing that the country cannot possibly maintain one large enough for even defensive operations. "The only enemies we are likely to meet," he answered, "are Turkey and Egypt, and in either case, you must acknowledge, the result will not depend on the number of vessels. The Greeks are born sailors, but the Turks never can be made so. We ought at least to be in a position to defend our islands." Even in this case, however, the main reliance of Greece ought, like our own, to be upon her mercantile navy. Her commerce has grown up amazingly, and, were it not for the miserable neglect of everything like internal improvement, her forests would furnish shipping to any extent required by the needs or the enterprise of her people.

What impressed me most, perhaps, in this survey of

Grecian notabilities, was the striking contrast which I found between the heroes of the Revolution and some of their immediate descendants, and the later generation which has crept into power since Greece became free. I was glad to be able to believe, after all, that the corruption and misrule which have gone so far to turn away the sympathies of the world from the young nation, are not justly chargeable to the former—that honor and honesty existed, and still exist, among the Greeks. One may be deceived in the impression created by a single individual, but hardly in that of a whole class, and the distinction was here too broadly marked not to be real. It was a refreshing thing to turn from the false, sneaking, plotting faces of some of the present hangers-on of the Court, to the brave, determined heads, keen, straightforward glances, and native nobility of bearing of the old chieftains. I said as much to Gen. Church. “I am glad to hear it,” said he, “and you are right. These are good and true men. I have known some of them for thirty years, and have had every opportunity of testing their characters.” This evidence, coming from a man whom to see is to trust, should be a sufficient answer to those who brand all Greeks with one weeping sentence of condemnation.

Among others to whom the General introduced me was an old Suliot chief, who, having lived in Corfu some years, spoke English very well. He was a tall, strongly-made man, with short, gray hair, a face deeply pitted and sun burnt, and eyes of splendid clearness and steadiness. We sat down together and conversed about the Revolution. “Did you know Bozzaris?” I asked. “Certainly,” said

he, "we were companions in arms, fellow Suliotes." As General Church also knew Bozzaris well, I inquired whether he was a man of more than ordinary capacity, or simply an example of reckless courage. "He was entirely uneducated," replied the General, "but nevertheless his abilities were certainly above the average of men of his class." In front of us stood an old palikar from the Morea, with his gray hair hanging to his waist. He was one of the deputation sent to Munich in 1832 to accompany the young King Otho to Greece. As he stood in the circle of spectators, looking grimly at the waltz in which the King took part, I could not but wonder whether he contrasted Greece then, in her season of hope, with Greece now, twenty-five years further from the realization of that hope. Perhaps he did not think at all.

By one o'clock, I was sufficiently tired, but it is here considered a serious violation of etiquette to leave before three, the hour when their Majesties withdraw. So I left the ball-room, and wandering about the long, cold corridors of the palace, was attracted by the smell of smoke to a dark, bare room, in which some twenty or thirty of the Greek guests were puffing at their paper cigars. Two candles, which stood upon a table, were almost invisible through the thick, blue cloud. The table was covered with stumps, and the smokers, seated on some hard chairs along the wall, were absorbed and silent. I lit a cigar and so smoked away another half-hour, when, after having walked in the corridor long enough to air my clothes, I returned to the ball-room. The final cotillion, which lasts about an hour, had commenced, and the Queen, who

is passionately fond of dancing, now had an opportunity of gratifying her taste. She was taken out every set, and I believe every gentleman on the floor had the satisfaction of dancing with her in turn. The Prussian Minister, Baron von G——, the ugliest person in the room, and wearing the ugliest costume, continually hovered around her, and, in fact, seemed to be on the most familiar terms with both their Majesties. This seemed to confirm what I had previously heard, that, since England, France and Russia have mutually decided not to exercise their influence any longer in controlling the affairs of Greece, Prussia, seeing the coast clear, has stepped in, for what reason no one can imagine (since she has no interest whatever in the Grecian question), and endeavors to fill the place of counsellor.

At three o'clock the dancing ceased, and some of the guests made a rush for their overcoats, while others hastened to get a bowl of the *bouillon* which is distributed at the close of the ball. Refreshments had been frequently handed around in the course of the evening—plentiful, but cheap. First, tea; then lemonade and almond-milk; then small portions of ices, with little sugared cakes; and finally hot rum-punch. The servants were mostly in Greek costume, though a few, who were Germans, wore the Royal Bavarian livery. I returned home on foot, in the face of a biting wind, which blew down from the snowy summits of Pentelicus and Parnes.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREEK FESTIVALS, RELIGIOUS AND CIVIC.

THE festivals of the Greek Church are fully as numerous, if not even more so, than those of the Latin. About every third day is an *eorti*, or holy-day of some venerable unwashed saint, or company of saints, whose memory is duly honored by a general loafing-spell of the inhabitants. The greatest benefit that could happen to Greece, and to all Southern Europe, would be the disanonization of nine-tenths of those holy drones, who do enough harm by sanctifying indolence, to outweigh a thousand times the good they may have accomplished during their lives. God's Sabbath is enough for man's needs, and both St. George, the Swindler, and St. Polycarp, the Martyr, have sufficient honor done them in the way of chapels, shrines, candles and incense, to forego the appropriation of certain days, on which no one thinks particularly about them. Not only are the laborers idle and the shops generally shut, on every one of these festival days, but the University, schools and public offices are closed also. The Greeks are very zealous professors, and

would exhibit much more progress as a people, if they did not make a mill-stone of their religion, and wear it around their necks.

My Greek teacher, who was a student of law, insisted on being paid by the month, and turned his agreement to profit by rigidly observing every saint's-day. He was indebted to the lessons he gave me for the means of buying an overcoat, and always came into my room half frozen from his fireless chambers; yet, with that inordinate vanity which characterizes the Greeks of all classes, he declared that he was not obliged and did not wish to teach, but condescended to do so for the pleasure of visiting me! Next door to us there was a small, one-story house, inhabited by a poor family. The daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen, attended the *Arsakeion*, or Seminary for Girls, a gift of Arsakis to the Greek people, just across the street. The ridiculous little chit must have a servant to carry her two books those thirty paces, and we sometimes saw her, when the school was over, waiting behind the door, not daring to appear in the street with books in her hand. Nearly all the girls who came to the *Arsakeion* (some two hundred day-scholars) were similarly attended, yet they were mostly from families of moderate means.

New-Year's Day (Jan. 13, New Style) was celebrated very much as it is with us, by a mutual interchange of visits. In the morning, however, there was a *Te Deum* at the Church of St. Irene, which was attended by the King, Queen, and all the principal personages connected with the Government. This is one of the four or five occasions when their Majesties—one of whom is a Catholic, and the other a Pro

testant—are obliged to attend Greek service. The King keeps a Jesuit priest and the Queen a Lutheran clergyman from Holstein, both of whom perform service in the Royal Chapel, but at different hours. I went to hear the latter, and found a small congregation, composed exclusively of Germans. The English Church, of which Mr. Hill is minister—the only instance, I believe, in which an American clergyman has been appointed Chaplain to an English Legation—is a solid building, of the plainest kind of Gothic, which looks as if it had strayed away from some new railroad town in England. The Russians also have a very neat Byzantine chapel, with detached belfry. The fine singing of the choristers, who are mostly boys, attracts many persons. The Russians have had taste enough to harmonize and thoroughly reform the chants of their Church, yet without destroying their solemn and antique quaintness. The elements of the music are retained, but reduced to order and made effective; whereas, in the Greek Church, the chanting is of a character acceptable neither to men nor angels. An attempt has recently been made here, also, to substitute harmony for chaotic discord; but the Patriarch, knowing how much of the power of the Church depends on its strict adherence to superannuated forms, refuses to sanction any such innovation.

To return to the *Te Deum*, the tedium of which I endured for half an hour. The King and Queen, who arrived in their state coach and six, were received at the door of the church by the Metropolitan, or Archbishop of Athens, a venerable old man with flowing gray beard, wearing a magnificent stole of crimson embroidered with gold, and a cap

shaped like a pumpkin with one end sliced off. Behind him were a retinue of priests, who, with their mild faces, long beards, and flowing hair, resembled the Apostles somewhat, though their robes were of decidedly gayer color and finer texture. After the Royal pair, came a mass of Ministers, Generals, Judges, the Senate and Assembly, and others, in uniforms, ribbons and orders, or palikar costume, filling up the main aisle, which had been kept clear for them. The King and Queen were conducted to a dais in front of the altar, where they remained standing during the ceremony. On this occasion, the latter wore the Greek dress, which, though she had slightly outgrown it, became her very well. The red cap set off to advantage her rich, dark-brown hair, and her handsome shoulders showed yet fairer above the jacket of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. I noticed that the King crossed himself at the proper times, while the expression of the Queen's face was rather that of repressed mirth. Indeed, with all proper reverence for the feeling of reverence in others—with no disposition to make light of sincere religious feeling, however expressed—it was almost impossible for me not to smile, or stop my ears, at the tremendous nasal brayings which now and then shook the church. The bulls of Bashan, bellowing in concert, would have made music, compared to it. Again I say, Ictinus worshipped God better, when he built the Parthenon.

The festival of Epiphany is celebrated in a peculiar manner. The Archbishop repairs to the Piræus, and, after appropriate services in the church, walks with the priests in solemn procession to the harbor, where, with certain

nasal exclamations, he casts a cross into the sea. This is called the Blessing of the Waters, and is supposed to be of great advantage to vessels, in preventing storms and shipwrecks. A number of sailors, who are at hand watching the moment, plunge after the cross. The lucky finder takes it to the Palace, where he receives a present from the King. At Volo, in Thessaly, the same ceremony is performed with the addition, that, by a special miracle, the waters of the sea become perfectly sweet, and are only restored to saltness when the cross touches them. Of course, no one is heretic enough to disclose a doubting spirit, by tasting the water. The Greeks also fast during three days at this time. At other periods, besides Lent, there are partial fasts: some days, they can eat fowl, but not flesh; others, oil and olives, but not fowl. In fact, the kitchen occupies as important a place as the Church, in the observance of the Greek Faith. The stomach and the soul have a singular sympathy, and salvation is attained not more by prayers than by an orthodox diet.

After Epiphany came the festival of the Three Hierarchs—St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Chrysostom. This is also celebrated by loafing, as well as by homilies in the Churches. I did not attend any of these, as I was not sufficiently advanced in the language to profit by them. The Greek Church, however, unlike the Roman, is better in its creed than in its forms, and its clergy, notwithstanding their ignorance, have a much higher moral character than the priests of Spain and Italy. As they are allowed to marry, they are saved from the scandalous excesses common to the latter. The absence of the doctrine of Purga

tory also takes away from them an opportunity of much pious extortion. The Church, shorn of the monstrous excrescences of its *forms*, would differ very little from that of England. A proposal, on the part of the latter, to enter into Christian fellowship with it, in the seventeenth century, was only prevented by the difference of doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist.

Towards the close of January, the King and Queen visited Chalcis, in Eubœa, whither they went to celebrate the completion of a channel for vessels, with a drawbridge, through the Evripean Strait. This is a work which should have been done twenty years ago, but—better late than never. A furious storm came on, the snow fell two feet deep, the house in which they were lodged took fire, the Queen was obliged to sleep in her robes of state, and the King came back with a fever. Nothing less than being blown up by an exploding powder-mill could shake the Queen's constitution. She is capable of heading an expedition to the North Pole.

In February there was an extra festival week, to celebrate the King's *Jubilæum*, or twenty-fifth anniversary of his landing in Greece. The first suggestion of this celebration came, it is generally understood, from the Court, and the Legislative Assembly, which has become merely an instrument in the hands of the Crown, immediately voted the requisite funds. Two hundred thousand drachmas (\$33,333) were thus appropriated from an impoverished treasury in a land where the commonest means of communication fail. A member of the House of Deputies said to me that, to his certain knowledge, every member of the

House was opposed to such a grant—and yet there was a unanimous vote in its favor. In the Senate there was undoubtedly a large majority against it, but no member opened his mouth except to vote for it. “How is it,” I asked a gentleman who has been living in Athens for some years, “that no one dares to oppose the Crown?” “It is interest,” he replied, “and the fact that every appointment is actually in the King’s hands. If the Opposition member holds no office himself, he has relatives or friends who do, and all such would immediately lose their places.” The spirit of office-seeking is quite as prevalent in Greece as in the United States. With us, it manifests itself in sufficiently mean and grovelling forms, but in that little country it has undermined everything like independence of political action.

The festival was to have been held at Nauplia, where the King first landed, and, for a fortnight before the day, the little town was astir with preparations. Snow lay nearly two feet deep upon the plain of Argos, the wind blew uninterruptedly from the north, and there was no prospect of comfortable quarters in the fireless Greek houses; nevertheless, as deputations were expected from all parts of the Morea, it was a great chance to see the different Greek clans assembled together, and we made arrangements to go with the crowd. The fever, however, which the King caught at Chalcis, finally changed the programme. The physicians dissuaded him from going; the Queen, who did not relish the idea of sleeping again in her state robes, sided with them, and five days before the appointed time he gave way under the combined pressure. All the

money spent at Nauplia was therefore thrown away, except such as had been employed in making the streets practicable for carriages. The Royal household and equipages, which had all been forwarded in steamers, had to be brought back in haste. Preparations were commenced anew in Athens, giving us an idea of the artistic talents of the Greeks, and the manner in which the previous appropriations had been employed at Nauplia.

First of all, the intersection of Hermes and Eolus streets, the very busiest spot in the city, was barred against the public. By employing carpenters day and night, an arch of triumph, with four faces, was at length raised, covered with white muslin and painted in imitation of marble. It was a little out of line, and when the sun shone the interior scaffolding showed through the thin covering; but by night, when it was decorated with banners and lamps, the effect was not so bad. Next, the sidewalks were broken up in Hermes street, holes dug on both sides and a range of wooden frames about twelve feet high, planted all the way to the palace. These frames, being circular, and covered with white muslin, puckered a little to represent flutings, were called Doric columns. Some of them were bound with blue ribbons; some were upright, and some leaned to one side or the other, while the spaces between them, though sufficiently irregular, failed to produce the harmonious effect of the studied irregularities of the Parthenon. When this grotesque colonnade was completed, a shield, containing the portrait of some revolutionary hero or distinguished Philhellene, was placed upon each column, all of which were then bound one to another by garlands

more withered than green. The portraits were curiously painted in snuff-color on a blue ground. Byron and Cochrane would not have been recognised by their nearest friends. The effect of this colonnade was in the highest degree tawdry and shabby, especially when the wind got under the muslin and bulged out the Doric columns in the most absurd way. On each side of the Church of St. Irene stood three arches of scaffolding, covered in like manner, the piers between them being of blue muslin, over which were drawn strings of white tape, to represent flutings. Ancient and Modern Greece! was my involuntary thought, as I looked on these flapping calicoes, and then up to the majestic remnant of the Parthenon, visible over the wall of the Acropolis.

By Saturday morning, all the preparations, which, having been ordered by the Court and paid for by the Government, were supposed to represent an indefinite amount of popular joy, were completed. They reminded me of a little circumstance which occurred on Jenny Lind's first landing in New York; and, as Mr. Barnum has told many worse things of himself, I may tell this. I was standing on the paddle-box of the Atlantic, near the great showman, as we approached Canal-street wharf, on which was erected a large triumphal arch of evergreens, with the Swedish flag floating over it. "Mr. Barnum," I asked, "who put that up?" "An enthusiastic public, Sir," he replied with great gravity, and a peculiar twinkle of his left eye. Here, however, I noticed three or four private decorations, but of the rudest kind. The public was evidently pleased, for the Greeks have a childish delight in flags, music, fireworks,

and the like. As the Carnival Week was to commence the next day, masks already began to appear in the street, and the hilarity of the religious festival lent its character to the political one. A few days before, the King's brother Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, arrived on a visit of congratulation, accompanied by Maurer, one of the Bavarian Regents who managed Greece during the King's minority. Austria also sent a deputation, consisting of Lieut. Field-Marshal Farr, and the sons of Prince Metternich and Baron Prokesch-Osten, to congratulate the King. These visits, together with the arrival of English, French, Russian and Dutch vessels-of-war at the Piræus, gave an unusual dash and brilliancy to Athenian life.

The ceremonies consisted of a *Te Deum* at the church in the morning, official visits of congratulation afterwards at the palace, and a grand state ball in the evening. As we had already heard one *Te Deum* on New-Year's Day, and had no wish to endure the crowd and the chanting a second time, we betook ourselves to Hermes street, and found a convenient place to see the cortège, in a gap between two companies of soldiers. At ten o'clock, the firing of cannon and the blast of trumpets announced that the King had left the palace. Presently, a mounted officer appeared, cantering lightly down the street, and followed by half-a-dozen wild-looking mountaineers, in their coarse white woollen dresses, bare-headed, and with long hair streaming in the wind. As they ran and leaped along, turning back now and then, they were picturesque enough to pass for a company of satyrs dancing before the chariot of Bacchus. After them came another company nearly as

wild, but bearing large blue and white silken banners, with various inscriptions and devices, and running at full speed. These, I was told, were the representatives of the various trades, bearing the banners of their guilds. The Royal Carriage, which now appeared, was surrounded by a dozen more of them—rough, stalwart, bare-headed fellows, with flashing eyes, and hair that tossed in the wind as they sprang. They gave life and character to the spectacle, which would have been a frigid affair without them.

The King's appearance was the signal for a general cry of "*Zito!*" (*vive*, or *hurrah!*) He looked happy and excited, and his pale face was pleasantly flushed as he acknowledged the greetings. The Queen was all condescension, as usual. On the front seat sat Prince Adalbert, a burly, red-faced fellow, with the air and expression of a prosperous brewer. He contrasted unfavorably with the King, and the Greeks already disliked him. If he had any pretensions to the crown of Greece, his visit at that time was unfortunate. The Ministers, Generals, Foreign Ambassadors, and other dignitaries, followed in a long procession, which was about a quarter of an hour in passing. We afterwards went to the Palace, and witnessed the return, in which the countrymen and the tradesmen with their banners were the most conspicuous objects. There was, however, very spontaneous and hearty cheering from the thousands assembled, when the King came out on the balcony. Various official personages were cheered as they arrived to pay their respects, and it was perhaps a significant sign that the loudest *zitos* were for the Russian Minister.

I attended the ball in the evening, which was but a

repetition of the one I have already described. The next day, there was a great gathering at the Temple of Theseus, where the multitude were regaled with a hundred and fifty roasted sheep, several hogsheads of wine, and cart-loads of bread and onions. As we had not been informed of the hour, the dinner was over before we reached the spot, and I am indebted for a description of it to the King himself, who described it to me with evident pleasure, at a ball two days later. Among other incidents, a peasant, more than a hundred years old, appeared before the King and Queen, drank their healths out of a big bottle of wine, and danced the Romaika before them with a good deal of spirit. While we were there, the barrels were on tap, and the tradesmen were dancing around their banners; but, out of five thousand people, I did not see ten who were intoxicated. I believe the Greeks to be the soberest Christians in the world.

Three days afterwards there was a select ball at the Palace, but here the Grecian element was less conspicuous, the foreign guests receiving the preference. Then the Demarch of Athens gave a grand ball to the King and Queen, in the Theatre. It was a frightful jam, more than a thousand persons being crammed into the little building. I endured it for about an hour, and then left, to save my ribs and lungs. Finally, on the evening of the seventh day, there was a brilliant display of fireworks from the open space in front of the palace, winding up with a wild Romaic dance by soldiers holding burning blue-lights in their hands. In appearance, in sound, and in smell, the spectacle was absolutely infernal.

On the 25th of January, Sir Thomas Wyse, the English Minister, gave a grand ball, in honor of the Princess Royal's marriage. All the high dignitaries, short of royalty, were there, with more female beauty than I have seen gathered together for many a day. There were no Phidian faces, no pure antique profiles, nothing even so sweet and so stately as the caryatides of the Erechtheion, but superb hair, glorious dark eyes, fringed by long lashes ripely-curved Southern mouths, and complexions varying from the clear tint of sun-stained marble to the perfect white and red of Circassia. Conspicuous among the Greek girls were Photine Mavromikhali, grand-daughter of old Petron Bey, a Spartan beauty, tall, proud and stately, and Miss Black, daughter of the Maid of Athens. I was talking, as I supposed, to a young Hydriote girl, with the sweetest Madonna face tied up in her embroidered handkerchief, but afterwards learned that she had been a widow for five years past. Her mother, who was almost equally beautiful, did not appear to be ten years older.

CHAPTER 1A.

AN EXCURSION TO CRETE.

AFTER waiting a month for a cessation of the cold and stormy weather, there seemed to be at last some promise of a change for the better, and I made preparations to leave Athens for a few weeks. The festivities connected with the King's Jubilæum closed on the evening of the 12th of February ; the frolics of the Carnival had become worn out and spiritless, and but two more days intervened before the commencement of Lent, during which time the Greeks do real penance, and are melancholy from bodily, not from spiritual causes. Lent in Athens is inaugurated by a universal gathering of the people before the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, where they consume their first *lean* meal in public, and dance for the last time before Easter. An immense quantity of onions, leeks and garlic is consumed on this occasion, and the spectacle is therefore calculated to draw tears from the contemplative observer. I did not, however, consider it worth while to lose a week of good weather for the purpose of attending this festival

Our destination was Crete, the least visited yet most interesting of all the Grecian islands. (I use "Grecian" in the ancient, not the modern sense. Crete has been, since 1669, subject to Turkey.) Braisted and I, accompanied by François as dragoman and purveyor, with his kit, camp beds, and a multitude of Arabic saddle-bags, left our joint mansion in Athens, and descended to the Piræus. The steamer which was to take us to Crete was just coming into the harbor, with the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands and his suite on board, which circumstance obliged us to wait until long after dark, before we could get under way for Syra. We awoke next morning in the island-harbor, opposite the white pyramidal town, in the aspect of which I could not notice the slightest difference since I first saw it, more than six years ago. Our steamer lay there all day—a very tedious detention—and started in the evening for Khania, about 150 miles distant in a southern direction. Crete lies between the parallels of 35° and 36° , not much further removed from Africa than from Europe, and its climate, consequently, is intermediate between that of Greece and that of Alexandria.

In the morning, the island was already visible, although some thirty miles distant, the magnificent snowy mass of the White Mountains gleaming before us, under a bank or clouds. By ten o'clock, the long blue line of the coast broke into irregular points, the Dictynnæan promontory and that of Akroteri thrusting themselves out toward us so as to give an amphitheatric character to that part of the island we were approaching, while the broad, snowy dome of the Cretan Ida, standing alone, far to the east, floated in

a sea of soft, golden light. The White Mountains were completely enveloped in snow to a distance of 4,000 feet below their summits, and scarcely a rock pierced the luminous covering. The shores of the Gulf of Khania, retaining their amphitheatric form, rose gradually from the water, a rich panorama of wheat-fields, vineyards and olive groves, crowded with sparkling villages, while Khania, in the centre, grew into distinctness—a picturesque jumble of mosques, old Venetian arches and walls, pink and yellow buildings, and palm trees. The character of the scene was Syrian rather than Greek, being altogether richer and warmer than anything in Greece.

We entered the little port, which is protected by a mole, but is too shallow and confined to contain more than a dozen vessels of average size. In fact, it is partly filled up, and needs digging out again. The Seraï, or Government Palace, resting on lofty arches, which spring from the remains of some old Venetian defences, fronts the entrance; a little yellow mosque nestles under it, close upon the water, and an irregular mass of rickety houses, with overhanging balconies, incloses the port. On the right, as we enter, is a battery, the walls of which are crowded with idle Turkish soldiers. The narrow stone quay around the port is thronged with Oriental costumes, among which the white turban of the Moslem is frequent. Everything has a mellow tint of age, indolence, and remoteness from Progress.

After a time, we obtained pratique, and were put ashore at a little yellow custom-house beside the mosque. While the people were crowding around us with great curiosity, I was accosted with the question: "Are you from the States?"

The speaker was an Englishman, who probably belonged to a coaler in the harbor. "Because," he continued, "the dragoman of the American Consul lives close by, and he can help you get your things through." At this moment, the dragoman—an Ionian Greek—made his appearance, and conducted us at once to the Consulate. We found the Consul, Mr. Mountfort, in a rickety little house, overlooking the harbor. The American flag was profusely displayed on the walls: I counted no less than five specimens. "There is no khan in the place," said the dragoman, "you must stop here." After some deliberation, we took possession of the servant's room, which was dry and well ventilated, by means of holes in the floor. The preliminary arrangements made, the Consul entertained us with some excellent old Cretan wine, and a full account of his doings since he came to the island. He claimed to have been the first to introduce rum, soda-ash and soap-bags into Crete. "I intend to build up quite a trade in American rum," said he. "Your failure would be a better thing for the Cretans than your success," I could not help remarking.

Khania occupies the site of the ancient Cydonia, by which name the Greek bishopric is still called. The Venetian city was founded in 1252, and any remnants of the older town which may have then remained, were quite obliterated by it. The only ruins now are those of Venetian churches, some of which have been converted into mosques, and a number of immense arched vaults, opening on the harbor, built to shelter the galleys of the Republic. Just beyond the point on which stands the Seraï, I counted fifteen of these, side by side, eleven of which are still entire

A little further, there are three more, but all are choked up with sand and of no present use. The modern town is an exact picture of a Syrian sea-port, with its narrow, crooked streets, shaded bazaars, and turbaned merchants. Its population is 9,500, including the garrison, according to a census just completed at the time of our visit. It is walled, and the gates are closed during the night.

In the evening, we paid a visit to Mademoiselle Kon taxaky, better known throughout the East as "Elizabeth of Crete." I had a letter of introduction to her from Mr. Hill, in whose family she was educated. Her profound scholarship, wit, enthusiasm and energy are characteristics of the rarest kind among the Greek women of the present day, and have therefore given her a wide celebrity. Of course, her position is not entirely a pleasant one. While some of the Greeks are justly proud of her, others dislike and some fear her. Her will, talent and a certain diplomatic aptness give her considerable power and influence, the possession of which always excites jealousy and enmity in a Greek community. Consequently, she has many enemies, and is assailed at times by the meanest slanders and intrigues. She is about thirty years of age, of a medium stature and, with the exception of her lambent black eyes, there is nothing very striking in her appearance. She speaks English, Greek and French with almost equal fluency, and has the ancient Greek authors at her fingers' ends. She talks with great rapidity, ease, and with a rare clearness and sequence of ideas, in narration. I was interested at finding in her the same quickness and acuteness of mental perception for which the old Greeks were famous. She is

not a Hypatia, yet there is no doubt that both her achievements and her influence would be greater were the sphere of woman in those countries less circumscribed. She has been mentioned as an evidence of what the race is still capable of, but I think unfairly. She would be an exceptional woman in any country.

The following morning, the Consul sent his dragoman to request for us an interview with Vely Pasha, the Governor of Crete. Shortly afterwards, the dragoman of the latter called upon us and gave notice of the hour when we would be received. We found the Pasha in the Seraï, in a handsomely furnished room, which was decorated with busts and pictures. Conspicuous among the latter was a large tinted lithograph of Stuart's head of Washington. The Pasha came forward to receive us, shook hands, and conducted us to the divan, where, instead of dropping cross-legged on the cushions, we all took our rest on comfortable Boston rocking-chairs. He spoke French very well, having been, as the reader may remember, Turkish Ambassador at Paris for three years, during the whole period of the war, when his post was more than ordinarily important. Previous to this, he had been Governor of Bosnia. He has, besides, served in Egypt, and speaks, as he informed me, seven languages. He is a very handsome man, above the average size of the Turks, and not more than thirty-five years of age. His costume, except the fez, was entirely European, and he is the first Oriental I have seen who wears it naturally and gracefully.

If I was pleased with Vely Pasha at first sight, his kindness during this interview certainly gave me no reason to

change my opinion. Learning that we intended visiting the monasteries of Akroteri next day, he immediately offered us horses from his own stable, and an officer as guide and attendant. Besides promising to have a firman written for our journey into the interior, he ordered his secretary to prepare letters of recommendation for me, to the Governors of Rhithymnos and Candia, and the Greek Bishop and Archbishop, and concluded by offering to send an attendant with us during the whole journey. I hesitated to accept so many generous offers, but he declared it to be his earnest desire that the island should be seen by strangers, that it may become better known and more frequently visited, and therefore he considered it his duty to furnish me with all the facilities at his command. While we were discussing this matter, in combination with some pipes of delicious Latakia, his carriage was brought to the door, and we set out, under the secretary's escort, to visit the Pasha's country palace and gardens at Seviglia, about four miles distant.

Passing through the large Turkish cemetery, which was covered with an early crop of blue anemones, we came upon the rich plain of Khania, lying broad and fair, like a superb garden, at the foot of the White Mountains, whose vast masses of shining snow filled up the entire southern heaven. Eastward, the plain slopes to the deep bay of Suda, whose surface shone blue above the silvery line of the olive groves; while, sixty miles away, rising high above the intermediate headlands, the solitary peak of Mount Ida, bathed in a warm afternoon glow, gleamed like an Olympian mount, not only the birthplace, but the throne of im-

mortal Jove. Immense olive trees sprang from the dark-red, fertile earth; cypresses and the canopied Italian pine interrupted their gray monotony, and every garden hung the golden lamps of its oranges over the wall. The plain is a paradise of fruitfulness, and alas! of fever. The moist soil, the dense shade, with lack of proper drainage and ventilation, breed miasma which make it dangerous, during a part of the year, to pass a single night in any of the villages. We found the Pasha's house dismantled, and the furniture—mostly carpets and cushions—heaped up in two or three rooms; but the garden, with its tanks and water-pipes, its hedges of blooming roses, its thickets of rhododendron and bowers of jasmine, was a refreshment to the soul. The gardener gathered us oranges and bouquets, while I sat upon the highest terrace and made a sketch of the splendid plain.

In the morning, the horses were brought to us at an early hour, in charge of Hadji Bey, a jolly old officer of gendarmes, who was to accompany us. As far as the village of Kalepa, where the Pasha was then residing, there is a carriage-road; afterwards, only a stony mountain path. From the spinal ridge of the promontory, which we crossed, we overlooked all the plain of Khania, and beyond the Dictynnæan peninsula, to the western extremity of Crete. The White Mountains, though less than seven thousand feet in height, deceive the eye by the contrast between their spotless snows and the summer at their base, and seem to rival the Alps. The day was cloudless and balmy; birds sang on every tree, and the grassy hollows were starred with anemones, white, pink, violet and crimson. It was the first

breath of the southern spring, after a winter which had been as terrible for Crete as for Greece.

After a ride of three hours, we reached a broad valley, at the foot of that barren mountain mass in which the promontory terminates. To the eastward we saw the large monastery of *Agia Triada* (the Holy Trinity), overlooking its fat sweep of vine and olive land; but as I wished to visit the glen of *Katholikó*, among the mountains, we crossed the valley to a large farm-house, in order to procure a guide. The sun shone hot into the stony and dirty court-yard, surrounded by one-story huts, and not a soul was to be seen. There was a little chapel at hand, and a carved piece of iron suspended to an orange tree beside it, in lieu of a bell. Hadji Bey shouted, and François beat the sacred metal with a stone, until a gray-bearded native and two young fellows, with hair hanging in a long braid down their backs, made their appearance. What was our surprise, then, to see the doors open and a number of women and children, who had previously concealed themselves, issue forth! We were now regaled with wine, and Diakos, one of the long-haired youths, mounted his mule to guide us. In the deep, dry mountain glen which we entered, I found numbers of carob-trees. Rocks of dark-blue limestone, stained with bright orange oxydations, overhung us as we followed the track of a torrent upward into the heart of this bleak region, where, surrounded by the hot, arid peaks, is the monastery of Governato.

A very dirty old monk and two servants were the only inmates. We were hungry, and had counted on as good a dinner as might be had in Lent, but some black bread, cheese,

and an unlimited supply of water were all that we obtained. The monk informed us that the monastery was dedicated to St. John, and was celebrated for the abundance of its honey; but neither honey nor locusts could he give us. Behind the chapel was a vault in which they put the dead monks. When the vault gets full, they take out the bones and skulls and throw them into an open chamber adjoining, where their daily sight and smell furnish wholesome lessons of mortality to the survivors. François was so indignant at the monk's venerable filthiness and the Lenten fare he gave us, that he refused to pay anything "to the Church," as is delicately customary.

We descended on foot to the monastery of Katholikó, which we reached in half an hour. Its situation is like that of San Saba in Palestine, at the bottom of a split in the stony hills, and the sun rarely shines upon it. Steps cut in the rock lead down the face of the precipice to the deserted monastery, near which is a cavern 500 feet long, leading into the rock. The ravine is spanned by an arch, nearly 50 feet high, at one end of which is a deep, dark well, wherein refractory monks were imprisoned. The only living thing we saw was a shepherd-boy, who shouted to us from the top of the opposite cliffs. Of St. John the Hermit, whom the monastery commemorates, I know no more than I do of St. John the Hunter, who has a similar establishment near Athens.

At Agia Triada, we found things different indeed. As we rode up the stately avenue of cypresses, between vineyards and almond trees in blossom, servants advanced to take our horses, and the *hegoumenos*, or abbot, shouted.

‘*Kalos orizete!*’ (welcome) from the top of the steps. With his long gown and rotund person, he resembled a good-natured grandmother, but the volumes of his beard expressed redundant masculinity. We were ushered into a clean room, furnished with a tolerable library of orthodox volumes. A boy of fifteen, with a face like the young Raphael, brought us glasses of a rich, dark wine, something like Port, jelly and coffee. The size and substantial character of this monastery attest its wealth, no less than the flourishing appearance of the lands belonging to it. Its large court-yard is shaded with vine-bowers and orange trees, and the chapel in the centre has a façade supported by Doric columns.

It was sunset when we reached Kalepa, where we stopped to dine with the Pasha, according to previous arrangement. He has a country-house handsomely furnished in the most luxurious European style, the walls hung with portraits of prominent living sovereigns and statesmen. On the dinner-table was an *epergne* of pure gold, two feet long and eighteen inches high; the knives, forks and spoons were also of the same metal. He had an accomplished French cook, and offered us, beside the wine of Crete, Burgundy, Rhenish and Champagne. He drank but sparingly, however, and of a single kind. After dinner, I had a long conversation with him on the state of the Orient, and was delighted to find a Turk in his position imbued with such enlightened and progressive ideas. If there were nine men like him, the regeneration of the East would not be so difficult. One man, however—unless he fills the very highest administrative position—is almost powerless,

when the combined influence of the European Powers is brought to bear against him. Before the close of 1858 Vely Pasha was recalled from Crete, and the good works he had begun completely neutralized. The real condition of affairs was so thoroughly misrepresented that in all the newspapers of Europe but a single voice (the correspondent of the *London Times*) was raised to do him justice.

CHAPTER X.

A CRETAN JOURNEY.

My plan of travel, on leaving Khania, was to visit the wild mountain region of Sfakia, which lies beyond the White Mountains, in the southwestern corner of the island. This district bears a similar relation to the rest of Crete, as that of Maïna does to Greece, being inhabited by a savage remnant of the ancient race, who, until within a very few years, have maintained a virtual independence. It is in such out-of-the-way corners that the physical characteristics of the original stock must now be looked for. I have long believed that some rills of Hellenic blood must still continue to flow on the ancient soil, untouched by those Slavonic and Ottoman inundations which have well nigh washed it out of the modern race. I was quite sure that in Sfakia, where a dialect, conjectured to be the old Cretan-Doric, is still spoken, I should find the legitimate stock—the common, not the heroic type, preserved almost intact. The passes of the White Mountains are difficult at all seasons, and I ascertained that the *xyloscala*, or “wooden ladder,”

by which I had intended to descend into Sfakia, was not to be reached on account of the snow; but there is another road around the eastern base of the mountains, and I determined to try it.

The Pasha endeavored to dissuade me from the attempt. The roads in Crete," said he, "are absolutely frightful and though, as a traveller, you must be prepared for any experience, yet, when the season is bad, they become quite impassable, even to the natives. I have had a carriage-road surveyed and located from here to Heracleon, and a small portion of it is already finished, near Rhithymnos; but the people oppose it with all their might, and at least five or six years must elapse before enough is done to demonstrate to them the use and value of such improvements.* I am satisfied that Turkey will never advance until she has means of communication sufficient to make her internal resources available. This is the first step towards the regeneration of the Orient—and the *only* first step in the path of true progress. The power and civilization of Europe rest on this foundation." There is great truth in these remarks, as, indeed, there was in the Pasha's views on the Oriental question. They disclosed an enlightened and practical mind, the rarest apparition among the Governors of the East.

At last, on the morning of our departure, the Pasha sent me Captain Nikephoro, a dashing Sfakiote chieftain, who was ordered to accompany us through the territory, as guide and guard. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with

* The building of this road was the main cause of the rebellion in Crete, a few months later!

fiery black eyes, raven hair and moustache, and an eagle's beak of a nose. A pair of long, silver-mounted pistols, and a yataghan, with a silver hilt and scabbard, adorned his belt. Hadji Bey wore his blue uniform and sabre, and was mounted on a sturdy gray horse. The chief muleteer, Anagnosti, who was chosen for us by the Consul's dragoon, as an honest and skilful man (and whom we afterwards discharged as the very opposite), was also mounted, so that, with our two baggage-mules, we made quite a respectable caravan. The Consul, who had hospitably entertained us during our stay, accompanied us to the gates of Khania, and we set off on our first Cretan journey, in the midst of a soft, thick rain.

The road to Suda, four miles, is a broad, carriageable way, leading through the rich plain of Khania. Peasants were busy plowing the mellow, dark-red loam. Vineyards, olive orchards and wheat-fields succeeded each other, and the flourishing villages on the lower slopes of the mountains on our right, glimmered through the gray veil of the falling showers. Suda is a deep, beautiful bay, open only toward the north-east, where an old Venetian fortress, on a rocky island, commands its mouth. The ground at its head is marshy, and near the shore there are salt pans. Vely Pasha, however, had the intention of draining these marshes and building up a town on the spot. A better situation, in fact, could scarcely be found on the island.

Our road followed the shore for a short distance, and then began to climb the base of Mount Malaxa, which towered far above us, its summit wrapped in clouds. This is probably the ancient Berecynthus, the scene of the Idæar

Dactyls, where fire was first brought down from heaven, and metal forged. Antiquaries are divided in opinion, some affirming that the mountain is of calcareous rock (which it certainly is)—others that it is schistose, and may therefore contain veins of metal. I do not see that this question is of much importance. All myths had a location, of course, and in the days when they formed a part of the prevalent religion, men were not in the habit of testing them by inquiry and research. Malaxa corresponds, geographically, with the position of Berecynthus, and we need not trouble our heads about the rest.

Clumps of myrtle and oleander filled the glens, and the mastic shrub, sage and wild thyme covered the stony shoulders of the hills. We still plodded on in the rain, passing here and there a ruined keep, climbing rocky ladders, or slipping on the polished surface of an old road, where the stones had been laid together in some sort of order. After three hours, when we were all tolerably wet, cold and hungry, we crossed the crest of the shore hills and came upon the broad table-land of Apokorona, at the eastern base of the White Mountains. Cheered by the hope of soon reaching our destination—a monastery at Paleokastron, on the site of Aptera—we hurried on to a little village. The people crowded to the doors to see us and give us directions. “Good day, palikar!” said a woman whom I greeted. The men, all of whom had very cheerful and friendly faces, accompanied us a little distance to point out the road, and tore down the stone fences for our mules, that we might find a shorter way across their fields.

The plain of Apokorona presented a pleasant picture of

fertility and cultivation. Wheat-fields, divided by stone fences, and dotted with clumps of olive-trees, stretched as far as the eye could reach. In half an hour we reached some of the ruins of Aptera. Hewn blocks, among them fragments of small Doric pillars, were scattered over the soil, and along the highest part of the hill ran a low wall of square stones. A little further was the monastery, a massive square stone building, standing in the midst of some ruins of the Roman time. The place is a *Metókhi*, or branch, of the Monastery of St. John, on Patmos. It is occupied only by one priest, a married man, who rents from the Government a large tract of the land lying round about it, for 12,000 piastres (\$500) a year. He received us in the court, ushered us into a small leaky room, and in due time we procured a meal of eggs fried in oil, fresh cheese-curd, and coarse but good bread. Notwithstanding Lent had commenced, the priest was willing to furnish heretics with the means to break it, for a consideration. We tried to dry our soaked garments over a brazier of coals, and gave up all hopes of proceeding further that day.

Aptera (*Wingless*) derives its name from the combat between the Sirens and the Muses, wherein the former were stripped of their wings, and plunging into the sea, became the rocks of Leucæ, which lie in the mouth of the Bay of Suda. The ruins near the convent are those of cisterns, undoubtedly of Roman construction. One of them is nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, with a branch at right angles. Another is a triple vault, in a nearly perfect state, its walls of division resting on four arches of cut stone. On inquiring for the Cyclopean walls, the priest said they

were further to the eastward. Captain Nikephoro put on his thick capote to keep off the rain, and accompanied us. Along the brow of the mountain, for the distance of nearly half a mile (which was as far as we traced it), runs a polygonal wall, composed of huge undressed masses of rock. Its breadth is seven feet, and its greatest height twelve, the upper portion having been either thrown down or carried off. The masonry, though massive, is rude, and evidently belongs to the earliest period.

In the evening a number of peasants came in with coins, Greek, Roman and Venetian, some of which I bought. Among them were some autonomous coins of Aptera, with a bee on the obverse. The most of them, however, were illegible, and held by their finders at prices far above their real value. We occupied the priest's bed for the night, which was a raised platform across the dry end of the room. The sacerdotal fleas were as voracious as Capuchin friars, and though they were distributed over four persons instead of two, they murdered sleep none the less. Next morning the rain continued, but after a long consultation and much delay, we set out for Rhithymnos. Riding over the plain for an hour or more, through fine old orchards, we reached a new khan about the breakfast hour. A priest and some wayfarers were within, smoking their narghilehs and drinking the pale-red Cretan wine. In Crete the wine is not resined, as in Greece, and we can therefore get at its natural flavor, which is fully equal to that of the ordinary wines of Spain. I much prefer it to the renowned wine of Cyprus, notwithstanding Mrs. Browning's Bacchic pæan to the latter. In Greece the wine was no doubt resinous in

ancient times. The pine-cone topping the staff of Bacchus is probably one symbol of the fact. By adding the raw resin—which is collected by tapping the pine trees—it is not only more easily preserved, but may be increased by the addition of water. It is a most wholesome beverage, but the flavor, to an unaccustomed palate, is horrible.

In front of the khan a silvery waterfall gleamed through the olive trees, and Braisted and I walked thither, accompanied by the faithful Sfakiote, who never allowed us to get out of his sight. The place reminded me of the sources of the Jordan, at Banias. A stream large enough to drive a cotton factory gushed out of the earth at the foot of a pile of rocks, fell over a mossy dam, and rushed away through the meadows towards the sea. Nikephoro informed me, however, that it dries up in summer. Our road, for some distance after leaving the khan, was a mere scrambling track over stony ridges, impassable for anything except the sure-footed Cretan mules. Our course was a remarkably tortuous one, winding hither and thither without any regard to the direction we should go. We at last discovered that Anagnosti was as ignorant as he was lazy, and did not know the road. François thereupon took fire with his usual readiness, and we had a storm of Greek epithets. "I have always heard," said he, "that the Cretan Turks were scamps, but now I see that it is the Cretan Christians who are so. St. Paul told the truth about this lying race."

After a while we reached an old monastery, near a village called *Karidi* (The Nut), on a hill overlooking the interior valleys. The houses were ruinous and half deserted, but

the orange, olive, and carob trees were of fine growth, and the barley fields of unusual richness. In another hour we came upon a village called Exopolis, on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the valley of Armyro. A dreary rain was setting in, and Hadji Bey declared that it was impossible to reach the next place before dark; so we took up our quarters in the house of an old fellow who called himself the chief of the village. It was a hut of stones and mud, without a window, and with a roof through which the rain leaked in little streams; but it was at least slightly better than out of doors. There were much better houses in the village, but all were roofless and in ruins. Captain Nikephoro accompanied us to a Turkish tower of hewn stone, whence we had a striking view of the wild valley below. Hadji Bey lodged in the café, a dark, windowless hut, where they gave us cups of burnt barley for coffee. Some Musselmans and Christians were within, disputing violently, in loud, screaming voices. The Cretans are the most argumentative people in the world. We cannot ask the simplest question without getting a different opinion from every bystander, and thereupon ensues a discussion, in which everybody is edified except ourselves. The people informed us that they had had snow and rain for a hundred days previous—a thing unheard of in the island. Many of the oldest olive trees, as we had occasion to notice, had been broken down by the weight of the snow upon their limbs, and a great number of sheep and goats had perished.

The captain was probably the richest man in the village. His wealth consisted of a field of barley, four sheep, five goats, four pigs, and an ass. He was about seventy years

old, had a gray beard, but his youngest child was only five. Both he and his wife exhibited a laudable curiosity to learn the customs of the *eklambrotati* (Their Brilliances!) the *basilikoi anthropoi* (Royal Men), who had honored his hut with their presence. They took care to be on hand when we undressed, and they came and went so frequently during the night as to disturb our rest materially, but I discovered an evidence of their attention in the morning, on finding that I was covered with various dirty garments, placed under the holes in the roof, to intercept the droppings. In the morning the woman came up to me, suddenly fell upon her knees, kissed my muddy boots, and then arose and kissed my hand, before I fairly noticed what she was about. I gave little Levteri, who sat in the chimney-corner, a piece of money, whereupon he did the same thing, and his mother said: "May God permit you to enjoy your sovereignty many years!"

When we arose it was still raining, slowly, steadily, dismally. It was evident that we must renounce all hope of visiting Sfakia, for in such weather the single road into that region was already impassable. We therefore discharged Captain Nikephoro, who had been detailed for this special service, parting with the splendid fellow with genuine regret. Hadji Bey, also, was disinclined to set out. It was quite natural that he should wish to make things as easy as possible; he was travelling for our pleasure, not his own. However, I determined to get into good quarters at Rhithymnos, and as soon as the rain held up a little, the mules were packed in spite of Anagnosti's curses, and we set out. Descending the hill by a frightful path, alternate

rock and quagmire, we reached the river of Arinyro. The remains of an old Venetian fortress are upon its banks, and a short distance further a Turkish castle, mosque and khan, dismantled and deserted. Even here, on the sea-level, the snow had made great havoc among the olive trees. Finally we emerged upon the sea-shore, where the sand and pebbles made better footing for our mules, but the north-east wind, laden with rain, swept upon us with full force. Hadji Bey and the muleteers were in constant alarm during this part of our journey, assuring us that the Sfakiotes, who live during the winter in the neighboring village of Dramia, frequently pounce upon and plunder travellers. "But you need not be afraid of them on such a day as this," I suggested. "Oh, this is just the weather they choose for their attacks," said the Bey. By the shore large timbers had been collected, for the purpose, we were told, of building a mud machine for the port of Khania. At last we struck the hills again, which here thrust out a bold, rocky promontory, the base of which the sea has gnawed into a thousand fantastic forms.

After scrambling for some time over the insteps of the hills, we reached a tremendous gorge, cleft into their very heart, down the bottom of which rushed a rapid stream. Near the sea were the abutments of a massive sloping bridge, the arch of which was entirely gone. It had the appearance of having been overthrown by an earthquake, and Hadji Bey informed me that it was entire only sixty years ago. We were now upon the track of an ancient road, fragments of the pavement of which we saw in places. The gorge was inclosed by precipices of blue lime-

stone rock, whose fronts were stained with bright orange-colored oxydations. In color and outline the picture was superb. The geological formation of Crete is a continuation of that of the mainland of Greece, the rock being principally the same *palombino*, or dove-colored limestone.

Our road beyond this was the next thing to impracticable. The rock, channeled and honeycombed everywhere by the action of water, was worn into a series of deep holes, filled with soft mud, in and out of which our mules plunged. On every headland stood a ruined watch-tower, of the Venetian or Turkish times. After more than two hours of this travel, we caught sight of the fortress of Rhithymnos, crowning a projecting cape some distance ahead. Two minarets and a palm-tree, rising above the gray houses of the town, relieved the view a little, but had it been ten times more dismal, the sight would have been a welcome one to us, in our cold, sore, and hungry condition. Soon afterwards we came to a very wild and deep ravine, spanned by a bridge of a double row of arches, one above the other—undoubtedly a Roman work. We now struck upon the new road, which fully justified Vely Pasha's description. It was a broad, solid, substantial, *English* highway, even better than the wants of the island demand. Two or three hundred men were at work, hauling the broken stone in hand-cars, or breaking them in the shelter of natural caves in the side of the hill. We pressed on, passed the village of lepers, whose houses are stuck like 'wallows' nests in the interstices of a solitary mass of rock, and at length entered the town by a long, low, gloomy gate.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR IMPRISONMENT AT RHITHYMNOS.

WE looked upon Rhithymnos as a port of refuge after our stormy journey, and it was therefore a matter of some importance to decide where we should go. The Pasha had given me letters to the Turkish Governor and the Greek Bishop. As a Protestant, I was equally an infidel in the eyes of both, but the Turk is more hospitable than the Greek, everywhere, and the Bishop, besides, was fasting in the leanness of his Lent; so I directed Hadji Bey to conduct us to the Governor. We passed through a street of bazaars, wholly Moslem in appearance, and soon reached the residence of the *Kaïmakan*, Khalim Bey, near the port. He was absent at the Council, but a servant—at a hint from our Hadji—conducted us to a large, unfurnished room, one-half of which was a *daïs*, covered with straw matting, and had our baggage brought up.

Soon afterwards the Governor arrived. He was a stout man of about fifty, with an open, pleasant countenance. He was a native of Monastir, in Macedonia, but had

served in Syria and Egypt, and even spent some months in Paris. He shook hands cordially, ushered us into his divan, a low, barely-furnished room, and then read the Pasha's letter. I begged him to assist us in obtaining lodgings in the town, but he declared at once that he would be greatly mortified if we thought of leaving his house. He considered us his guests, and would feel highly honored if we would accept such poor quarters as he could give, so long as we might choose to stay. After making all allowance for Oriental exaggeration, there was still enough left to justify us in accepting the Governor's hospitable offer. François managed to hint delicately to him that we were almost famished, and an early dinner would be very acceptable. Coffee and pipes were at once ordered, and repeated again, with many apologies for the delay, for a long time elapsed before dinner was announced. The table was set in our room, in quite the European style, with two large bottles of red Cretan wine. The meal was plentiful and good, although the dishes were mostly Turkish. We had soup, pillau, wild fennel, stewed in oil, a salad of spinach, kid with a sauce of eggs and lemon juice, and *yaourt*, which I had not seen since my pilgrimage through Asia Minor.

We retired to chibouks and coffee in the divan, and then ensued a long conversation between the Governor and François, in alternate Turkish and Greek. I understood enough of the latter language to see that F.'s remarks were dexterously turned to our advantage. He spoke of us as *Beyzadehs*, or hereditary Beys. After giving an account of our visit to *Khania* and the very hospitable reception of

the Pasha, he related our former travels in the East, and added something about my journeys in various parts of the world. The Governor was much pleased to learn that I was more interested in the country, its productions and people, than in its antiquities, concerning which he seemed to entertain no very high opinion. "But is that the Beyzadeh's only object in travelling?" he asked. "Does he not get tired of going about the world so much?" "Tell his Excellency," said I, "that there is nothing better than to know, from personal experience, the different nations of the earth; to learn their languages, to observe their character, habits, and laws, and thus to find out what is good in each." "Mashallah, but that is true enough," was the answer.

"And then," added François, "whatever the Beyzadeh sees, or hears, or experiences, during the day, he writes down at night. Every day he writes, and takes all the papers home with him. You should just see him write! It would take three men to keep pace with him—his pen goes so fast. He has made more than sixty thousand books, all about his travels." "Stop!" said I, "explain to the Governor that I have written six books only, but that perhaps ten or fifteen thousand copies of each have been printed and sold." "*Polá prágmata!*" (great things! ejaculated the Governor. "But," inquired the Secretary, "what does he make these books for? why are so many of them sold?" "Don't you see," said François, "that there are many millions of persons in America who cannot go over the world as the Beyzadeh does, but they want to know about other countries. Now, when they buy one of

these books, they find in it all the papers which the Bey zadeh writes every night, and they know just as much as he does." The Governor exhibited much more than the ordinary Turkish intelligence, and was exceedingly curious to hear all the news of the world. Fortunately, he had consideration enough to retire early to his harem, and leave us to our beds.

On the morrow, it still rained, in the same dreary, hopeless manner. The first thing we did was to discharge our lazy, ignorant, insolent Anagnosti, and his mules. He was rogue enough to demand more than the price agreed upon in Khania, which was double what I had paid in Syria for horses. We counted out the proper sum, which he scornfully left lying upon the table, went out and got drunk, and then came back and took it. During a pause in the rain, the Governor sent a serjeant with us to show us the fortress, one of those massive, irregular Venetian affairs, for the construction of which lands were ruined and people robbed and starved. Over the gate, and in panels on every bastion, was the proud lion of St. Mark, his head in every instance knocked off by the Turks. Splendid bronze guns lay dismounted on the ramparts, and even the neglected walls were cracking and falling in pieces. The amount of labor and treasure expended by Venice on fortifications is almost incredible. No wonder that the oppressed Cretans joyfully hailed the Turks as deliverers from her iron rule. We shed poetic tears over her fall—we prate of Turkish barbarism, Turkish oppression, Turkish vandalism, when it is really Venice that has despoiled and impoverished the Levant. Thank God that she has fallen!

say I. Behead the winged lion—let the harlot, not the bride of the sea, sit in her ruined palaces, and lament, like Tyre, for the galleys that come no more, bringing tribute to her lust!

The Governor issued from his harem at an early hour and came to join us at coffee. He had a China service, and gave us Turkish zerfs of delicate silver filagree work, as egg-cups. We had also hot milk with our coffee, and crisp rolls, covered with grains of sesamé. I was a little surprised to find that his habits were so much Europeanized, but the truth leaked out that he was only imitating French customs temporarily, on our account, the cups, plates, spoons, &c., being borrowed for the occasion, some of one person and some of another. Two lieutenants of gend'armes, in their uniform, acted as waiters, getting free board in the Governor's house, in consideration of their services. Their wages were 150 and 300 piastres (\$6 and \$12) a month. At midday we had a breakfast, consisting of as many courses as the dinner, and composed of the same dishes.

I sent my letter of introduction to the Bishop, or *Despot*, as he is termed. He was ill with rheumatism or gout, but sent word that he would receive us in the afternoon. The Governor politely accompanied us to his residence. He was a stout, plethoric fellow of sixty, with large gray eyes, a venerable gray beard, and a countenance which expressed intelligence, shrewdness, and coldness. We were entertained with preserved quinces and water, followed by pipes and coffee. The conversation related principally to his ailment, and is not worth repeating. François was rather scandalized because I ignorantly used the ordinary Greek

form of address, "*e eugeneia sas*" (your nobility) instead of "your holiness," in speaking to him. The attendants were young priests in apostolic hair and blue velvet jackets. The Despot was evidently suffering, and we made but a short stay, congratulating ourselves, as we left, that we had made choice of the Governor for our host.

Towards evening, we received a visit from Mr. Woodward, the English engineer who had charge of the new road. He had been a year and a half in Crete, and seemed very glad to get a chance of speaking his own language again. His account of the people went very far to confirm my own impressions. They are violently opposed to improvement of any kind, and the road, especially, excited their bitterest hostility. They stole his flag-poles, tried to break his instruments, and even went so far as to attack his person. He was obliged to carry on the work under the protection of a company of Albanian soldiers. The Cretans, he stated, are conceited and disputatious in their character, to an astonishing degree. His greatest difficulty with the laborers on the road was their unwillingness to be taught anything, as it wounds their vanity to confess that they do not know it already. They even advised him how to use his instruments. If a stone was to be lifted, every man gave his advice as to the method, and the day would have been spent in discussing the different proposals, if he had not cut them short by threatening to fine every man who uttered another word. Their pockets are the most sensitive portion of their bodies, and even vanity gives way to preserve them. The law obliged the population of each district, in turn, to work nine days annually upon

the road, or commute at the rate of six piastres a day. This was by no means an oppressive measure, yet men worth their hundreds of thousands were found in the ranks of the laborers, in order to save the slight tax. Some of the villages were just beginning to see the advantage of the road, and, had a few miles been completed, the engineer thought the opposition would be greatly diminished. Nothing but an enlightened despotism can accomplish any good with such a population.

In the evening, the British Consular Agent, an Ionian Greek, paid us a visit, and there was a long *fumarium* in the Governor's divan. The Agent, waxing confidential, began explaining to the Governor, how it was possible to cheat in selling oil. "When you buy your oil," said he, "get the largest cask you can find—the very largest that is made—and fill it. You must have it standing on end, with the cock quite at the bottom. When you sell an oka of it, the pressure forces it out in a very strong stream; it becomes inflated with air, and the measure is filled with a less quantity of oil. You can make a gain of three per cent. in this way." He then went on to describe other methods by which, all together, the gain might be increased to fifteen or twenty per cent. François becoming impatient, cried out: "Now I see that the ancient Greeks were perfectly right, in having the same god for merchants and thieves!" The Governor laughed heartily, but the Agent, considerably nettled, exclaimed: "Do you mean to speak of me as a thief?" "No," answered François, with the greatest coolness; "I speak of you as a merchant." At this the Governor laughed still more

loudly, and the discomfited Agent was obliged, by Oriental politeness, to laugh too.

The same person attacked François violently for his disbelief in the annual Easter miracle at Jerusalem, proclaiming that the fire actually came down from Heaven, and none but an infidel could doubt it. The belief in this blasphemous imposture, I may here remark, is almost universal among the Greeks. F., who has a hearty detestation of all Christian paganism, broke out with, "A miracle, indeed! I can perform as great a miracle with a lucifer match. Ask the patriarch of Jerusalem if he knows what phosphorus is! If he can turn Mount Ida into a lump of cheese, so that we can all cut from it as long as we like, I should call that a miracle worth something—but you go to Jerusalem and pay five hundred dollars to save your soul, by lighting a candle at his lying bit of wax!" The Governor, who had been at Jerusalem, enjoyed the dispute, until he found the parties were getting too much excited, when he adroitly changed the subject.

On Monday morning the weather changed, but for the worse. A violent storm of wind and rain set in, which continued the whole day and night, and the greater part of the next day, making us compulsory guests of the Governor. I was at first rather embarrassed at this long trespass upon his hospitality, but finding he was quite wealthy, and judging that our visit was rather a pleasant interruption to the monotony of his life, than otherwise, resigned myself to our fate. His kindness and courtesy, in fact, never flagged, and we should have been much more comfortable had he been less anxious to show us

attention. After coffee, we must sit in his divan until the hour for Council arrived. On his return therefrom, he sent to let us know, and ask if we would not take a pipe with him. The afternoon was passed in the same manner and the evening devoted entirely to pipes and conversation. Our room was so cold and leaky, that our only alternative was the divan and its restraints. Seeing, on Tuesday, that there was no hope of change in the weather, I proposed to engage mules for Megalokastron, or Candia, but the Governor refused to send for them. "What would the Pasha say," said he, "if I should let you depart now? No, you are here, and here you shall stay until the weather is better." On the fifth morning, finally, when the storm had somewhat abated, although a heavy sea thundered on the beach, I prevailed upon him to order mules for us.

With the aid of François, I managed to give the Governor a tolerably clear idea of our country and its form of government, and to obtain from him, in return, some information concerning the administration of Crete. The only tax, it appears, is that paid in kind, by the agricultural population—one-tenth of the produce. Not only is there no direct tax on real estate, but trade of all kinds is entirely exempt, and pays nothing. In Greece, the burdens are much heavier, for the agricultural tax is the same, and in addition, all sorts of trades and occupations are made to pay heavily for their license. The revenue of Crete is about half a million of dollars annually, which is just about sufficient to pay the expenses of its Government. Were a just and equal system of taxation introduced, the revenue might be doubled without oppressing the people. The

direct tendency of the present system is to discourage the most important branch of industry. Crete is one of the richest islands in the Mediterranean, and there is no reason why it should not support now, as it once did, a population of a million.

We often hear it stated that the reforms which the Sultan has sanctioned, are only so many paper proclamations, which are never actually put in force. This has been very much the case in European Turkey and Asia-Minor, heretofore, but a new order of things is commencing. The *Hattihumayoon*, or bill of Religious Liberty, promulgated just two years previous, was in full force in Crete at the time of my visit. Singularly enough, the greatest opposition to it arose from the Christian, not the Turkish, population. A conspiracy was already on foot to procure the removal of Vely Pasha, because while he had allowed *two hundred and forty families* of Cretan Turks to embrace Christianity, he had protected some five or six Christians who voluntarily became Moslems, from the fanaticism of the Greek mob. "In Europe," said he to me, "we are called fanatical and intolerant, but I sincerely think we are less so than the Oriental Christians. I consider the Hattihumayoon a just and necessary measure, and am determined to keep it in force, and it is discouraging to find that the very people who are the most benefited by it, conspire to thwart me." He had given, under the Sultan's direction, 100,000 piastres towards the building of the new Greek Cathedral in Khania. What Christian government ever helped to build a mosque? What Catholic country ever gave funds to a Protestant Church? Let us, heredi-

tary Pharisees that we are, learn a lesson of Christian tolerance from the infidel!

On the sixth morning we broke away from Rhithymnos against the good Governor's will. But five days had exhausted our patience, and some gleams of sunshine, touching with gold the solitary snowy cone of the Cretan Ida, set us in motion. Our destination was the Grotto of Melidoni, then the ruins of Gortynna, and the conjectured site of the famous Labyrinth.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAVERNS, MOUNTAINS, AND LABYRINTH: OF CRETE.

THE village of Melidoni, where we stopped on the afternoon of our departure from Rhithymnos, lies in the midst of a very beautiful and fertile valley, between Mount Ida and a group of barren hills on the coast. It was a very flourishing place before the Revolution, but is now for the most part a heap of ruins. The houses are built on a flat foundation of solid rock. We threaded the narrow lanes to a sort of café, where a group of lazy villagers were collected, and waited while Hadji Bey went off to summon the Governor. The latter came after a while, looking flushed and bewildered; he had been drunk, and was trying to appear as if he had not been. He was quite a young man and a brother of one of the Pasha's secretaries. He immediately treated us to coffee of burnt barley, and then conducted us to his house, which had an upper room, dry and tolerably decent. It was too late to visit the celebrated grotto of Melidoni, which is in the side of a mountain to

the westward, so I went upon the house-top, and succeeded in getting a sketch of Mount Ida, between the showers of rain. It rose in one splendid, sweeping peak of unbroken snow, from a base of lower summits, girdling the central cone. Under these, again, were bare and bleak masses, glooming blue and purple in the shadows of heavy clouds, while Ida shone with an angry lustre in the streaks of sunset light which came and went, as we gazed. This was our only near view of the glorious mountain, though we afterwards scaled many of its rugged buttresses.

Ismail Bey, the Governor, gave us a good dinner in the evening, with many apologies that he could not entertain us more worthily. The Greek priest and some subordinate officials came to pay their respects, and the former very courteously assisted the servants in waiting upon the table. His own fare was confined to olives and some of our caviar, but he drank his share of the wine, and heaped our plates with the forbidden flesh. We had already given up eating ham, except in a raw state, out of consideration for Hadji Bey, who was nearly starved whenever we had any of it cooked. Noticing that he looked with a longing eye at the wine, François offered him a glass. He had previously declined, like a good Mussulman, but this time he said, "If you will not report it at Khania," and swallowed the beverage with great satisfaction. The most genial and fraternal spirit pervaded the party, and there was every evidence of the truth of what I had heard—that the Christians and Turks of Crete, in the villages, live together in the most amicable manner. It is not always easy to distinguish them, outwardly. Many of the Turks have Christian names, and

even have their children baptized by the Christian priests. There is little of that bitterness of feeling between them which exists in other parts of the Ottoman Empire. In the course of the evening, the priest asked me: "Did Your Brilliances come to Crete in your own steamer, or did you hire one of the Austrians?" The Governor gave us his own bed, and retired to lodge in a friend's house.

He was very anxious that I should take his portrait, and I could do no less than comply, in the morning. The likeness was admitted by all the villagers to be very good, but he was greatly disappointed because I did not represent his light-blue undercoat, which was covered by another of a darker color! His secretary, a Christian, stood near me, and very kindly suggested what colors I should use. Some drawings of seaports which he had made were pasted on the walls, and, thinking that he might have some little talent that way, I explained to him that his houses should be made with upright lines, or they would appear to be tumbling down; but no, he knew better, the houses were right. He knew all about drawing, and nobody could teach him anything.

We walked up to the cave in the rain, accompanied by three or four of the villagers. Notwithstanding the entrance is in full view from the valley, they lost their way in climbing the mountain. The grotto of Melidoni is said to be almost equal, in extent and beauty, to that of Antiparos. It was dedicated of old to the Tallæan Hermes, in an inscription which is said still to exist, near the entrance, although I looked in vain for it. In modern times, it has obtained a melancholy notoriety from the fate of the inha

bitants of Melidoni, who took refuge in it during the rebellion against the Turks. In 1822, when Hussein Bey marched upon the village, the inhabitants, to the number of three hundred, took refuge in the cave, taking with them their valuables, and provisions sufficient for six months. The entrance is so narrow and steep that they were perfectly secured against an attack, and the Turks, in their first attempt, lost twenty-five men. Finding that they refused submission on any terms, Hussein Bey ordered a quantity of combustibles to be brought to the entrance and set on fire. The smoke, rolling into the cavern in immense volumes, drove the miserable fugitives into the remoter chambers, where they lingered a little while longer, but were all eventually suffocated. The Turks waited some days, but still did not dare to enter, and a Greek captive was finally sent down, on the promise of his life being spared. The Turks then descended and plundered the bodies. A week afterwards, three natives of the village stole into the cavern to see what had become of their friends and relatives. It is said that they were so overcome by the terrible spectacle, that two of them died within a few days. Years afterwards, when the last vestiges of the insurrection had been suppressed, the Archbishop of Crete blessed the cavern, making it consecrated ground, and the bones of the victims were gathered together and partially covered up, in the outer chamber.

After crawling under the low arch of the entrance, we found ourselves at the top of a very steep and slippery plane, about fifty yards in depth. The descent was a matter requiring precaution, especially as the vaulted roof kept

the same level, and our wax tapers were more and more feeble in the yawning gloom. At last, we reached a level floor, and found ourselves in a vast elliptical hall, about eighty feet in height, and propped in the centre by an enormous stalactitic pillar. On all sides, the stalactites hung like fluted curtains from the very roof, here in broad, sheeted masses, there dropping into single sharp folds, but all on a scale of Titanic grandeur. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, the roof expanded into loftier arches, and through the Gothic portals opening on our left gleamed spectrally the pillars of deeper halls. Rounded bases of stalagmite arose on all sides, some almost within reach of the giant icicles which grew downward to meet them, while a few others had already touched, and resembled a water-spout, the column of which is about to part in the middle. Under these grand and silent arches, under the black banners of eternal Night, lay heaped the mouldering skulls and bones of the poor Christians. They could not have had a more appropriate sepulchre.

Following our guides, we entered a smaller hall, superbly hung with drapery of gleaming alabaster, and then, crawling along a low passage and down an almost perpendicular descent of about fifteen feet, found ourselves in the great hall of the cavern, which is 150 feet long and about 100 feet high. The rock is almost entirely hidden under the immense masses of stalactite, which here take the wildest and most startling forms. Indeed, as a specimen of stalactitic formation, the cavern surpasses anything which I have ever seen. The floor of the last hall is composed of large masses of rock which have fallen from above, and descends

rapidly to the further end, where there are three small chambers. Here the last of the victims perished, reached even there by the stifling fumes of sulphur and resin kindled at the mouth of the cave. Skulls rolled away under our feet, and on one of the stalagmites lay a long, thick braid of woman's hair. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and a sickening odor of mortality still exhaled from the ghastly remains. We returned to the entrance hall, and then explored another branch, which terminates in a deep pit, down which you see the fluted white curtains, fold falling behind fold—the roof, apparently, of still deeper halls, which have never yet been explored. Many of the largest stalactites were broken off by the earthquake which desolated Crete in October, 1856. Another beautiful appearance in this part of the cavern was that of a series of frozen cascades, falling in broad, thin sheets from the horizontal shelves of rock. Greatly as we were impressed by these wonders, however, we were not sorry when our exploration was at an end, and we could climb the slippery plane to daylight again.

Ismaïl Bey had in the meantime killed a fine turkey for us, and we were obliged to postpone our departure until it was cooked. The priest again ate with us, and complacently munched his olives while we attacked the succulent quarters of the fowl which the Governor laid before us. At noon, we started in the rain for Axos, the distance whereof from Melidoni it was impossible to ascertain, some saying it was two, some three, and some six hours. A violent discussion at once arose, and I became convinced that if the Cretans are not liars, according to Epimenides and St

Paul, they at least call themselves so. Our road, for some distance, led through a wild, broken, but remarkably fertile region, through orchards of immense olive, interspersed with clumps of plane and crab-trees, the former completely overgrown with gigantic grape-vines. Some of the olive-trunks were full six feet in diameter, showing an age of from ten to fifteen centuries. The ground was strewed with limbs broken off by the snow. This forcible pruning, however, will rather benefit the trees than otherwise, as the people are in the habit of leaving them entirely to nature, when, by judicious pruning, their yield might be greatly increased. Seven years ago, the olive-trees in Attica were so much injured by a cold winter, that it was necessary to cut off all the tops. For two or three years, the people lost their crops, but now the trees produce as they have never done before. In the district of Melidoni, during the winter, upwards of 12,000 sheep and goats had perished from the cold.

We at last came upon the large, rapid river of Axos, the "*rapidum Cretæ veniimus Oaxen*" of Virgil, which we were obliged to ford twice. Passing a picturesque fountain, shaded by plane-trees, we climbed up a steep, rocky hill to the village of Gharazo. This place, which is celebrated for the beauty of its women, contains many fine old ruined buildings, apparently of the Venetian time. The three women we saw were hideous creatures, greatly to our disappointment. We stopped at the house of the captain of the village, where Hadji Bey wished us to halt for the night, as the rain was increasing, but the captain cruelly said to him: "I wish you would pay me for the last time

you were here." I determined to push on to Axos, but as everybody gave us a different direction, we were obliged to hire a villager as guide. Hadji Bey was rather disconsolate at the prospect, and sang no more of his doleful songs of love that day. We now commenced ascending the northern spurs of Ida, and the scenery was of the wildest and grandest kind, though dreary enough in the pelting rain, which increased every hour. All the steep mountain slopes, far and near, were covered with vineyards, which produce the excellent red Cretan wine. There are fortunes to be made by some one who has enterprise and skill enough to undertake the business of properly preparing and exporting the wines of Crete.

The vines, I learned, are much more exempt from disease than in Greece and the Ionian Islands. They are subject, however, to the ravages of a caterpillar, for the expulsion of which, when all other means have failed, a singular superstition is employed. The insects are formally summoned to appear before the judicial tribunal of the district, in order to be tried for their trespasses, and the fear of a legal prosecution, it is believed, will cause them to cease at once from their ravages! If this be true, caterpillars are the most sagacious of vermin. In some parts of Crete, a not less singular remedy is applied. It is one of those peculiar customs which most travellers, like the historian Gibbon, express "in the decent obscurity of a learned language;" but I do not know why I should not say that the remedy consists in an immodest exposure on the part of the women, whereat the worms are so shocked that they drop from the vines, wriggle themselves into the earth, and are seen no more.

After riding for nearly two hours along a lofty con b, we approached the wild gorge once crowned by the ancient Axos, through scattering groves of fine oak-trees. The only ruins in the modern village are a Byzantine chapel and some Roman brick-work, but there is a small fragment of Cyclopean wall on the summit above. We rode at once to the captain of the village, who invited us into his house, or rather den, for it was a long, low pile of stones, heaped against a rock, without window or chimney. The interior was divided into several compartments, some for beasts and some for men—the former being more comfortable than the latter. We crept into the dark hovel, where we were at least secure against the rain, except such as came through two holes in the roof, out of which a portion of the smoke escaped. The captain, an old Christian, dirty enough to be a saint of the Greek Church, and with a long, venerable white beard, kindled a fire to dry our wet clothes, giving us the alternative of either being blinded by the smoke or returning into the rain. Finally, the wet wood burned into coals, François fried some eggs, the village supplied excellent wine, and we made our hermitage as endurable as possible. The captain, whom we were obliged to invite to dinner, made inroads upon our stock of caviar, the only thing he dared eat. He had a spacious bedroom, which we hoped to occupy; but he had not yet learned Turkish hospitality, and we were obliged to sleep in the kitchen, with the rain trickling through the roof upon our heads. A number of the villagers came during the evening, to stare at us, and ask questions. We endeavored to get some information from them respecting the

road to Heracleon, but finally gave up the attempt in despair. François completely lost his patience, and protested that in the whole course of his life he had never lodged in such holes, or been brought into contact with such a rascally set of people. St. Paul, referring to the Cretan poet Epimenides, says: "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own said, The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." It is just as true at the present day, as applied to the Cretan Christians, and to many, but not all, of the Turks. I scarcely know which disgusted me more, during the journey—the beastly manner of life of the Cretans and their filthy bodily habits, or their brazen falsehood and egregious vanity.

In the morning, it rained as before, but I was determined to leave Axos, even if we had to take refuge in a similar den. The muleteers, nevertheless, refused to stir. "Kill us, if you like," they said, "but we will not move in such weather." I gave them until noon to decide, declaring that I should then take a mule, ride to Heracleon, and return for them with half-a-dozen Albanian soldiers. François, however, employed the more potent argument of a jug of wine, and, in proportion as they grew wet within, they became indifferent to the wet without. At noon, they were ready. The villagers brought us a great number of coins, Greek, Roman, Arabic and Venetian; they were mostly obliterated, but I succeeded in finding some copper pieces with the symbols of ancient Axos upon them. The captain demanded an exorbitant price for the use of his house, and the quarrel which ensued made us regret again

that we were not among the Turks. We had engaged a man as guide to the next village of Kamariotes, and when we were about to start, he coolly turned to the villagers and asked: "Which way must I go? I never was there but once, and that was in the night!" He had previously told us that he knew every step of the road.

We passed through the gap behind Axos, and then turned eastward into the heart of the wild, barren mountains. It was no road, but a stony ladder, which we traversed, and any animal but a Cretan mule would have broken his neck in the first half mile. We kept along one of the spurs of Ida, near the line of snow, through a dreary wilderness, for two hours, when we reached the next village. It was a miserable forlorn place, and the lanes between the houses were so deep in snow that it was impossible to pass through them. We learned, however, that there was another place, called Asterakia, three or four miles further, and determined to push on. Upon hearing this announcement, Hadji Bey, whose whining love-plaints had already been soaked out of him, became desperate. "I forbid you," he shouted to François; "*I* have charge of the Beyzadehs, and they shall stop here!" We laughed, turned our mules' heads, and went on, whistling. Looking back, after we had gone half a mile, we saw the Hadji and the baggage mules following us in sad, funereal procession. After crossing another ridge, a long cheerful valley, sprinkled with groves of noble oaks, brought us to Asterakia—"The Little Star," but a more appropriate name would be "The Little Dunghill."

We went into the captain's house. The first room was

a stable, containing two asses and four pigs. Through this we reached a small windowless den, where two of the ancient Muses were baking bread, while a sick man lay upon a floor, under a heap of thorny furze. The women seemed angry at our intrusion, and I sent François to seek other lodgings, but he soon returned, saying that this was a palace compared to the other dwellings. The captain, who was very anxious that we should stay, gave his commands, and the tragic Muses immediately became comic, in their cheerfulness. We gave some advice to the sick man, who had a violent cold, with some fever, but the women said: "It is no use giving him anything; if he don't get well, he will die." They baked their bread in a small oven, heated with dry broom and furze. The neighbors came in to witness our dinner, and partake of our caviar, which was an unheard-of delicacy in those parts. They were a lively, good-humored set, but had the same fatal inability to answer a question. I asked one how far it was to Heracleon, but he answered that he had never been there in all his life.

We were now, fortunately, within an easy day's journey of the town, and when the morning dawned with a lowering sky, but without rain, we encountered no opposition from our guard and attendants. The road led over wild mountain ridges for some miles, when we struck upon the *basiliko dromos*, or Royal Road, from Rhithymnos to Heracleon. It is an old Venetian way, roughly paved in parts, so that the rugged mountain side is preferred by the mules. At last, from a ridge at the foot of Stromboli, a conspicuous conical peak, we saw the sea again, and the

warm, green plain of Candia, lying far below us. To the south-east, out of the plain, rose the dark, isolated mass of Mount Juktas, the sepulchre of Jupiter. Behind us, under the eaves of the clouds, glimmered the snows of Ida, his birthplace. The remains of the tomb of the "Father of gods and men," who was worshipped in Crete as late as the eighth century, are still to be seen on the summit of Juktas—a parallelogram of hewn stones, eighty feet in length.

Eleven days of continuous rain had given us a surfeit of Cretan travel, besides which the mountain roads were becoming impassable, and the streams too high to be forded. I therefore renounced my project of visiting the ruins of Gortyna, on the southern side of Mount Ida. In themselves, the remains of the ancient city are insignificant, but in the adjacent mountain there is an excavation, known all over Crete as "The Labyrinth." We know that the famous labyrinth constructed by Dædalus was in the vicinity of Cnossus, the site of which is about three miles from Heracleon, and plainly visible from its walls. There are numerous caves in the neighboring hills, which may have given rise to the tradition; but the labyrinth of Gortyna is undoubtedly a work of art. It is of great extent, and the exploration of it is a work of some danger, owing to the number and intricacy of the various passages. The English engineer at Rhithymnos, who explored it by means of a bag of chaff, which he scattered as he went, considers it to have been a quarry. The natives are frequently bewildered and lost in it, and hence they never enter it without fear. This place exhibits

certainly all the characteristics of the fabulous labyrinth except its location. On the latter ground, I believe antiquaries reject it entirely. The symbol on the coins of Gortyna is Europa and the bull, while those of Cnossus have a ground-plan of the labyrinth on the obverse. I procured one of the latter at Axos.

I learned that a splendid sarcophagus had been recently exhumed near Hierapetra (the ancient Hieraptyna), on the southern shore of the island. The sides contain bas-reliefs representing the combat for the shield of Achilles. It was at Arvi, near the same place that the sarcophagus with the triumphal procession of Bacchus, now in the Museum at Oxford, was found. It would be a very easy matter, said my informant, to get possession of this interesting relic, and smuggle it out of the island. I mention this fact for the benefit of those especially interested in such matters.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO DAYS WITH AN ARCHBISHOP.

THE chief city of Crete is known in Europe by its Venetian name of Candia, which during the Middle Ages was applied to the whole island. The country people, however, invariably speak of it as Megálo-kastron, or the Great Fortress, while the educated Greeks, both in Crete and elsewhere, have restored the ancient name of Heracleion, which was a small seaport, near Cnossus. Of these names, the latter is preferable, and I therefore employ it. Both among Greeks and Turks, the island has always retained the name of "Crete," instead of the bastard Venetian name of "Candia," which is only just beginning to be relinquished in Europe. The latter word is never heard in the Orient, and we have no longer any right to use it. I have given the classic name as the only correct one.

At Heracleion, as at Rhithymnos, I was provided with a double recommendation, through the kindness of Vely Pasha, and the choice of taking up my abode either with

the Turkish Governor, or the venerable *Metropolitan* (Archbishop) of Crete. The hate manifested towards the latter by the bigoted Greek party in the island, and their intrigues to have him removed by the Patriarch of the Church, at Constantinople, convinced me that he must be a good man, and I therefore determined to claim his hospitality. We reached the city early in the afternoon, in a very battered and rusty condition, splashed with mud from head to foot, and, as we threaded the streets on our jaded mules, were the objects of general curiosity. Travellers are yet so scarce in Crete as to be personages of some importance. Hadji Bey guided us to the Metropolitan's residence, a large, rambling building, with three separate court-yards, a chapel and large garden. His Holiness was not at home, but we were courteously received by several priests and a secretary who spoke Italian. They at once appropriated a room to our use, entertained us with pipes and coffee in the large audience room, and then considerably allowed us to withdraw and change our clothes.

Presently the arrival of the Metropolitan was announced, and we found him waiting for us at the foot of the steps. His age was sixty-three; he was a little under the medium height, but erect and commanding in his appearance, with large, intelligent, benevolent gray eyes, a strong, straight, Albanian nose, and a majestic silver beard, which fell to his girdle. He wore a long, cinnamon-colored robe, over which was a dark-green pelisse, trimmed with fur, and the usual round black cap of the Greek priesthood, which somewhat resembles an inverted sauce-kettle. There was

no fear of mistranslating the look of welcome upon that reverend face, or the cordial grasp of his extended hand. The extent of his hospitality will be better understood wher. I state (what we only learned on leaving) that he had made preparations for his departure into the interior on the morrow, and immediately postponed the journey on our account. Still holding my hand, he led us up-stairs to the divan, called for *glyko* (sweets)—a delicious jelly of strawberries prepared at Constantinople—pipes of the finest Rumeli tobacco, and coffee. I then gave him the Pasha's letter and a few lines of greeting from Elizabeth of Crete.

With François' help—as it was rather a delicate subject—I said to him that we would not trespass upon his hospitality further than to make use of the room allotted to us, as we were provided with every other requisite. He apparently acquiesced, to our great satisfaction, and I dispatched François to give into the charge of some Turkish baker, for cooking, a brace of hares which we had picked up at Asterakia. Shortly afterwards, however, when we had retired from the audience, two priests came to bring us back again, stating that we were to occupy the divan. I protested, but in vain. The Metropolitan would hear of nothing else, and as the evenings were still cool, he ordered a huge *mangal*, or brazier of coals, upon which were laid strips of lemon peel, to neutralize the gas and perfume the apartment. It was a lofty, spacious room, with a raised seat covered with damask at the further end, and a thick straw matting on the floor. The only ornaments were some Byzantine pictures of the Sacrifice of Abraham, the

Murder of Abel, and Joseph's adventure with Potiphar's wife—singular ornaments for an ecclesiastical residence. As I was resigning myself to this hospitality and its consequent restraints, the Metropolitan stated that dinner would soon be ready. So it appeared that we were doomed to eat at his table, also. Dinner with an Archbishop, in the midst of Lent! We were desperately hungry, and the hares, I thought, must be nearly done by this time. Farewell, visions of the savory roast, and the odoriferous stew! Garlic and pulse are our portion.

It was after dark when we were summoned, and descended together to a lower room, where the Metropolitan sat down to the table with us, while two priests stood by to wait upon us. There were two salads, a plate of olives, and some bread. We groaned in spirit, as we thought of the flesh-pots of Egypt—as the officials of a European Court groaned, when they beheld an American Minister's temperance breakfast. Enforced holiness is even worse than enforced teetotalism. The priests handed us plates of soup. Hot gruel, I thought; but no, it had a flavor of chicken, and before the plates were emptied, a heretical boiled fowl was placed under my very nose. Then, O miracle! marched in our hares, dripping with balmy sauce—cooked as never hares were cooked before. Meanwhile the ruby blood of Ida gushed in our glasses, and we realized in its fullest sense the unreasonableness of Lent—how much more contented, grateful, and recognizant one feels when feasting than when fasting. I could not help ejaculating, in all sincerity, "*Doxasi 'o theos!*"

All this time, the good old man was contentedly eating

his salad and olives. "This is liberal and truly Christian," I said to François. "Oh," replied that worthy, "his Holiness has sense enough to know that we are no better than atheists." In fact I do not doubt that, in the eyes of the two attendant priests, we were utterly lost.

During the whole of our stay, we fared sumptuously. The table groaned twice a day under its weight of fish, flesh, and fowl, and, so far from being shocked, the Metropolitan benevolently smiled upon our mountain appetites. I explained to him that the Protestants eschewed outward observances of this kind, considering that the fast should be spiritual and not bodily. In order to make the matter clearer to him, I referred to St. Paul's remarks on the subject of circumcision. "I understand it very well," he replied, "but we cannot do otherwise at present. My health suffers under the observance, but if I were to violate it, I should be chased from my place at once." I must confess I have a higher reverence for the virtue of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens the same winter), when a lenten priest roasts his turkey for you, when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of wine, when some of my own anti-tobacco friends at home allow me to smoke a cigar in the back-kitchen with the windows open, there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our *excesses*, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dined with Vegetarians who said, "Meat is unwhole

some, so my conscience will not let me give it to you," or with the Ventilators, who proclaimed that "fires in bed rooms are deleterious"—and I have been starved and frozen.

The Metropolitan, finding that I spoke a very little Greek, insisted on dispensing with the aid of an interpreter. The purity of his accent, after the harsh Cretan dialect, in fact, made it comparatively easy for me to understand him, but it kept my brain constantly on the stretch to follow the course of his conversation, and to find suitable replies. He was a native of Epirus, of which province he was Bishop for ten years, before coming to Crete. He was therefore, of Slavonic, not Hellenic blood. It is well known that Bishoprics and Archbishoprics in the Greek Church are marketable commodities in the hands of the Patriarch, and François says, with how much truth I know not, that our host's place cost him 300,000 piastres (\$12,000). It seemed certain, however, that he would not be allowed to keep it long—he was far too enlightened and progressive for the owls and bats who haunt the darkness of Eastern Christianity. His first act was to establish a school at Heracleion, and already sixteen hundred children of both sexes were receiving instruction in it. All his influence had been exerted in persuading the monasteries of Crete, which are the very hives of indolence and rapacity, to establish schools for the peasantry with a portion of their ample revenues; but only three or four of them consented to do so. In his endeavors, also, to assist Vely Pasha in carrying into force the *Hattihumayoun*, he incurred the hostility of the ultra-Greek party, who called him, in derision, the "Turko-polite." It was very cheering to light upon an evidence

of true progress, in the midst of the disheartening experiences which constantly meet the traveller in Greece and the Orient. But what availed all his efforts? In six months after our visit, he was dead, Vely Pasha was dismissed, and Europe was satisfied.

The day after our arrival, the Metropolitan accompanied us on a walk through the city. The place was totally destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1856, between five and six hundred people perishing in the ruins. Advantage of this has been taken, in rebuilding, to widen the streets and improve the general plan of the town, though not to such an extent as the Government designed, on account of the violent opposition of the people. One sees everywhere heaps of ruins. As we walked through the streets, followed by the two secretaries, the tradesmen and mechanics in the bazaars saluted the Metropolitan by rising to their feet, and in return he gave them his benediction by lifting two fingers. We first called upon the Turkish Governor, a young man, whom I should have set down anywhere as an American, from his face. He offered us house, horses, and everything else in his power, but we only accepted an officer as guide to the fortifications and the old Venetian arsenal. The former are of immense strength and solidity, and the bronze guns of St. Mark still grin through the embrasures of the sea-wall. The port is quite small, and partly choked up with sand. It is protected by a mole, which is tumbling down, with a deserted fort at the extremity. Considerable commerce is carried on with other ports of the Levant, and even with England, the principal exports being soap, oil, wine, silk, and wool.

The arsenal is one of the most curious relics of the Middle Ages which I have ever seen. It is a massive stone building in the Palladian style. One side was thrown down by the earthquake, and the other walls cracked in many places from top to bottom, but fortunately not beyond the possibility of repair. It is completely stored with arms of all kinds, heaped together in great piles and covered with rust. Scores of cannon, with their carriages, lean against the walls; great haystacks of swords rise above one's head; heavy flails, studded with spikes, lances, arquebusses and morning-stars are heaped in dusty confusion along the length of the dark hall. In the upper story is a space evidently devoted to trophies taken in war. To every pillar is affixed a wooden shield with a Latin motto, around which are hung helmets, pikes, rapiers, and two-handed swords. There are also a multitude of tents, cordage, and kettles of balsam, which was used in making plasters for the wounded. Everything appears to be very much in the same condition as it was left by the Venetians, two centuries ago. The officers gave me leave to select an arrow from the sheaves of those weapons, cautioning me, however, not to scratch myself with the point, as many of them were poisoned. The Metropolitan's secretary, who longed for a Christian relic, secretly slipped one of them up his sleeve and carried it off.

We then visited the Venetian cathedral, afterwards a mosque, and now, owing to the earthquake, a beautiful ruin. While I sketched it, the two secretaries who stood near, conversed about us. "How is it," asked one, "that the Americans have Hellenic faces? The officers of the frigate

Congress all looked like ancient Greeks, and so do these two!" The remark was evidently intended to be overheard, for nothing could be further from the truth. We had at last sunshine again, and the twenty palms of Heracleion waved in the balmy air, which brought them greeting from the near Libyan shore. Ida rose unclouded in the west, its superb pinnacle just visible above its buttresses of gilded snow, while over the warm wheat-plains and the low hill of Cnossus towered Juktas in lonely grandeur, as if proud to be the sepulchre of Jove. I projected a ride thither, but the Thunderer's tomb was not to be trodden by profane feet: the snow still lay deep on the summit, and the monks of the monastery of Arkhanic, at its base, reported that the mountain was inaccessible.

We went the round of the schools in company with the Metropolitan, who introduced us both to teachers and scholars, making a short address to each class. The more advanced boys were reading Xenophon, which they parsed and explained with great glibness. I was delighted to see such a number of bright, intelligent faces, especially among the younger boys. Their eager, earnest expression was an evidence that their attendance was not compulsory. The Metropolitan was kind enough to translate a few words to them, for me, and I really felt, as I told him, that such a sight was better than a ruined temple. He informed me that Vely Pasha intended establishing a school in the city, in which both Greek and Turkish children were to be taught together, and I was very glad to find that he was himself strongly in favor of the measure. But if this plan ever succeeds, it will be in spite of the Greek population.

Outside the walls, there is a separate village for the lepers, as at Rhithymnos. These unhappy creatures are obliged to leave their native villages as soon as the disease makes its appearance, and consort with those who are cut off from intercourse with the healthy population by the same fate. The disease, in Crete, although presenting nearly the same features as in Norway, is slower in its operation and less hideous in its appearance. It is not considered contagious, as there are many instances on the island of a leprous man being married to a sound woman, and the reverse, without communicating the disease. The children of such unions are sometimes healthy, even. The number of lepers in Crete is upward of 1,200, and is at present on the increase, the disease invading even Sfakia, where it has hitherto been unknown. It has been ascribed, as in Norway, to the use of salt fish, together with excessive quantities of oil, and especially new oil, which has a fiery, acrid quality, which it loses after a few months. The filthy habits of life of the Cretans no doubt assist in developing the disease. The Medical Inspector of Heracleion, a French physician, informed me that all his endeavors to cure or check it had been in vain. He was very decided in the opinion that it was not contagious. He mentioned to me, as a very curious fact, that venereal diseases are unknown on the island.

The same gentleman was well acquainted with Sfakia, and his enthusiastic description of the people made me more than ever regret that I could not have visited them. He considers them Cretans of unmixed blood—the legitimate descendants of the ancient stock, asserting that they

still retain all the physical marks of the old Hellenic race, both in face and form. In fact, one sees more Greek faces in a day in Crete than during a year in Athens. But in the greater part of the island the type has been modified by additions of Saracenic, Venetian, and Turkish blood: only in the mountain fastnesses of Sfakia does the true race of Minos exist.

We left Heracleion in the Austrian steamer after a sojourn of sixteen days in Crete, and returned to Athens by way of Syra. Our parting with the noble old Metropolitan was the parting from a revered friend, and François, who acknowledged that he had at last found one priest worthy of his office, kissed devoutly the hand stretched out to take his own.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CORINTH.

A WEEK after my return from Crete, I again left Athens for a tour through the Peloponnesus, which I could not enter upon sooner on account of the severity of the weather. The party consisted of Braisted and myself, accompanied by the indispensable François, all three mounted on sturdy, plodding horses, and two baggage animals under the charge of our *agoyats*, Pericles and Aristides. We had the necessary store of provisions, with two beds, a camp-table and stools, without which it is still impossible to travel with any comfort in Greece. Athens is semi-civilized, but the greater part of the country remains in a state of comparative barbarism.

The day of our departure augured a fortunate journey. It had stormed on the previous day, but now the azure pavement of heaven shone new-washed in the beams of the rising sun, and all the sounds and colors of Spring were doubly fresh in the crystalline air. A cool wind blew from the west, and every tint of the landscape was retouched.

and restored with the loveliest effect. The elder-trees in the gardens had already put on their summer dress; the tall Grecian poplars stood in a green mist of blossoms; the willows dropped their first tresses of milky emerald, and the pink petals of the almond flowers showered upon the earth. The plain of Attica, over which we rode, through the olive grove of the Academy, was like a paradise. The wheat was already high enough to ripple and shift its color in the wind, and the vines, among which the peasants were busily working, pruning the last year's shoots and heaping the earth between the rows, were beginning to put forth their leaves. As we turned, at the pass of Daphne, to take a farewell look at Athens, I was more than ever struck with the unrivalled position of the immortal city. The Acropolis is the prominent object in every view, and the rock-crested Lycabettus, with its pyramidal front, harmoniously balances it on the north, both being exquisitely relieved against the blue background of Hymettus.

I never saw a more superb sea-color than that of the Gulf of Salamis, as it shone in the distance, between the pale pinkish-gray walls of the pass. It was a dazzling, velvety blue-green, covered with a purple bloom, and shone with a semi-transparent lustre, like that of a dark sapphire. Neither brush nor pen could represent it. The scarlet anemones just opened, burned like coals of fire by the road-side, wild almonds and hawthorns hid their crooked boughs in a veil of blossoms, and the lily and asphodel shot forth new leaves. It was a day loaned from the treasury of heaven, and we shouted, as we rode, from an overplus of animal joy. We breakfasted at the tomb of

Straton, rode over the rich plain of Eleusis, passed the horned Mount Kerata (Cuckold), the eastern headland of Cithæron, and reached Megara in the afternoon. I noticed the ease with which good roads may be made in Greece. The soil abounds with broken limestone fragments, which only need shovelling together and rolling, to make an excellent macadam, not exposed to the chance of being injured by frosts or heavy rains. On the plain of Megara no road at all had been made, and yet there was a very good carriage track. In spite of this, however, the means of internal communication in Greece are inferior to what they were in the days of Homer.

Soon after leaving Eleusis, a few clouds gathered, the wind fell, and the sky darkened in such a manner that we feared a most unfavorable change in the weather. The landscape became singularly cold and dreary, and our spirits were unaccountably depressed. The foliage lost its bright color, the distant hills became dark and dull, the lively sounds of bird and beast ceased—in short, some gloomy spell seemed to have fallen upon the world. I tried in vain to shake off the uncomfortable weight, but it clung to me like a nightmare, and the fact that I could not account for it worried me still the more. On reaching Megara, however, we saw boys with bits of smoked glass, and the whole thing was explained. Our testimony, therefore, to the moral effect of a solar eclipse may be taken as perfectly impartial, and it may serve to explain the alarm felt by savage races on the occurrence of such a phenomenon.

The town of Megara is built in a dip between two hills

which rise out of the middle of the plain. It has a lively, bustling air, and shows some signs of progress. Large and handsome houses are springing up in the midst of the one-storied heaps of rough masonry which usually constitute a Greek town, and although about every fourth building is a church, the population must be considerably above a thousand. The plain on one side was a vast green floor of wheat, rye, and barley; on the other it was simply plowed, and would be partially planted with maize or beans. Next year the order of crops will be reversed, and so from year to year, in regular rotation. Manuring, or any improvement of the soil, is never thought of, and the plow is the same kind used by Ceres, when she planted the first grain. I was glad to see, however, by the orchards of young olives, and the encroachments of fields upon the bases of the mountains, that the area of this rude cultivation is extending. The city museum of antiquities is a dark, dirty hut, in which are three headless statues, one of them presenting its back to the visitor. During the evening the streets rang with the voice of a crier, who went around calling upon all those who were not at work, to attend church. This custom is probably borrowed from the Moslem call to prayer, but the cry is by no means so musical and impressive

The next day we crossed the Geranean Mountains by the pass of the Skyronian Rocks. The breakneck bridle-path follows the chariot-road constructed by Hadrian, of which the massive supporting walls remain in many places. The Greek Government has at last commenced the task of constructing a new road, which will probably be finished in

the course of twenty years, although it might be done in twelve months, thereby completing the communication between Athens and Corinth. The haunt of the robber Skyron, destroyed by Theseus, was near the southern limit of the mountains, where they tower high overhead, gaping with caverns, and showing white breaks in their tawny orange fronts, where huge fragments have fallen off. Near the sea, the marble rock, smoothed and polished by the rains of thousands of years, rises like a hewn wall to the height of more than a hundred feet. Whether Skyron was a strong wind which blew travellers off the cliff, or whether he was a real, live robber, is a question over which scholars may break their heads. A more important fact is that there are bands of robbers in the Isthmus now, and no chariot roads.

Thence to Kalamaki was a ride of four hours, over a plain almost entirely covered with mastic, wild olive, and the Isthmian pine—unplowed and uninhabited. In one spot, heaps of rough sulphur were piled on the seashore, and we saw, in the face of the mountains on our right, the quarries whence they came. As we approached Kalamaki, the ruin wrought by the earthquake which visited the Isthmus on Sunday, February 21, became evident. In the whole town but two houses appeared to be uninjured, and those of which the walls yet stood were so damaged as to be entirely uninhabitable. The town was a mass of hideous ruin—a mere heap of stones and broken tiles, out of which the rafters and roof-trees rose like the shattered spars of shipwrecked vessels. The khan where we had breakfasted on our way to Athens, was level with the earth; a large

house opposite was so riddled and cracked that it resembled a basket, and great gaps, still yawning in the earth, showed how terrific had been the upheaval. The quay had sunk perceptibly, and a barrack at its extremity, split clean into two equal parts, leaned outward, threatening to fall at any moment. The people told us that the whole thing was the work of a second. It came like a thunderbolt, out of a clear sky, with no previous sign of warning. The sound and the shock were simultaneous; houses fell, the earth heaved up and down, cracked open as it rose, and when the cracks closed again as it sank, streams of water spouted up from them like fountains, high into the air. Four persons were killed, and but two wounded.

We could learn very little as to the probability of getting quarters for the night nearer Corinth, but determined to push on. A mile from Kalamaki our road passed over the site of the renowned Isthmian games. The inclosure of the stadium is still distinctly marked by the heaps of hewn stones, but of the temple of Neptune there are only shapeless fragments. As we rode over the deserted stadium, Braisted broke a branch of Isthmian pine as a souvenir and I repeated Schiller's "Gods of Greece:"

"Then like palaces arose your temples,
Lived for you each old, heroic game;
At the Isthmus, rich with crowns and garlands,
Chariots thundered to the goal of fame."

Two miles more brought us to the quarries whence Corinth and the Isthmian temples were built—vast hollows, walled by the hewn rock, their extent denoting the amount

of material drawn from them. The plain was partially cultivated, its rich, mellow loam, more moist than that of Attica, producing admirable crops of wheat.

We stopped at the village of Hexamilia, about an hour's ride from Corinth, as there was no habitable house in the latter town, and the tents furnished by government barely sufficed for the destitute inhabitants. Hexamilia, though so near Corinth, suffered less than Kalamaki, which appears to have been directly on the line of the greatest vibration. Lutraki, only five miles distant, on the western shore of the Isthmus, escaped with comparatively trifling damage. We found quarters for the night in the house of the Demarch—a handsome two-story building of hewn stone, one end of which had been thrown down. Nevertheless, enough was left to shelter us from the rain, which began to fall heavily. A few of the houses in the village were levelled to the earth, but the most of them escaped with cracked walls, broken roofs, or the loss of a gable. Nobody was injured, but among the hills to the south four peasants and about thirty goats were killed by the falling of a mass of rock, in the grotto where they were lying.

The Demarch, who was a good-humored, communicative fellow, with rather more than the ordinary intelligence, informed me that he was in Corinth when the earthquake occurred. In a moment, he says, came the thunder and the shock. The houses all fell together, and there was such a dust that one man could not see another, standing near him. Many of the citizens were at the office of the Demarch, intending to elect new candidates. The walls

fell, but fortunately fell outwards, and nobody was injured. In another house a number of children were dancing, while their mothers were gathered together to talk scandal. The latter succeeded in holding up the falling roof until the children escaped, and were then, in turn, rescued by some men. Twenty-five persons were killed on the spot, or afterwards died of their wounds, and the number wounded was estimated at over fifty. This slight loss of life, when compared with the extent of the catastrophe, is explained by the fact that the earthquake took place between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the inhabitants are mostly out of doors.

While the Demarch was relating to me these particulars, there was suddenly a sound like distant artillery, and the house trembled slightly. "There it is again!" said he; "we have heard it every hour or two since the beginning." In the evening there was another shock; two during the night; and at six in the morning, while we yet lay in bed, one so violent that some stones were dislodged from the wall, and rattled on the floor over our heads. This latter was accompanied by a deep, hollow, rumbling sound, which seemed at the same time to be under and around us. It was probably my imagination which gave me the impression that it came from the west and rolled towards the east. Although we were convinced that the worst was past, and that we were no longer in any danger from these shocks, their uncertain recurrence and mysterious threatening character gave us a vague feeling of alarm. The Demarch, his brother, their wives and children, our *agoyats* and ourselves all slept on the unpaved floor of the house, but the

family were so accustomed to the shocks that they no longer paid any attention to them.

As it was raining next morning, we waited until nearly eleven o'clock, when, finding no signs of a change, we set out in the storm. A ride of half an hour brought us to Corinth—or rather what *had been* Corinth—for, although a few houses were standing, they were cracked from top to bottom, and had been abandoned. The greater part of the city was a shapeless heap of ruins, and most of the inhabitants seemed to have deserted it. Some tents had been pitched, and a few rough wooden barracks erected, which, at least, sheltered them from the weather. The force of the shock appeared to have been of about the same violence as at Kalamaki. All accounts concurred in representing it as a sudden, vertical upheaval, not accompanied with horizontal waves, and the fact that nearly all the walls fell outward, verifies this statement. The central line of the force undoubtedly passed through or very near Corinth and Kalamaki, in a direction about E. N. E. and W. S. W. On either side of this central line the force must have diminished in very rapid proportion, as Hexamilia, not two miles distant from it, appeared to have been visited by a shock considerably less violent, and a village five or six miles westward from Corinth, suffered but little damage. At Megara, on one side, and Argos on the other, the earthquake was sensibly felt, but without producing the slightest effect.

The shocks, which still continued, were confined to the neighborhood of Corinth. They did not pass the Geranean Mountains on the north, or that range on the south which

divides the valley of Nemea from the plain of Argos. This limitation of the operations of the earthquake is its most singular feature, enabling us to determine very nearly the central point of the subterranean forces, which coincides with the centre of the Isthmus at its narrowest part. The Government decided to remove the town of Corinth to a new site on the plain two or three miles nearer the Gulf. No commencement had been made, however, and I doubt whether the people will second this measure. The Isthmus is undoubtedly the best site for a commercial city in all Greece, and the King and his advisers committed a great oversight in establishing the capital at Athens, instead of building up a new one here. Athens never can be an important city; its life depends only on that of the Court. It is a very small sort of a Washington—a village with public buildings. Here, however, is the saddle of Greece, whose warm flanks are bathed in the Mediterranean, and whose head, snorting for Constantinople, is thrust into Thessaly. A city mounted here, would have one foot in either sea, taking the commerce of the Adriatic from Patras, that of the Orient from Syra, and yet uniting the conflicting interests and jealousies of Greece as nothing else could have done. Ah, what a chance was lost through the classic taste and practical stupidity of old Ludwig of Bavaria!

We paused awhile before the seven ancient Doric columns of the temple of Neptune, or the Corinthian Jove, or Minerva Chalcidis, or whatever else they may be. Rough as these monoliths are, evidently erected long before the perfect period of Grecian architecture, one

nevertheless finds the simple grace of the Doric order in their worn, unwieldy masses. One of them has been violently split by the earthquake, and a very slight impulse would throw it against its nearest fellow, probably to precipitate that in turn.

Passing around the giant Acropolis, whose summit was enveloped in clouds, we entered the valley of a stream which comes down from the Nemean Hills. It rained slowly and steadily, and the deserted landscape was doubly dismal under the lowering sky. We toiled on for four hours, and finally took refuge from the weather in the khan of Kourtessa, near the site of Cleonæ. This place, too, had suffered from the earthquake. Of the three houses, two were uninhabitable, the largest belonging to an officer of the gend'armerie, being terribly shattered, with both gable-ends thrown outwards. The young keeper of the khan, Agamemnon by name, received us kindly, and we whiled away the evening in listening to the songs of a blind, wandering Homer, who sang violently through his nose, accompanying himself with a cither, equally nasal and discordant. The character of the music was entirely Oriental—monotonous, irregular, and with a prolongation of the final syllables of every line, which always interrupted the *tempo*. Some of the more lively airs suggested Irish melodies. There were admirable things in the themes—especially in a song of the *Klepts*—but they needed to be reduced to order and harmonized. After dinner came the same terrific, rumbling sound we had heard in the morning, with a sudden strong vertical motion, which made the house rock like a reed in the wind. The shock lasted

from twenty to thirty seconds, and the vibrations continued at least a minute longer. The timbers cracked, and the walls gave signs of splitting. A very little additional force would have brought the house down upon our heads.

During the night, I was awakened by the crash of a falling wall belonging to the large house; the shock was already over. But at daylight we were visited by the most powerful of all. The violence of the upward and downward motion caused the walls on either side of us to crack open and separate, with a horrid, grinding sound, while many of the smaller stones fell around us. We were in bed, and felt rather concerned for our safety, but were too intent on watching the phenomenon to take measures of escape. I felt relieved, however, on finding that the storm was breaking away, so that we could soon put ourselves on a more stable soil than that of Corinth.

By ten o'clock we had climbed to the crest of the hills, and the plain of Argos, crossed by long streaks of golden morning light, lay below us. On the right the mountains of Arcadia rose in a rampart of glittering snow, with the hills of Erymanthus and the pyramidal peak of Cyllene still further to the west. Beyond the emerald pavement of the plain rose the Acropolis of Argos against the purple line of the Argolic Gulf. The glorious landscape swam in a transparent vapor, which still further softened its exquisite harmony of color. The pink mountain headlands, painted with the tenderest streakings of silvery-gray shadow, had a play of light like that upon folded silk, and the whole scene was clear and luminous in tone, as if painted upon glass. It is difficult to picture in words the

pure, aerial delicacy and loveliness of coloring which tinted the Argive world below us—and I have not the magic pencil of Turner, who alone could have caught its transitory splendor

CHAPTER XV.

ARGOLIS AND ARCADIA.

I HAVE nothing to add to the descriptions of the ruined fortresses of Argolis, given by previous travellers. Of course, we sat in the Gate of Lions, at Mycenæ, and, as in duty bound, thought of bully Agamemnon, Orestes, Electra, and all the other renowned old creatures who either were or were not (see Grote's History), admired the grand Pelasgic masonry of Tiryns, and climbed the seventy-two rows of rock-hewn seats in the theatre of Argos. To one who has seen Egypt, Baalbec, and Elephanta, these ruins, apart from their historical interest, are not very impressive. Athens, Sunium, Egina, and Puigalia, comprise all that is left of the architectural splendors of Greece; the rest is walls, foundations, cattered stones, and a few very dilapidated theatres. The traveller must bring the magic of immortal associations with him, or he will be disappointed.

I found the "thirsty Argos" a rich, well-watered plain—at least in March. The Inachos rolled a full, swift stream to the Gulf, and the lush grain was shooting up so vigor

ously that two or three weeks more would see it in head Argos is a mean, filthy town, with a most indolent population, if the crowds of loafers at all the coffee-houses might be taken as a specimen. The country people were pitching quoits in the streets, and at a café where we stopped to rest, twenty-five men were playing cards. A Greek officer, who spoke some French, accosted us. I learned afterwards that he had been banished from Athens on account of his speculations being discovered. The richness of the soil, he said to me, makes the people idle: they raise two crops a year, have amply sufficient for all their wants, and work no more than they can help. "You want a Governor despotic enough," I said to him, "to take all these able-bodied idlers and make them clean the Augean stable in which they live." In fact, all the labors of Hercules need doing over again in Greece. The Hydra inhabits the Lernæan marsh; the lion crouches in the valley of Nemea; and there is more than one wild boar in the forests of Erymanthus. Fever, flood, drouth, and fire are at their old ravages, and they are doubly ferocious when they have reconquered a territory once wrested from them.

We spent a night in Nauplia, and climbed the embattled rock of the Palamidi. The town is small, being squeezed into a narrow space between the lower fortress and the water. The houses are lofty, well-built, and dirty, as in Italian seaports, and there are two diminutive squares, one of which has a monument in honor of Demetrius Ypsilanti. It has been decreed to erect another to Capo d'Istria—the only efficient ruler Greece has had—but some years have passed, and the first block of marble is not yet cut. In

place of it, we found triumphal arches of calico commemorating the recent festival, and an Ionic pillar with an astonishing capital supporting a pasteboard figure of the King. Workmen were just taking to pieces the Doric columns of lath and muslin which had been erected in the principal streets. Outside the gate there was another triumphal arch, the supports of which had given way, so that it leaned at an angle of forty-five degrees, threatening to fall and block up the road. I could not look upon these monstrous decorations without intense disgust. One does not expect Greece to build new Parthenons all at once, but such pitiful gimcrackery is worthy only of Ashantee or Timbuctoo.

The morning was mild and cloudless. A light breeze blew from the west, scarcely rippling the beryl sheet of the Argolic Gulf, while the wide, amphitheatric plain basked in the fairest sunshine. We mounted the steps of the fortress—860 in all—and were well repaid, not so much by the fortifications as by the glorious Argive panorama around us. The position is one of immense strength, the rock being almost precipitous on the sea side. Eastward, it falls into a narrow ridge, connecting it with two hills of nearly equal height, but too distant to command it. The fortress, like all Venetian works of the kind, is much larger than necessary, consisting of several detached forts inclosed within one wall of circuit. The principal batteries bear the names of Phocion, Epaminondas, and Miltiades. The place is now used as a State Prison, and we had the satisfaction of seeing some ten or twelve manacled brigands in a dirty court-yard.

We were two days in riding from Nauplia to Tripolitza. There is a broad carriage-road the whole way, a distance of nearly forty miles, the construction of which is due to local enterprise, 300,000 drachmas having been subscribed in Tripolitza alone. The only fault in the work is that it is too well done for the needs of the country. It is carried over two branches of the Parthenian Mountains by zigzags of so easy a grade that the actual distance is trebled, and horsemen stick to the old road in preference. The workmanship is good, although a little ragged in places, and the bridges are admirable. The Government newspaper, the *Elpis*, recently stated, in its summing up of the benefits which Greece has derived from the reign of Otho, the amount of the roads which have been made. I find the total length of these roads to be less than 120 miles; while, if we subtract those which have been constructed simply for the convenience of the Court, and not for the good of the country, there will remain barely fifty miles. The Greeks say, and their friends say: "Don't ask too much of us; we are young and poor; we have not the means to accomplish more." Yes; but you build a palace for two millions of dollars; you support a useless army of military and naval leeches; you give to the Court whenever the Court asks, and you give nothing to the people. You adopt the policy of Venice, the Eastern Empire, Turkey even, instead of looking for example and guidance to the countries which now lead the van of civilization.

Riding southward along the beach, after leaving Nauplia, we passed the Government stud, established for the purpose of rearing cavalry horses. François knew the *Stallmeister*

a Mecklenburger named Springfeldt, who had long been in Russian service at Warsaw. We spent an hour with the tall, strapping, good-humored fellow, who was delighted to talk German again. He had been there three months, and seemed very well satisfied with his situation. The stallions, he said, were mostly of Arabic blood, some of them very fine animals; but no judgment had been exercised in the breeding, and the colts were generally inferior. He entertained us with "pitch-wine" (as he called it), of excellent quality, at five cents a bottle.

At the end of the Argive plain is the little village of Miles, where Ypsilanti gained a splendid victory over the troops of Ibrahim Pasha, and Col. Miller greatly distinguished himself. On the left is the Lernæan marsh. The road now climbed across the Parthenian mountains, with a glorious backward view from the summit ridge. Nauplia, the gulf and plain, lay at our very feet, bathed in a flood of airy gold, while the summits at hand rose dark and cold under the descending folds of a heavy rain-cloud. Beyond the ridge opened a stony basin, six miles in diameter, and arid enough to be the home of the Danaïdæ. Passing the ruins of a pyramid, we descended to our resting-place for the night, the khan of Achladókambos (the pear-garden). At the village of the same name, on the hill above, the people stole the King's silver plate when he breakfasted there on one of his early journeys through the Morea.

The next day we crossed a second range of the mountains. The road was thronged with asses laden with bar-iron or bales of dry-goods, bound inland, while an equal number, carrying skins of oil or great panniers of eggs—provision

for the approaching Easter days—descended to the coast. We also met a convoy of mules, laden with money, protected by a guard of soldiers. From the top of the ridge we saw the great central plain of Arcadia, which is between two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here the season was nearly a month later than on the plain of Argos, and the country had a gray, wintry look. There is no sufficient drainage for this plain, and hence parts of it are marshy and miasmatic. One to whom poetry has made the name of Arcadia a golden sound, the key to landscapes of ideal loveliness, skies of perpetual Spring, and a pure and happy race of men, will be bitterly disappointed as he descends from the gusty Parthenian Hills. In this bleak region, surrounded by cold, naked mountains, with its rough barbaric Slavonian population, and its filthy den of a capital, he will not recognise one feature of the Arcadia of his dreams. But so it is: the “*bella età dell' oro*” of Tasso and Hesiod never existed and never can exist, and Arcadia, which is for us the musical name of a beautiful impossibility, signifies no more to the modern Greek than Swampscot or Sheboygan.

Tripolitza soon appeared in sight, at the foot of the mountains which inclose the plain on the west. It is an immense straggling village—a mere mass of red tile-roofs—and we found the interior even less attractive than the distant view. Crooked streets, heaped with filth and interrupted by pools of black mud, lead between rows of roughly-built, dirty stone houses, inhabited by people as rough and dirty as they. On entering the place, we were assailed by a multitude of beggars: all the children seemed to have

adopted this profession. The female costume is picturesque, and struck me as being truly antique in character. It consists of a white muslin petticoat, over which is a short tunic of blue cloth, with a bright red border, open in front; a girdle around the waist, sleeves of yellow or some gay color, and a loose white handkerchief enveloping the head. Most of the men have Slavonic features, but I saw, in all, perhaps half a dozen true Hellenic faces.

In the afternoon we set off for Mantinæa, distant eight miles to the northward. Four miles from Tripolitza, the plain turns westward around an angle of the mountains, disclosing a higher and drier level, abounding in vineyards which were separated by hedges of thorn and blackberry. Our road was upon green meadow turf, straight across the plain. The low, white walls of Mantinæa now met the eye, at the foot of a round, gray hill, over which towered the snow-streaked summit of Orchomenos. On approaching the place, we could readily imagine the spot where Epaminondas fell, and the part of the hill from which he directed the battle in his dying moments, until a second daughter of victory was born to perpetuate his lineage. The foundations of the turreted walls can be traced throughout their whole extent, the first three courses being as perfect in many places as when first laid. It is conjectured that the remaining portion was of brick.

Black sun-clouds rested on all the mountains, as we rode away from Tripolitza. For three hours we followed a rocky bridle-path, crossing the ridge at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. By noon the chilly uplands were passed; the hills suddenly fell away, and we saw far below us, warm in

the sunshine, and stretching off to the blue Lycean Mountains, which girdled it with a splendid belt, the valley of the Alpheus. Dense copses of shrubbery, studded with gnarled oak trees, covered the mountain sides; the blue crocus and pale star-flower spangled the sunny banks; fresh grain-fields and meadows of sprouting turf brightened the immense valley, and the red roofs of towns, with cypresses rising from their midst, dotted it here and there. Away to the right was Karytena, the rock-fortress of Colocotroni; in front Sinanu, on the site of ancient Megalopolis; and to the left, at the entrance of a defile commanding the road to Sparta, Leondari.

Descending to the floor of the valley, we rode over the oozy turf to Sinanu, a scattering town, with broad, grassy streets. We met many shepherds in shaggy sheepskin capotes and with long crooks in their hands. The people came in a body to the dirty little café where we halted, in order to stare at us. Three or four spruce young palikars offered to accompany us to the theatre of Megalopolis, which is about half a mile to the north of the town. As François had told them that I spoke both ancient and modern Greek, they plied me with questions the whole way, and I was sorely troubled to keep up my reputation for scholarship. These people were almost entirely of Slavonic blood, which is no doubt the predominating element in Greece. Groups of villagers sat in the sun—happy Arcadians!—and skilfully explored each other's heads. Both Sinanu and Leondari were very rich places under the Turks, but are now miserably poor, or seem to be so. The country Greeks hide their money, and are therefore often richer than they appear.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOUR DAYS AMONG THE SPARTANS.

LEONDARI, where we passed the night, is on the frontier of Sparta, but still in Arcadia. Here Alpheus, from his "glacier cold" on Taygetus, rushes down the hills in pursuit of his Dorian Arethusa. Here is still the rural paradise of ancient Greece, with its pure air, its sweet waters, its seclusion and peace—but alas! the people. We overlooked long tracts of oak forests—nothing but oak—some ancient trunks, gnarled and hoary with a thousand years, and younger woods covering the gently-rounded knolls. The morning was divinely clear and brilliant, but cold, with a thin sheet of ice on standing water. In an hour and a half, after threading scattering groves of oak and ilex, we passed a low bar connecting Taygetus with Menælus on the north, and this, as I rightly guessed, was the water-shed between the Alpheus and the Eurotas—the boundary of Sparta. In the splendor of the day, every feature of the landscape had its clearest form and its richest coloring, and from the beds of daisy and crocus at our feet to the snowy pyramids

of Taygetus, high above us, everything spoke of life and of Spring. There is a village called Longaniko, in a very wild position, high up under the very crest of the mountain, which supplies the Morea with physicians. The boys are even sent to France and Germany to complete their studies. During the day we met with numbers of peasants, driving asses laden with bundles of young mulberry and olive trees, from the nurseries of Sparta. There was refreshing evidence of improvement, in the amount of new ground brought under cultivation.

As we approached Sparta, the road descended to the banks of the Eurotas. Traces of the ancient walls which restrained the river still remain in places, but, in his shifting course, he has swept the most of them away, and spread his gravelly deposits freely over the bottoms inclosed between the spurs of the hills. The clumps of poplar, willow, and sycamore which lined the stream, and the thickets of blackberry, mastic, ilex, and arbutus through which our road wound, gave the scenery a charmingly wild and rural aspect. The hills—deposits of alluvium left by the pre-Adamite floods—took the most remarkable forms, showing regular terraces, cones, pyramids, and bastions, as they fell off towards the river. Towards evening we saw, at a distance, the white houses of modern Sparta, and presently some indications of the ancient city. At first, the remains of terraces and ramparts, then the unmistakable Hellenic walls, and, as the superb plain of the Eurotas burst upon us, stretching, in garden-like beauty, to the foot of the abrupt hills, over which towered the sun-touched snows of Taygetus, we saw, close on our right, almost

the only relic of the lost ages—the theatre. Riding across a field of wheat, which extended all over the scene of the Spartan gymnastic exhibitions, we stood on the proscenium and contemplated these silent ruins, and the broad beautiful landscape. It is one of the finest views in Greece—not so crowded with striking points, not so splendid in associations as that of Athens, but larger, grander, richer in coloring. The plain, watered by the unfailing Eurotas, is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and opens its fruitful lap to the noonday sun. In warm countries water is the great fertilizer, and no part of Greece is so well supplied in this respect as Sparta.

Besides the theatre, the only remains are some masses of Roman brickwork, and the massive substructions of a small temple which the natives call the tomb of Leonidas. I walked over the shapeless rubbish which covers the five hills, without a single feeling of regret. There were great fighters before Agamemnon, and there are as brave men as Leonidas to-day. As for the race of military savages whom Lycurgus—the man of ice and iron—educated here, who would wish to restore them? The one virtue of the Spartans—bravery—is always exaggerated, because it is their only noble trait. They were coarse, cruel, treacherous, and dishonest, and while they acted in two or three instances as a shield to Greece, they dealt the perfidious stabs through which she perished at last. In art, literature, science, and philosophy, we owe nothing to Sparta. She has bequeathed to us only a few individual examples of splendid heroism, and a code which, God be thanked, can never be put in practice again.

We spent the night in a comfortable house, which actually boasted of a floor, glass windows, and muslin curtains. On returning to the theatre in the morning, we turned aside into a plowed field to inspect a sarcophagus which had just been discovered. It still lay in the pit where it was found, and was entire, with the exception of the lid. It was ten feet long by four broad, and was remarkable in having a division at one end, forming a smaller chamber, as if for the purpose of receiving the bones of a child. From the theatre I made a sketch of the valley, with the dazzling ridge of Taygetus in the rear, and Mistra, the mediæval Sparta, hanging on the steep sides of one of his gorges. The sun was intensely hot, and we were glad to descend again, making our way through tall wheat, past walls of Roman brickwork and scattering blocks of the older city, to the tomb of Leonidas. This is said to be a temple, though there are traces of vaults and passages beneath the pavement, which do not quite harmonize with such a conjecture. It is composed of huge blocks of breccia, some of them thirteen feet long.

I determined to make an excursion to the mountain district of Maina, which comprises the range of Taygetus, and the promontory of Tenarus, between the Laconian and Messenian Gulfs. This is a region rarely visited by travellers, who are generally frightened off by the reputation of its inhabitants, who are considered by the Greeks to be bandits and cut-throats to a man. The Mainotes are, for the most part, lineal descendants of the ancient Spartans, and from the decline of the Roman power up to the present century, have preserved a virtual independence in

their mountain fastnesses. The worship of the pagan deities existed among them as late as the eighth century. They were never conquered by the Turks, and it required considerable management to bring them under the rule of Otho. A Greek poet, fifty years ago, writes of them: "Let all honest men fly from them as from a serpent. May the plague and the drought blast them all!" Dr. Kalopothakes, a born Mainote, who received his medical education in Philadelphia, assured me, however, that I should not meet with the least difficulty in travelling through the country. My principal object was to ascertain whether the ancient Greek face and form still exist among those whose blood may be presumed to be purest of all the fragments of the ancient stock. A thorough investigation of the character and habits of the people necessarily requires a familiar knowledge of the language.

Starting at noon, we passed through the modern Sparta, which is well laid out with broad streets. The site is superb, and in the course of time the new town will take the place of Mistra. We rode southward, down the valley of the Eurotas, through orchards of olive and mulberry. In one place some thirty men were at work, digging up the plain with large hoes, in order to plant a vineyard. The proprietor, a handsomely-dressed palikar, with pistols in his belt, was directing the labor. We now entered a tangled maze of rough alluvial hills, threaded by frequent streams which came down from Taygetus. Here we met a procession of ragged but very good-humored young fellows, the last of whom carried a cross decorated with gilt paper and laurel leaves. A Spartan, who was riding with us, said

they had been celebrating the festival of St. Lazarus. There was the greatest diversity of character in the faces we saw. A very few were of the antique type, some Turkish, many Albanese or Slavonic, and some actually *Irish* in every respect. Our sailors are accustomed to call the Irish *Greeks*, and the term is more than a mere chance. There are very striking points of resemblance in character—the same vanity, talent for repartee, tenacity of religious faith, and happy lack of forethought. If the Greeks, on one hand, are more temperate, the Irish, on the other, are more hospitable; if the former blunder less, the latter cheat less.

We stopped for the night at the little khan of Levetzova. When François last visited this place, fourteen years before, he found the khanji lying dead upon the floor, having just been murdered. It was a case of blood revenge, and the assassin came all the way from Smyrna to effect his purpose. I asked the present khanji whether the country was quiet. “Here it is very quiet,” said he, “but as for foreign parts, I don’t know how it is.” I saw some cows pasturing here, quite a rare sight in Greece, where genuine butter is unknown. That which is made from the milk of sheep and goats is no better than mild tallow. The people informed me, however, that they make cheese from cow’s milk, but not during Lent. They are now occupied with rearing Paschal lambs, a quarter of a million of which are slaughtered in Greece on Easter Day.

The next morning we rode over hills covered with real turf, a little thin, perhaps, but still a rare sight in southern lands. The red anemone mantled the slopes as with a sheet of fire; the furze bushes shone with a shower of golden

blossoms, which wholly concealed their prickly stems, and on moist banks the daisy, violet, buttercup, crocus, and star wort formed mosaics of spring bloom. The hills were dotted with groves of the oak which produces valonia or nut-galls. But for the mastic and oleander, and the carob-trees, with their dark, glossy foliage, I could have believed myself among the German hills at the end of May. In two hours we entered the territory of Maina, on the crest of a hill, where we saw Marathonisi (the ancient Gythium), lying warm upon the Laconian Gulf. The town is a steep, dirty, labyrinthine place, and so rarely visited by strangers that our appearance created quite a sensation. François, as usual, was furious at being catechised, and snubbed the highest officials in the most despotic manner. When I remonstrated, he replied, "What can one do? If I ask, 'Where is the khan?' instead of answering, they cry out, 'Where do you come from? where are you going to? who are the strangers? what are their names? how old are they? what do they travel for?' *Diable!* If it was a Turkish country, I should not be bothered in this way. We should be entertained, we should eat, drink, and smoke, before we heard a question; but good manners among the Turks and Christians are two different things!"

We took refuge in a café, and ate our ham and eggs in public, to the horror of the orthodox spectators. I made acquaintance with the teacher of the Government school, who gave the people an excellent character, but lamented their slowness in learning. François also found an old acquaintance, a former fellow-soldier in Fabvier's expedition against Scio, who took us to his house and regaled us with

coffee and preserved quinces. His daughter, a slender, handsome girl of sixteen, waited upon us. The father complained that he had not yet saved enough for her dowry, as he could not expect to get her married for less than two thousand drachmas (\$333). For this reason sons are more profitable than daughters to Greek parents, and of course much more welcome.

As the road beyond Marathonisi is impracticable for laden horses, we engaged two mules, and set out for Tzimova, on the western side of the Mainote peninsula. This is the only road across Taygetus which is passable in winter, as there is a very sudden and singular break in the high snowy range between the two ports. After leaving Marathonisi and the barren little isle (50 by 200 yards in extent) where Paris and Helen passed the first night after their elopement, the scenery suddenly changed. A broad, rich valley opened before us, crossed by belts of poplar and willow trees, and inclosed by a semicircle of hills, most of which were crowned with the lofty towers of the Mainotes. In Maina almost every house is a fortress. The law of blood revenge, the right of which is transmitted from father to son, draws the whole population under its bloody sway in the course of a few generations. Life is a running fight, and every foe slain entails on the slayer a new penalty of retribution for himself and his descendants for ever. Previous to the Revolution most of the Mainote families lived in a state of alternate attack and siege. Their houses are square towers, forty or fifty feet high, with massive walls, and windows so narrow that they may be used as loopholes for musketry. The first story is at a

considerable distance from the ground, and reached by a long ladder which can be drawn up so as to cut off all communication. Some of the towers are further strengthened by a semicircular bastion, projecting from the side most liable to attack. The families supplied themselves with telescopes, to look out for enemies in the distance, and always had a store of provisions on hand, in case of a siege. Although this private warfare has been suppressed, the law of revenge exists.

From the summit of the first range we overlooked a wild, glorious landscape. The hills, wooded with oak, and swimming in soft blue vapor, interlocked far before us, inclosing the loveliest green dells in their embraces, and melting away to the break in Taygetus, which yawned in the distance. On the right towered the square, embrasured castle of Passava, on the summit of an almost inaccessible hill—the site of the ancient Las. Far and near, the lower heights were crowned with tall white towers. The men were all in the fields plowing. They were healthy, tough, symmetrical fellows, and there was old Hellenic blood in their veins. They greeted us in a friendly way, and one whom I questioned concerning the road to Tzimova, answered: “It is four hours yet, but I pray you to forgive me, for the road is very bad.” For two or three hours we threaded a terrific gorge, through scenery as rugged and grand as that of Norway. On every side were unusual evidences of industry—enormous heaps of stone removed to make room for little grain-plots, barren slopes reclaimed by artificial water courses, and terraces climbing the mountains until the loftiest strips of green seemed to be stuck

against the sheer walls of rock. On expressing my delight at seeing such signs of patient labor, François, who shares the usual Greek prejudice against the Mainotes, answered: "But all this is the work of the women. The men are lazy vagabonds, who sit all day in the villages, and smoke paper cigars. The country is too poor to support its population, and you will find Syra and Smyrna full of Mainote porters." There may be some truth in this accusation, but it is exaggerated.

At sunset, after climbing a rocky staircase, we reached a little platform between the opposing capes of Taygetus, whence we saw both the Laconian and Messenian Gulfs. A still more dreary landscape lay before us, and there were no signs of Tzimova. The dusk fell, we dismounted and walked behind our spent horses, and so two hours passed away. François heaped anathemas upon the head of his friend in Marathonisi. "The stupid beast!" he exclaimed; "he told us it was only four hours to Tzimova, and we have already been six upon the road." I gave him a cigar, the moral effect of which was soon made manifest. "After all," he added, with a milder voice, between the whiffs, "Demetri meant well enough, and if he was mistaken about the distance, it is perhaps not his fault." "So, François," I remarked, "you find that smoking improves your temper?" "Ah, yes," he answered, "my body is to blame for all the sins I ever committed. I can trace every one to the fact of my having had no tobacco, or not enough to eat, or too much to drink." At last we came upon olive groves, glimmering in the moonlight like the ghosts of trees, and then the scattered towers of Tzimova. I had

neglected to procure letters from Dr. Kalopothakes in Athens to his relatives here, and François had but one acquaintance, whom he had not heard of for fourteen years; so we were doubtful whether we should obtain quarters for the night. Reaching a little open place, however, where some men were assembled, we asked whether any one would receive us into his house. Thereupon stepped forth a man with instant and cordial assent—and to our wonder he proved to be, not only the old friend of François, but one of the relatives of my friend, the Doctor! In five minutes we were installed in the clean and comfortable abode of his Holiness, the Bishop, who was absent, and F., as he set about preparing one of his marvellous soups, whispered to me: “This is what the Turks call destiny, and, *ma foi!* they are right. An hour ago I was on the brink of despair, and now the gates of Paradise are opened.”

In the morning we visited the other members of the house of Kalopothakes, and were very courteously received. The people collected to stare at us, and a pack of boys tramped at our heels, but their manners were entirely kind and friendly. Here the Slavonic element predominated, there being few Greek faces except among the women. The name of the place has recently been changed to Areopolis, though I cannot find that any ancient city of that name ever existed here. As we started in the morning on our way up the western base of the Taygetus, a fierce-looking palikar in fustanella and scarlet drawers came towards us, jumping over the stone fences of the gardens. He shook hands with us, scanned us from head to foot, and then,

turning to the Tzimovites who were escorting us, asked, 'Who are these?' "They are Englishmen—travellers," was the answer. "You will go to Vitylo: that is my town," said he to me—"echete egeian!" (may you have health) and forthwith strode away. He was the chief of Vitylo, which is only about three miles north of Tzimova, although we were two hours on the way, so terrific is the mountain road.

Vitylo is built on the brow of a precipice, more than a thousand feet above the sea. Our road, winding back and forth along the face of the rock, was like a path made by the infernal powers over the mountains which guarded Eden. Far up, apparently trembling in the air, as if giddy with their position, the tower-dwellings of the town overhung us, but the sheer yellow rocks, piled upon each other like huge steps, were draped with all manner of wild vines, flowers, and ivy, and every narrow shelf between was a garden of velvet soil, out of which grew olive and fig trees of enormous size. The people at work in these gardens were all armed. They wore a costume something like that of the Cretans, and the stamp of ancient Greece was upon their faces. A handsome, fierce boy, who was leaning over the edge of a rock above the road, looked me full in the face, and asked, with a sort of savage suspicion, "What do you want here?" The town was crowded with idlers, with knives in their belts and cigars in their mouths. Some twenty girls, who came down from the mountains, each with a donkey-load of furze upon her back, resembled antique goddesses in a menial disguise. No dirt or labor could conceal their symmetry, and the barbarism of a

thousand years had not destroyed the type of their ancient race.

There is a curious story connected with Vitylo. About a hundred and fifty years ago, say the people, emigration from Mania into Corsica was frequent; among others, the family of Kalomiris, or Kalomeros (both names are mentioned), from Vitylo, who, soon after their settlement in Corsica, translated their name into Italian—*Bonaparte*. From this family came Napoleon, who was therefore of Mainote, or ancient Spartan blood. Pietro Mavromakhalis, it is said, when he visited Napoleon at Trieste, claimed him as a fellow-countryman on the faith of this story. The Mainotes implicitly believe it: the emigration at the time mentioned is a matter of history, and the fact that the name of Bonaparte previously existed in Italy, is no proof that the Corsican Bonapartes may not originally have been the Kalomeros of Maina. The thing is possible enough, and somebody who is sufficiently interested in the present race of Bonapartes to make researches, would probably be able to settle the question.

Our road for the remainder of the day was indescribably bad. For several hours we traversed a stony, sloping terrace on the side of Taygetus, 1,500 feet above the sea, and crossed by great yawning gorges, which must be doubled with much labor. The people said: "The road is very good, since our Bishop has had it mended. Formerly it was bad." What is a bad road in Maina? Mix together equal portions of limestone quarries, unmade pavements, huge boulder-stones, and loose beach shingle, and you will have a mild idea of the present good one. There were

many villages scattered along the terrace, frequently so close to each other as almost to form a continuous town. The clear water-veins of Taygetus burst to light in spacious stone fountains, over which arose large arches of masonry festooned with ivy. There were also a great multitude of churches, many of unmixed Byzantine style, and several centuries old. The people—true Greeks, almost to a man—accosted us with the most cordial and friendly air. The universal salutation was “*Kalos orizete!*” (welcome), instead of the “*Kali emera sas!*” (good-day to you!) which is used in other parts of Greece. Although many of the natives were poor and ragged, we saw but four beggars in all Maina, while on entering Kalamata, the next afternoon, we encountered twelve in succession.

The descent to the sea-level was by a frightful ladder, which it required all the strength and skill of our poor beasts to descend. We had dismounted long before this, as riding had become a much greater labor than walking. Pericles, one of our *agoyats*, exclaimed: “I was never in this country of Maina before. If I should happen to be fettered and brought here by force, I might see it again—but of my own will, never!” We passed many traces of ancient quarries, and the sites of the Laconian towns of Thalamæ and Leuctra, but a few hewn blocks are all that remain. After twelve hours of the most laborious travel, and long after night had set in, we reached the little town of Skardamula. A shepherd on his way to the mountains turned back on learning that we were strangers, and assisted us to find lodgings. But this was not difficult. Almost the first man we met took us into his lofty tower of

defence, the upper room of which was vacated for us. The people were curious, but kind, and I found my liking for the Mainotes increasing with every day. François, however, would know no good of them, and the Athenians opened their eyes in astonishment when they heard me praise those savage mountaineers.

We had a lenten supper of fish and vegetables, and slept securely in our lofty chamber. In the morning we received a visit from the Demarch, who courteously offered us refreshments. The people who assembled to see us off were very handsome—of the ancient blood, almost without exception. On crossing the river beyond the village I was so struck with the magnificent landscape that I halted an hour to sketch it. Before us lay Skardamula, its tall towers rising above the mulberry and sycamore trees which lined the bank. Hills covered with fig and olive, and crowned with the dark shafts of the cypress, rose beyond, a Mainote fortress on every commanding point. On our left issued the river from a gigantic gorge between precipices of pale-red rock: a line of bastion-like hills stood in front of the high purple peaks around which scarfs of morning vapor were continually twisting and unrolling themselves, while, through the gaps between them, glimmered like fields of frosted silver the snowy cones of the Taygetus.

Climbing a high headland of the coast by a rocky ladder, we descended on the other side into a lovely valley, in the lap of which, embowered in cypress groves, lay the village of Malta. Another castle was placed at our disposal, for breakfast, but we could get nothing except a few eggs

François was especially ill-humored on finding that no wine was to be had. "I suppose," said he to the people, "your priest here uses brandy when he celebrates mass." Presently, however, we had a visit from the captain of the gend'armes, who politely inquired whether he could assist us in any way. "Not unless you could give us some wine," answered François, rather scornfully. To my surprise, the captain instantly despatched a villager to the priest, who soon came, accompanied by a jar of the desired beverage. The captain now received the most courteous replies to his inquiries, a very genial conversation followed, and we parted from the company in the most friendly manner.

The journey to Kalamata occupied six hours, through scenery as rich and magnificent as that of Italian Switzerland. The eye ranged from orange orchards and groves of cypress on the rocky terraces near the sea, to forests of fir on the higher hills, bristling with robber towers, while, far above, the sharp white peaks flashed and glittered in the blue. While descending to the plain at the head of the Gulf, where we left the Mainote territory, I met Ariadne, carrying a load of wood on her back. Even in this position, bent under her burden, she exhibited a more perfect beauty, a more antique grace, than any woman you will see in Broadway in the course of a week. If such be the Greek race now, in its common forms, what must have been those refined Athenian women whom Phidias saw? Since I beheld Ariadne, ancient art has become a reality.

Early in the afternoon we reached Kalamata, a large, straggling, busy town, with a dismantled acropolis, and

took up our quarters in the "Grand Hotel of Messenia." The filthy rooms of this establishment were not a pleasant change from the airy towers of Maina. All the afternoon, as I sat at the window, the boys tormented an idiot in the street below, and all night there was such a succession of discordant noises through the house, that we got but little sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

MESSENNIA, ELIS, AND ACHAIA.

THE plain of Messenia, over which we rode, after leaving Kalamata, is the richest part of the Morea. Although its groves of orange and olive, fig and mulberry, were entirely destroyed during the Egyptian occupation, new and more vigorous shoots have sprung up from the old stumps, and the desolated country is a garden again, apparently as fair and fruitful as when it excited the covetousness of the Spartan thieves. Sloping to the Gulf on the south, and protected from the winds on all other sides by lofty mountains, it enjoys an almost Egyptian warmth of climate. Here it was already summer, while at Sparta, on the other side of Taygetus, spring had but just arrived, and the central plain of Arcadia was still bleak and gray as in winter. As it was market day, we met hundreds of the country people going to Kalamata with laden asses. Nine-tenths of them, at least, had Turkish faces. The Greek type suddenly ceases on leaving Maina, and I did not find it again, except in a few scatter

ing instances, during the remainder of our travels in the Peloponnesus. And yet some travellers declare that the bulk of the population of Modern Greece belong to the ancient stock ! On the contrary, I should consider 200,000, or one-fifth of the entire number, a very high estimate.

We crossed the rapid Pamisos with some difficulty, and ascended its right bank, to the foot of Mount Evan, which we climbed, by rough paths through thickets of mastic and furze, to the monastery of Vurkano. The building has a magnificent situation, on a terrace between Mounts Evan and Ithome, overlooking both the upper and lower plains of the Pamisos—a glorious spread of landscape, green with spring, and touched by the sun with the airiest prismatic tints through breaks of heavy rain-clouds. Inside the court is an old Byzantine chapel, with fleurs-de-lis on the decorations, showing that it dates from the time of the Latin princes. The monks received us very cordially, gave us a clean, spacious room, and sent us a bottle of excellent wine for dinner. We ascended Ithome and visited the massive ruins of Messene the same day. The great gate of the city, a portion of the wall, and four of the towers of defence, are in tolerable condition. The name of Epaminondas hallows these remains, which otherwise, grand as they are, do not impress one like the Cyclopean walls of Tiryns. The wonder is, that they could have been built in so short a time—85 days, says history, which would appear incredible, had not still more marvellous things of the kind been done in Russia.

The next day, we rode across the head of the Messenian plain, crossed the “Mount Lycæan” and the gorge of the

Neda, and lodged at the little village of Tragoge, on the frontiers of Arcadia. Our experience of Grecian highways was pleasantly increased by finding fields plowed directly across our road, fences of dried furze built over it, and ditches cutting it at all angles. Sometimes all trace of it would be lost for half a mile, and we were obliged to ride over the growing crops until we could find a bit of fresh trail. So far as I can discover, the Government neither makes nor guards any road in this part of the Morea. Two or three times a year a new track must be made.

The bridle-path over Mount Lycæus was steep and bad, but led us through the heart of a beautiful region. The broad back of the mountain is covered with a grove of superb oaks, centuries old, their long arms muffled in golden moss, and adorned with a plumage of ferns. The turf at their feet was studded with violets, filling the air with delicious odors. This sylvan retreat was the birth place of Pan, and no more fitting home for the universal god can be imagined. On the northern side we descended for some time through a forest of immense ilex trees, which sprang from a floor of green moss and covered our pathway with summer shade. Near here, François was once stopped by robbers, to whom he gave some wine and tobacco in exchange for a sheep, and persuaded them to spare the baggage of two travellers whom he was conducting. We were now in the heart of the wild mountain region of Messenia, in whose fastnesses Aristomenes, the epic hero of the State, maintained himself so long against the Spartans. The tremendous gorge below us was the bed of the Neda, which we crossed in order to enter the lateral

valley of Phigalia, where lay Tragoge. The path was not only difficult but dangerous—in some places a mere hand's breadth of gravel, on the edge of a plane so steep that a single slip of a horse's foot would have sent him headlong to the bottom.

We intended to stop with the priest, from whom François hoped to coax some of his sacramental wine. On hailing a peasant, however, on approaching the village we learned that the good man had been dead for some months. "What was the matter with him?" asked F. "Nothing was the matter with him," answered the man, "he died." We thereupon went to the father of the deceased, who received us kindly, and gave us a windy room, with a number of old silver-mounted yataghans and muskets hanging on the walls. During the evening a neighbor came in, whose brother was shot as a bandit a few years ago. In the kitchen there was a segment of a hollow sycamore trunk, used as a grain chest. Thirty or forty bee-hives, in a plot of ground near the house, were in like manner composed of hollow trees, and covered with broad flat stones.

In the morning, a terrible *scirocco levante* was blowing, with an almost freezing cold. The fury of the wind was so great that in crossing the exposed ridges it was difficult to keep one's seat upon the horse. We climbed towards the central peak of the Lycæan Hills, through a wild dell between two ridges, which were covered to the summit with magnificent groves of oak. Starry blue flowers, violets and pink crocuses spangled the banks as we wound onward, between the great trunks. The temple of Apollo

Epilurius stands on a little platform between the two highest peaks, about 3,500 feet above the sea. On the morning of our visit, its pillars of pale bluish-gray limestone rose against a wintry sky, its guardian oaks were leafless, and the wind whistled over its heaps of ruin; yet its symmetry was like that of a perfect statue, wherein you do not notice the absence of color, and I felt that no sky and no season could make it more beautiful. For its builder was Ictinus, who created the Parthenon. It was erected by the Phigalians, out of gratitude to Apollo the Helper, who kept from their city a plague which ravaged the rest of the Peloponnesus. Owing to its secluded position, it has escaped the fate of other temples, and might be restored from its own undestroyed materials. The cella has been thrown down, but thirty-five out of thirty-eight columns are still standing. Through the Doric shafts you look upon a wide panorama of gray mountains, melting into purple in the distance, and crowned by arcs of the far-off sea. On one hand is Ithome and the Messenian Gulf, on the other the Ionian Sea and the Strophades.

We rode for nearly two hours along the crest of the mountain, looking down into the deep-blue valley of the Alpheus, and then descended to Andritzana, which lies in a wild ravine, sloping towards the river. This is a poor place, with less than a thousand inhabitants. We passed the night at a small village, two hours beyond, and the next day pushed on down the valley to Olympia. As the streams were swollen with melted snows, we had some difficulty in finding a place where the Alpheus was fordable. It was about thirty yards wide, with a very swift current.

and the *agoyats* were in mortal fear during the transit, although the water did not reach above our saddle-girths. Having safely reached the northern bank, we now had the Ladon and the Erymanthus to cross, both of which were much swollen. Pericles and Aristides crossed themselves, after these streams had been crossed, and really had the water been six inches deeper, we should have been swept away. There is no bridge over the Alpheus, and communication is frequently cut off during the winter.

We now trotted down the valley, over beautiful meadows, which were uncultivated except in a few places where the peasants were plowing for maize, and had destroyed every trace of the road. The hills on both sides began to be fringed with pine, while the higher ridges on our right were clothed with woods of oak. I was surprised at the luxuriant vegetation of this region. The laurel and mastic became trees, the pine shot to a height of one hundred feet, and the beech and sycamore began to appear. Some of the pines had been cut for ship-timber, but in the rudest and most wasteful way, only the limbs which had the proper curve being chosen for ribs. I did not see a single saw-mill in the Peloponnesus; but I am told that there are a few in Eubœa and Acarnania. As we approached Olympia, I could almost have believed myself among the pine-hills of Germany or America. In the old times this must have been a lovely, secluded region, well befitting the honored repose of Xenophon, who wrote his works here. The sky became heavier as the day wore on, and the rain, which had spared us so long, finally inclosed us in its misty circle. Towards evening we reached a lonely little house, on the

banks of the Alpheus. Nobody was at home, but we succeeded in forcing a door and getting shelter for our baggage. François had supper nearly ready before the proprietor arrived. The latter had neither wife nor child, though a few chicks, and took our burglarious occupation very good-humoredly. We shared the same leaky roof with our horses, and the abundant fleas with the owner's dogs.

In the morning the clouds broke away, and broad sunshine streamed down on the Olympian vale. A ride of twenty minutes brought us to the remains of the temple of Jupiter—substructions only, which have been discovered by excavation, as they are entirely beneath the level of the soil. The vast fragments enable one to guess at the size and majesty of the perfect edifice. The drums of the Doric columns, only two or three of which remain *in situ*, are nearly eight feet in diameter. The stone employed is the same hard, coarse, gray limestone as that of the temple of Apollo Epicurius. The soil of Olympia—a deep alluvial deposit—undoubtedly contains a rich fund of remains of ancient art; but when shall they be brought to light? Prince Pückler-Muskau proposed to the Greek Government to make excavations at his own expense, and to place whatever he found in a museum which he would build on the spot, but his generous offer was refused, out of a mean jealousy of permitting a foreigner to do that which the Greeks themselves will not do for a hundred years to come. The latter boast of their descent from the old heroes, but (old Pittakys excepted) they are greater Vandals than the Turks towards the ancient monuments of their country. *Foreign*

influence has preserved the Acropolis from being still further despoiled: foreign scholars have discovered the lost landmarks of Greece; and foreign money is now paying for the few excavations and restorations which are being carried on. Athenian boys hurl stones from their slings at the choragic monument of Lysicrates and mutilate its exquisite frieze, and the sportsmen who pass Colonos pepper with shot and ball the marble tombstone over Ottfried Müller's grave. During my residence in Athens, Sir Thomas Wyse prevented the builders of the new Cathedral from plundering the Theatre of Bacchus, and it is fear of the opinion of the world, rather than reverence for the Past, which saves many a venerable relic from the like fate.

The hills surrounding Olympia are low, and picturesquely wooded with pine. The scenery has a pleasing air of seclusion and peace. Broken stones and bricks mark the position of the city, which stood on a shelf of the valley next the hills, out of the reach of inundations from the river. The temple stood very nearly in the centre, opposite an arm of the valley which enters the hills to the north, at right angles to the course of the Alpheus. Here was the stadium, no trace of which now remains. At one end is a small Roman ruin of brickwork, resembling a bath. We here found a wild olive-tree, from which we robbed enough of leaves to make a victor's crown. The vale is nearly deserted, and most of its mellow loam is lying fallow. And this is Olympia, whence, for nearly 1,200 years, the chronology of the ancient world was computed—which has witnessed the presence of a greater number of great men than any other spot in the world!

A journey of two days across the wild mountain country of Erymanthus took us to Kalavryta, in Achaia. We left the valley of the Alpheus at Olympia, and struck into a hilly district, covered with forests of splendid pine. A number of lumbermen were at work, wasting more than half the wood for the want of saws. After a gradual ascent of about a thousand feet, we reached a summit ridge, but instead of finding a corresponding descent on the other side, we saw a broad table-land stretching away to the foot of a second ridge of hills. On this fine plain was the little village of Lala, built on the site of one destroyed during the war. The place was very rich, but now, although about one-tenth of the number of the former inhabitants own the same region, they are miserably poor. The fields for miles around, once bounteous with corn and wine, are lying waste and covered only with a thick carpet of ferns and asphodel. Ascending the second range of hills, we came upon another table-land, covered with an immense forest of oaks. We rode for more than two hours through this forest, which extends to the foot of the high range of Erymanthus, a distance of eight or ten miles, and even spreads up the mountain sides as far as the region of snow. Most of the trees are less than fifty years old, but interspersed among them are noble old trunks of many centuries. The open spaces were carpeted with soft, green turf, and every sunny bank gave a breath of violets to the air. The ground was covered with limbs and trunks, slowly rotting away. I saw enough of waste wood during the ride to supply all Athens for five years, but there it will lie and rot, so long as there are no roads in Greece

It is saddening to see a country so rich in natural resources neglected so shamefully.

Leaving the forest at last, we entered the deep, abrupt gorge of the Erymanthus, and spent the night in a lonely khan in the woods, high on the mountain side. It was a long day's journey thence to Kalavryta, over the back-bone of Erymanthus. This is the main line of communication between the Gulf of Corinth and the south-western portion of the Peloponnesus. The King and all his ministers have travelled it, the people have sent, literally, hundreds of petitions in regard to it, yet not a solitary drachma, so far as I could learn, has ever been expended on it. Near the khan there is a wild mountain stream, which frequently cuts off communication for days. A good bridge over it could be built for 10,000 drachmas; the poor people of the neighborhood have raised among themselves nearly half the amount, yet all their clamor and entreaty cannot procure the remainder.

Our *khanji* was evidently of Turkish blood; the Greek face is very rare in these parts. We had an exceedingly rough ride of three hours, up the gorge of the Erymanthus to Tripotamo. The mountains rose on either side to a height of 300 feet above the stream, which thundered down a precipitous defile. Tripotamo is a khan, lying, as its name denotes, at the junction of the three branches of Erymanthus. A few foundation walls still remain from the ancient city of Peophis, which stood on a rocky height, commanding the valley.

We now followed the middle branch of the Erymanthus up a warm, narrow valley, planted with tobacco and vines.

The banks were purple with the dark-hued violet, and the air balmy as the breath of Paradise. At the end of the valley we mounted the central ridge of the Erymanthean chain—a sharp comb, which appears to connect the group of Panachaïacum with that of Cyllene. From the summit we had a glorious view backwards, down the gorge of the Erymanthus, between the blue foldings of whose mountains we saw the level line of the wooded table-land overlooking the Olympian plain. Before us stretched a similar valley, closed on the north by another mountain range, while the hoary summit of Cyllene sparkled near us on the right, through the crystal ether. Of the four monasteries which we passed, between Tripotamo and Kalavryta, but one was inhabited. The others, so François said, had been sequestered by the Government.

Kalavryta is situated at the eastern end of a high mountain basin, which discharges its waters into the *katabethra* (cañon) where lies the monastery of Megaspelion. Over it towers the snowy head of Cyllene, in which are the fountains of the Styx. It is a busy, picturesque little place, with better houses than one usually finds in the country towns. There was no khan, but the Chief of Police directed us to a house where we obtained quarters. As it had a second story, chimney, and small glass windows, we considered ourselves luxuriously lodged. The next day we went no further than Megaspelion, two hours distant. Our youngest *agoyat*, Pericles, was quite ill, from the effect of Lent. He had eaten nothing but bread, olives, and raw onions during the whole trip. A single good meal would have cured him, but I believe he would sooner have died

than have eaten meat before Easter. Our host refused to drink wine, because he had once brought a load of fish from Lala to Kalavryta in one day, and is certain he would never have accomplished it, if he had not strictly observed his fasts at the proper time. What has Christianity become? Is it, as practised by one-half of Christendom, much better than the ancient Paganism?

Entering the gorge of Megaspelion, we had a succession of grand mountain pictures, the naked rocks rising high overhead, almost to the very clouds, while there was barely space between their bases for the Kalavryta River. We saw the monastery, far up on the mountain side, stuck against the face of tremendous cliffs of dark-red rock. A long and steep ascent leads into the amphitheatric hollow which it overlooks, the buildings being hidden from view by a projecting spur until you are close upon them. It is certainly one of the wildest and most singular places in the world. The precipice, which is nearly five hundred feet perpendicular, is hollowed out at the bottom into three crescent-shaped caverns, penetrating ninety feet into the rock. In front of these, a massive wall, sixty feet high, has been built up, and on the summit of the wall, and the rocky floor of the topmost cavern, are perched the chapels and dormitories of the monks—for all the world like a lot of swallows' nests, of all forms, colors, and dimensions. The mountain slope below the monastery is terraced and devoted to gardens, of which every monk has a separate one, and there are nearly three hundred when they are all at home. The staircases and passages in the interior of this hive are mostly hewn in the solid rock, and so

dark and labyrinthine that you must have candles and a guide.

The monks—to whose piety I will testify, since I saw how dirty they were—received us rather coldly, but did not refuse us a room, nor prevent François from cooking a bit of mutton. They hurried us off to the church, supposing that we must be impatient to behold the portrait of the Holy Virgin, sculptured in very black wood, by St. Luke himself. If the portrait be correct, she was a very ordinary person. I prefer, however, to throw the blame on St. Luke, whose pictures are quite as hideous as this bas-relief. The rooms of the monks were in harmony with their persons. All the offal of the monastery is thrown out of the windows, and lies in heaps at the foot of the wall, whence its effluvia rise to mingle with the incense in the chapels above. The most spacious part of the building was the wine-cellar, which was well stored. There was no temptation to stay and witness the Easter festivities—indeed, we were too anxious to reach Athens. Two Englishmen, however, who had arrived before us, were spending every night in the church and sleeping in the day-time. The monotony of the nasal chanting is something terrible, and how they endured it six hours a night was beyond my comprehension.

So we left Megaspelion on *megalo sabaton* (Great Saturday), in the beginning of a rain. Our path climbed the mountain behind the monastery, and followed the crest of a long ridge running towards the Gulf of Corinth. Clouds were above and below us, and a wild, black abyss of storm hid both Cyllene and the gulf. These mountains were thickly clothed with firs, the first we had seen in Greece

The most of them were young, but here and there rose a few fine, tall trunks, which both War and Peace had spared. The appearance of this region showed conclusively how easy it would be to restore the lost forests of Greece—and through them the lost streams. After four or five hours up and down paths so difficult that they would have been very dangerous with horses unaccustomed to such travel, we reached the hamlet of Akrata on the coast, wet, sore, and hungry.

A crowd of village idlers collected about the little shop where we stopped to breakfast, and thronged in to see us eat and to ask questions. They had sharp, eager, intelligent faces, but all with a greater or less mixture of the Slavonic element. Among them was a handsome boy of sixteen, who, having studied at the gymnasium of Patras, was put forward as spokesman. We were the first Americans they had seen, and they were curious to learn some thing about America. I pointed out one of the boys present as having a genuine American face, whereupon the smart youngster remarked, "That is almost like an insult—it is as much as to say that he don't look like a Greek." "You should, on the contrary, take it as a compliment to your country," I answered; "the people of a free country have a different expression from those who live under a despotism, and if he resembles an American, he resembles a free man." He was a little abashed; and one of the men asked: "But if it is a free country, what despot (*tyrannos*) rules you?" I thereupon, with the help of François, gave them a brief description of our Government and country, to which they listened with the greatest attention, asking

questions which showed a clear comprehension of my explanations. I am sure that a group of German or French peasants would not have understood the subject half as readily.

By this time the rain had not only ceased, but the clouds parted, allowing splendid gaps of sunshine to stream down on the dark-green gulf, and light up the snowy top of Parnassus, nearly opposite. Before sunset we reached the village of Stomi, where we spent the night very comfortably in a two-story house. The next day was Easter Sunday, which we had promised to spend with our friend, the Demarch of Hexamilia. The storm had delayed us considerably, but we still hoped, by starting early, to arrive in season for the Paschal lamb. The way, however, was longer than we had counted upon. Following the shore of the gulf, we witnessed the Easter festivities in twenty villages, saluted by everybody with the glad tidings. "*Christos aneste*" (Christ is arisen,)—to which we gave the customary reply: "*Alethos aneste*" (Truly he is arisen.) All were dressed in their gayest garments, and the satisfaction which a hearty meal of meat—the first in fifty days—spread over their countenances, was most refreshing to behold. There was a continual discharge of musketry from the young palikars; and, in the afternoon, the women danced slowly on the shore, in long semicircular companies to the sound of their own screechy voices. The short mantles which they wore, over their white petticoats, were of the gayest colors, bordered with an ornamental pattern of truly antique and classical form. One of them was an exact copy of that worn by Ristori, as Medea.

Sending our baggage direct to Hexamilia, and intrusting Pericles with a message to the Demarch, that a Paschal lamb should be bought and roasted for us, we left the shore, and mounted to the rocky platform whereon stood Sikyon, the forerunner and rival of Corinth. We spent a quiet hour in the grass-grown theatre, looking on the sapphire gulf, and the immortal peaks of song beyond it. It was nearly sunset when we reached Corinth, but I determined to improve the occasion by climbing to the acropolis, which we had been unable to do on our former visit, on account of the rain. From the huge rock, nearly two thousand feet in height, you have a panorama extending from Sunium, the eastern headland of Attica, on one side, to the mountains of Etolia, on the other.

It was after dark when our weary horses halted at the Demarch's door, in Hexamilia. The lamb was on a spit, truly enough, and Pericles and Aristides were turning him with expectant eyes. The Demarch opened an amphora of red, resinous wine (which, having once learned to drink, we preferred to all other), and late at night, by the light of lanterns, we sat down to our Easter feast. The house was still shaken by the throes of the lingering earthquake, but none of us heeded them. The Demarch, whose red face and starting eyes already told of repletion, tore a rib from the lamb with the remark: "I have already eaten three times to-day, but on Easter one can hold a double portion." It is a fact that there are more cases of illness after this festival, than at any time in the year. We were all ravenously hungry, and the Demarch was finally left behind in the race. Pericles and Aristides devoured an

entire quarter, besides an immense omelette, with silent rapture.

Returning by way of Megara and Eleusis, in two days more, we hailed again the beloved Acropolis from the brow of Daphne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BYRON IN GREECE.

No poet of modern times—not even Scott among the lochs of the Highlands—has left so lasting an impress of his own mind on the scenes he saw and sang of, as Byron. Whether on the Rhine, in Switzerland, Venice, Rome, Albania, Greece, Stamboul, or Gibraltar, the first lines that bubble up from the bottom of Memory's pool, as some feature or expression of the landscape agitates it, are sure to be his. Epithets struck off like the lucky dash of an artist's pencil, cling so tenaciously to the scenes themselves, that mountain, cape, cataract, and temple hurl them back to you. "The Acroceraunean mountains of old name," "Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe," Soracte heaving from the plain "like a long-swept wave about to break," Lake Nemi "navelled in the woody hills," the "exulting and abounding" Rhine—are all illustrations of this. It is not, as somebody observes, that Byron expresses the average sentiment of cultivated travellers, but rather from the intrinsic excellence and aptness of his descriptive epithets, that he is so

constantly quoted. Nothing can be finer than the images—rarely more than a line in length—with which Childe Harold is crowded. The disciples of Wordsworth have attempted to depreciate Byron as a poet, as Pollok and other Pharisees have blackened his character as a man—but no one can visit Greece without recognising how wonderfully the forms and colors of her scenery, the solemn sadness of her ruin, are reproduced in his pages.

It is a severe test of a description to read it on the actual spot. The twilight medium of words pales in the broad blaze of Nature; and as mountain, city, and river flush into living color before your eye, the life-blood seems to be drained from the page in your hand. Only when you become familiarized with a landscape, can you venture to open a book in its presence. Classical travellers, it is true, carry their Homers with them to read on the mound of Troy—or their Sophocles, for the Gate of Mycenæ; but this is a bit of agreeable sentiment which we must pardon. In Chamounix, before sunrise, you would scarcely think of reading Coleridge's "Hymn;" Schiller's "Diver" would sound but tamely in the Calabrian Strait; and I should like to see the man who could repeat any of the many feeble addresses to Niagara, on Table Rock!

Why is it, then, that so many of Byron's descriptions, when you have once read them, are given back to you again by Nature herself? Because he wrote in the presence of Nature: impression and expression were simultaneous; and his pictures, like the open-air studies of a painter, however deficient in breadth, depth, or atmosphere, have the unmistakable stamp of truth. Scarcely any other

poet painted so directly from the model. His thunder storm on Lake Lemn, written, as one might say, by the flashes of lightning, reminds us of Turner lashed to the foremast of a steamer, in order to study a snow-squall at sea. The first and second books of *Childe Harold* were written almost entirely in the open air. In wandering about Athens, on a sunny March day, when the asphodels are blossoming on Colonos, when the immortal mountains are folded in a transparent purple haze, and the waveless *Ægean* slumbers afar, among his islands, I never failed to hear a voice steal upon the charmed silence—a young, manly voice, ringing with inspiration, yet subdued by the landscape to a harmony with its own exquisite rhythmus, chanting:

“Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth *Hymettus* yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam *Mendeli** marbles glare:
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.”

Here the simple thought is neither new nor profound but when the blue sky of Greece is over your head; when the thick olive groves shimmer silverly before you down the valley of the *Cephissus*; when the bee rises from his bed in the bells of the asphodel, and the flavor of the thymy

* *Pentelicus*.

honey of Hymettus is still on your palate; when the marble quarries of Pentelicus gleam like scars on the blue pediment of the mountain—then these lines sing themselves into your brain as the natural voice of the landscape.

Although fifty years have elapsed since Byron first visited Greece, his connexion with the later struggle for independence has kept alive some memories even of that earlier period. No foreign name is so well known to the Greeks as that of *Veerôn* (as they pronounce it); his portrait always has a prominent place in the Pantheon of the Libérators. Mrs. Black, to whom he sang "*Zoe mou, sus agapo,*" still lives at the Piræus, and has transmitted her charms to a lovely Greco-Scottish daughter; and Mavrocordato, his friend and ally, though blind and octogenary, was living at the time of my visit. I knew the physician who attended him at Missolonghi—the same in whose arms Ottfried Müller breathed his last. Mr. Finlay, the historian of Mediæval Greece, knew him both at Cephalonia and at Missolonghi, and related to me the circumstances under which he contracted his fatal illness. Some of the particulars were new to me; and as Mr. Finlay informed me that portions of his statement had already been published, I feel no hesitation in repeating them here.

It is well known that after Byron reached Missolonghi, he was greatly annoyed and perplexed by the turbulent horde of half-robbers among whom he was thrown—a set of jealous, clamorous, undisciplined rogues, who were less zealous in the cause of Grecian freedom than in their endeavors to get a share of the poet's money. Ambitious to achieve some military distinction, and at the same time

accomplish something for Greece, he enrolled a company of Suliotes under his own immediate command, and commenced a strict course of discipline. [Byron's helmet, with his crest, and the motto "*Crede Biron*," is now in the possession of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, who received it from Count Gamba. It is so small that few men could be found whose heads could be put into it.] He was very punctual in his attendance at the drill, and disregarded a proper protection from the weather, fearing that an appearance of effeminacy would weaken his influence over his men.

Mr. Finlay, then a young and ardent Philhellene, was sent with dispatches from Athens to Missolonghi, about the close of March, 1824. After remaining a few days he prepared to return; but heavy rains had swollen the river Achelous, and he was obliged to delay his departure. His plan was, to cross the Gulf of Corinth in a small boat, so as to avoid the risk of being captured by the Turks at Lepanto, and then push on eastward, through the defiles of the Achaian Mountains. One morning, at last, the weather seemed better, and he set out. Riding eastward over the plain, towards the Achelous, he met Byron on horseback. The latter turned and rode along with him for two or three miles, conversing on the prospects of the cause. Finally, Byron said: "You'd better turn back; the river is still too high." "I think not," said Mr. Finlay; "but, at least, I'll try it." "You'll be wet to the skin, at any rate," urged Byron, pointing to a heavy black cloud, which was rapidly approaching. "*You* will be wet, not I," Mr. Finlay answered, whereupon Byron saying: "I'll see to that," turned his horse and galloped back towards the town.

In a few minutes, however, the cloud broke, and the rain fell in torrents. Byron's house was at the western end of Missolonghi, so that, in order to avoid the breakneck streets, he was in the habit of crossing the harbor in a boat, and mounting his horse outside the eastern wall. On this occasion, he reached the boat in a dripping state, and, being obliged to sit still during the passage, received a violent chill, which was followed by an attack of fever. Mr. Finlay, finding the river still too high, returned to Missolonghi, where he was obliged to wait two days longer. Byron then lay upon the bed from which he never arose. "One evening," related Mr. F., "he said to Col. Stanhope and the rest of us: 'Well, I expected something to happen this year. It's all owing to the old witch.' We asked for an explanation. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'an old woman, who told my fortune, predicted that four particular years would be dangerous to me. Three times her prediction has come true; and now this is the fourth year she named. So you see, it won't do to laugh at the witches. He said this in a gay, jesting voice, and seemed to have no idea that his illness would prove fatal. Indeed, none of us considered him in a dangerous condition at that time.'"

During his first visit to Greece, Byron resided for several months at Athens, and every fair or inspiring feature of the illustrious region was familiar to him. Two points seem to have especially attracted him—the ancient fortress of Phyle, in the defile of Parnes, through which passed one of the roads into Bœotia, and the sunset view from the Propylæa, or pillared entrance at the western end of the Acropolis. The latter is frequently called "Byron's View," by

the English, and no poet's name was ever associated with a lovelier landscape. Seated on a block of marble opposite the main entrance, which steeply climbs the slope, you look down between the rows of fluted Doric columns, to the Hill of the Nymphs, rising opposite, across the valley of the Cephissus, twinkling with olives and vines, over the barren ridge of Corydallus, the mountains of Salamis and Megara, and away to the phantom hills of the Peloponnesus, whose bases are cut by the azure arc of the Saronic Gulf. Here was written the often quoted description of a Grecian sunset, commencing :

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun—"

and every feature of the picture is correct. In the south, you see Egina, crowned by the Panhellenic temple of Jupiter, Hydra, and Poros ; while the "Delphian cliff" on the west, behind which the still triumphant god sinks to rest, though hidden from sight by a spur of Parnes, is nevertheless visible from the sides of Hymettus.

To me, this view had an indescribable charm. Apart from the magic of its immortal associations, it is drawn and colored with that exquisite artistic feeling, which seems to be a characteristic of Nature in Greece, and therefore takes away from the almost despairing wonder with which we should otherwise contemplate her perfect temples. We the more easily comprehend why Proportion should have been an inborn faculty of the Grecian mind—why the laws of Form, with all their elusive secrets, should have been so thoroughly mastered. The studied irregularity of the

Parthenon, the result of which is absolute symmetry, was never attained by mathematical calculation. It sprang from the inspired sagacity of a brain so exquisitely educated to Order, that it could give birth to no imperfect conception. Ictinus caught the magic secret (which all Apostles of the Good Time Coming would do well to learn), that Nature abhors exact mathematical arrangement—that true Order and Harmony lie in a departure from it. By violating the apparent law, the genuine law was found.

A few days before leaving Athens, I rode out to Phyle, which is about eighteen miles distant. The weather was intensely hot, thermometer ninety-one degrees in the shade, and a strong sirocco wind, blowing directly from Africa, wrapped the mountains in a fiery blue film. A rapid trot of two hours brought us to an Albanian village at the foot of Parnes, where we halted for breakfast, and to rest our exhausted horses. The inhabitants have the reputation of being robbers, and probably deserve it. They seemed to have no regular occupation, and the number of well-armed, lusty, yellow-moustached, and long-nosed fellows lounging about, was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance. They were, however, very courteous to us, and I have no doubt we might have lived for weeks among them with entire security.

At the little inn, where we ate our cold chicken and *caviar*, moistened with resinous wine, several of the villagers were collected, in lively conversation with a keen, quick-eyed fellow from a distant village, whose witty remarks and retorts diverted them exceedingly. One wild, young scamp jumped up at intervals, and executed

steps of the palikar dance, or *romaïka*, and another, lolling lazily in a corner, sang fragments of a song he had learned in Crete:

“ All on a Sunday morning,
On Easter and New-Year's day,
The bells of Holy Constantine
They ring so loud and gay.”

The tide of fun ran high; and I regretted that my imperfect knowledge of the language did not allow me to enjoy it with them. Finally, however, one of the villagers called out to the jolly stranger: “ Nicolà, tell us that story of your second marriage. Giorgios here, and Costandi, and Kyrie François have never heard it.” “ Oh, yes!” shouted the others; “ that was a capital trick of Nicolà's. You must all hear it.” Nicolà thereupon began the story—his quick blue eyes dancing in wicked delight under his shaggy brows at the very thought of the trick.

“ You must know,” said he, “ that my first wife died about a year and a half ago. Well, she had not been dead long, before I found out that I must fill her place with somebody else. It's poor business living without a wife, especially when you've been used to having one. But I was as poor as the Holy Lazarus, and how to get a handsome girl, with a good dower, was more than I knew. At last I remembered Athanasi, the fat innkeeper in Kuluri, where I had spent a night a year or two before. He had a daughter, handsome and nimble enough; and five hundred drachmas, they said, would go with her. I must be Athanasi's son-in-law, I said to myself. Now, I am no fool

and presently I hit upon the right plan. I washed my fustanellas, put on my best clothes, and started on my horse (it's not a bad animal, you know) for Kuluri. But first, I took my big saddle-bags, and filled them with broken horse-shoes and other such bits of iron. Then I threw in all the money I had—about ten or twelve silver dollars—locked the bags, and hung them over my saddle. As I jogged along the road, with the metal jingling under me I said to myself 'Ho! Papa Athanasi, get the bride ready: your son is a-coming!'

"When I drew near Kuluri, I put my horse into a trot, so that everybody heard the jingle as I rode. I went straight to Athanasi's, hung my saddle-bags up in a place where I could always keep my eye on them, and ordered dinner. 'The best that can be had,' said I, 'it will be paid for!' The dinner was fit for a bishop, I must say, and no lack of wine. When I was satisfied, I asked Athanasi, 'Who cooked for me?' 'Oh,' says he, 'it was my daughter, Heraclea.' 'Let her come, then,' says I: 'I must tell her how good it was.' Then I unlocked my saddle-bags before their eyes, gave a dollar to Athanasi, and another to his daughter. I jingled the bags well as I carried them out—and heavy enough they were—and then rode away.

"The next week, I came back and did the same thing, but when Heraclea had gone to the kitchen, I said to Athanasi: 'Your daughter pleases me; I should like to marry her, and even if her dowry is not so high as I have a right to ask, I will take her.' He looked at me, then at my saddle-bags, brought another bottle of wine; and so

the thing was settled. It wasn't a month before Papa Anagnosto blessed us as man and wife; and I felt easy and comfortable again. Her dower was—well, I won't say how much; but I might have done worse.

“When my wife went home with me, I hung the saddle-bags over my bed, and cautioned her against allowing any one to come near them. Sheⁿ did everything as I wanted it, and was quiet and steady enough for a week or two. But a woman, you know, is never satisfied. I knew it would come and come it did. ‘What is the use of all that money hanging there,’ she thought, ‘when I might have the heaviest gold ear-rings in the village?’ ‘Nicolà, my life,’ said she [here the speaker imitated a woman’s voice, in the most irresistibly droll way], ‘I should like to get a new pair of ear-rings for the Easter dances.’ ‘Very well,’ says I, ‘here’s my key. Go to the saddle-bags and take as much money as you want.’ She hopped into the bed-room like a cat, while I went on cleaning my gun, as cool as could be. In a minute, she was out again, looking scared and pale. ‘Money!’ she screamed; ‘that’s not money—it’s bits of iron!’ ‘Why, you’re a fool:’ said I, trying to look as wild as I could. When I went in with her, and looked into the saddle-bags, I threw my gun on the floor, stamped, howled, and cursed like a thousand dragons; while Hera clea, sitting on the bed, could only say: ‘Holy Spiridion. what has happened?’ ‘Why,’ I yelled, ‘that cursed Alexandros, that wizard, that devil—whom I offended last week—he has gone and turned all my bright silver dollars into iron!’ Then, when she found I was so furious, she tried to quiet and console me. So I got out of the difficulty

then ; but I guess she begins to suspect how it really was. However, she likes me well enough, and I am now the father of a little Athanasi ; so it don't much matter."

Nicolà's story—to the truth of which some of the villagers testified—gave great amusement to his auditors. We shook hands with the jolly band of miscreants, and rode up the hot, narrow gorge for an hour or more, until the road approached the summit ridge of Parnes, where, upon a narrow, precipitous cape, stood the ancient fortress of Phyle. The blocks of tawny marble of which it is composed are entire to the height of ten to twenty feet, and picturesquely overgrown with glossy draperies of ivy. Sitting on the parapet, the savage defile, dark with pine trees, yawns below you ; while, between its scarped walls of orange-colored rock, you look out over the warm plain of Attica, as far as Hymettus and the sea. In the central distance rises the Acropolis, distinct with all its temples. Here, as in the Propylæa, you have a foreground and a frame for the picture ; and the wonderful coloring of the landscape, thus confined to an extent which the eye can take in at a single glance, assumes a purity and depth which is always wanting in a wide panoramic view.

On the Propylæa, perfect Art inframes the harmonious landscape ; at Phyle, it is savage Nature. Different in features, the views nevertheless make a similar impression. Nothing could better illustrate the integrity of Byron's appreciation of Nature than his selection of these two points. And, while sitting among the lizard-haunted ruins, gazing through the hot film of the sirocco upon Athens,

and reflecting upon her flimsy Court and degenerate people,
I could not but admit that he might still say :

"Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HAUNTS OF THE MUSES.

WE left Athens on the 13th of April, for a journey to Parnassus and the northern frontier of Greece. The company consisted of François, Braisted, myself, and Ajax and Themistocles, our *agoyats*, or grooms. It was a teeming, dazzling day, with light scarfs of cloud-crape in the sky, and a delicious breeze from the west blowing through the pass of Daphne. The Gulf of Salamis was pure ultramarine, covered with a velvety bloom, while the island and Mount Kerata swam in transparent pink and violet tints. Greece, on such a day, is living Greece again. The soul of ancient Art and Poetry throbs in the splendid air, and pours its divinest light upon the landscape.

Crossing the sacred plain of Eleusis for the fourth time in my Grecian journeys, our road entered the mountains—lower offshoots of Cithæron, which divide the plain from that of Bœotia. They are now covered with young pines, to the very summits, and François directed my attention to the rapidity with which the mountains were becoming

wooded, since the destruction of young trees has been prohibited by law. The agricultural prosperity of the country, in many districts, depends entirely on the restoration of the lost forests. The sun was intensely hot in the close glens, and we found the shade of the old Cithæronian pines very grateful. We met a straggling company of lancers returning from the Thessalian frontier, and many travellers in the course of the afternoon. Among the baggage animals following the lancers we were surprised to find Pegasus and Bellerophon, the lean horses which had carried us through the Peloponnesus; and soon after, Aristides himself resplendent in clean Easter garments. He was greatly disappointed at seeing us under way, as he had intended to carry us to the Mounts of Song on his own winged steeds.

Towards evening, we descended into the valley of the Eleusinian Cephissus, at the foot of Cithæron, passing the remains of an ancient tower, twenty feet high. At sunset, when the sky had become overcast and stormy, we reached the solitary khan of Casa, at the foot of a rocky, precipitous hill, crowned by the acropolis of CENOË, and were heartily glad to find shelter in the windy building, from the more violent wind outside. The keepers of the khan were two women—old friends of François—who received us with great cordiality. There was a military barrack a few paces off, containing a corporal's guard, who were supposed to keep down brigandage. The setting sun built a magnificent rainbow upon the bases of heavy clouds, which moved away upon Athens with thunder and lightning. Our lodging was in a loft, among heaps of grain and piles of dried herbs; but F.'s convenient camp-beds, as we knew

from experience, were as comfortable in a stable as any where else; and his famous *potage aux voyageurs* would have made a hungry Lucullus shriek with satisfaction. Benevolence prompts me to communicate the receipt for this soup, which anybody can make, with a little practice. Boil two fowls for the broth: add a sufficient quantity of vermicelli, and, when nearly done, the yolks of four eggs, beaten up with a gill of water. Then squeeze into the mixture the juice of half a lemon: and, lo! it is done. If any lady can make a better soup, with fewer materials, I should be glad to possess her autograph.

We awoke to a cloudless sky; and, after coffee, climbed the hill of Cēnoë, or Eleutheria, whichever it may be. I suppose Leake is most likely to be right; and so I shall call it Cēnoë. A hard pull of fifteen minutes brought us to the lower part of the wall, which is composed of immense blocks of gray conglomerate limestone—the native rock of the hill. The walls are eight feet thick, and strengthened by projecting square towers. On both the northern and southern sides, the natural precipices assist the plan of defence. Following the northern wall up the hill to the northwestern angle, we were surprised to see before us a range of tall square towers, which, with the connecting curtains, appear to be in nearly a perfect state. Of the nine towers which defended this side of the city, six are still from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. We walked along the top of the wall, and passed through them all in succession. There are loop-holes in the sides, for arrows or javelins; and I noticed mortices in the stones, for the joists which supported the upper floors. On the southern side

the wall overhangs the deep gorge, through which flows the main branch of the Cephissus. There were two massive postern gateways to the town. The walls are better preserved, without exception, than any which I saw in Greece. They date from the time of Alexander the Great. The position of the place, among the wild peaks of Cithæron, makes it one of the most picturesque ruins in the country.

We now climbed the main ridge of the mountains ; and, in less than an hour, reached the highest point—whence the great Bœotian plain suddenly opened upon our view. In the distance gleamed Lake Copaïs, and the hills beyond ; in the west, the snowy top of Parnassus, lifted clear and bright above the morning vapors ; and, at last, as we turned a shoulder of the mountain in descending, the streaky top of Helicon appeared on the left, completing the classic features of the landscape. We descended to the *kalyvia*, or summer village of Vilia, whose inhabitants cultivate part of the plain during the winter. The want of water obliges them to retire to another village in the mountains during the summer ; so that their lives are passed in a regular alternation between the two places—each village being deserted half the year. This is a very common mode of life among the Greek peasants. As we entered the plain, taking a rough path towards Platæa, the fields were dotted, far and near, with the white Easter shirts of the people working among the vines.

Another hour, and our horses' hoofs were upon the sacred soil of Platæa. The walls of the city are still to be traced for nearly their entire extent. They are precisely similar in construction to those of CEnoë—like which, also

they were strengthened by square towers. There are the substructions of various edifices—some of which may have been temples—and on the side next the modern village lie four large sarcophagi, now used as vats for treading out the grapes in vintage-time. A more harmless blood than once curdled on the stones of Plataea now stains the empty sepulchres of the heroes.

“It was a bright immortal head
They crowned with clustering vine;
And o’er their best and bravest dead,
They poured the dark-red wine.”

We rode up to the miserable little village, took our seats in the church-door, and ate our breakfast there, gazing on the hollow plain below the ruins, which witnessed, probably, the brunt of the battle. In the intense glare of the sunshine no illusion was possible. The beggarly huts about us; the uncouth piles of stones, lying here and there among the springing grass; the bare, deserted hills beyond—what was there to remind one of ancient valor and glory in all these? The landscape was like a worn-out garment, which the golden mist of sunset, or the magic of moonshine, may touch with deceptive color; but, seen at noon-day, with every rent and patch obtruded to your gaze, it is simply—rags.

Nevertheless, we rode over the plain, fixed the features of the scene in our memories, and then kept on towards the field of Leuktra, where the brutal power of Sparta received its first check. The two fields are so near, that a part of the fighting may have been done upon the same ground

The landmarks of Leuktra are so uncertain, however, that I trusted entirely to François, who had conducted travellers thither for thirty years, and plucked some field-flowers on the spot he pointed out. I then turned my horse's head towards Thebes, which we reached in two hours.

It was a pleasant scene, though so different from that of two thousand years ago. The town is built partly on the hill of the Cadmeion, and partly on the plain below. An aqueduct, on mossy arches, supplies it with water, and keeps its gardens green. The plain to the north is itself one broad garden to the foot of the hill of the Sphinx, beyond which is the blue gleam of a lake, then a chain of barren hills, and over all the snowy cone of Mount Delphi in Eubœa. The only remains of the ancient city are stones; for the massive square tower, now used as a prison, cannot be ascribed to an earlier date than the reign of the Latin princes. A recent excavation has disclosed the foundations of a mediæval building, constructed of ancient stones. Can it be the palace of that Theban merchant who bought the Duchy of Naxos and made himself the equal of kings—the architectural wonder of Greece during the Middle Ages? The site of the town is superb. Both Helicon and Parnassus tower in the south and west, and even a corner of Pentelicus is visible. While I sat beside the old tower, sketching the Mountain of the Sphinx, a Theban eagle—the spirit of Pindar—soared slowly through the blue depths above. The memories of Pindar and Epaminondas consecrate the soil of Thebes, though she helped to ruin Greece by her selfish jealousy of Athens. It is not an accidental circumstance that she has so utterly disappeared, while the Pro

pylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, which Epaminondas threatened to carry off, still stand—and may they stand for ever!

A scholar from the French Academy at Athens joined us in the evening. He was out hunting inscriptions. The French scholars are always hunting inscriptions, and it is wonderful what a lot of archæological eggs (addled) they discover. This time he had certainly heard of a nest, and was on his way at full gallop, to secure the prize. The next night he rejoined us at Livadia, wet to the skin, without an *alpha* or a *beta* about him, and rather disposed to find the secret of the Pindaric measure in the red Bœotian wine, than to grope any longer in empty cellars.

The next morning we rode down from the Cadmeion, and took the highway to Livadia, leading straight across the Bœotian plain. It is one of the finest alluvial bottoms in the world, a deep, dark, vegetable mould—which would produce almost without limit, were it properly cultivated. Before us, blue and dark under a weight of clouds, lay Parnassus; and far across the immense plain the blue peaks of Mount Cæta. In three hours we reached the foot of Helicon, and looked up at the streaks of snow which melt into the Fountain of the Muses. Presently a stream, as limpid as air, issued from the cleft heart of the mountain “*O fons Bandusicæ, splendidior vitro!*” I exclaimed; but it was a diviner than the Bandusian wave which gurgled its liquid dactyls over the marble pebbles. Ajax and Themistocles had halted in the shade of a garden on the bank; François was unpacking his saddle-bags; so I leapt from Erato, my mare, knelt among the asphodels, and drank

The water had that sweetness and purity which makes you seem to inhale, rather than drink it. The palate swam in the delicious flood with a delight which acknowledged no satiety. "What is this?" I said, as I lifted up my head. "Can it be the Muses' Fountain coming down from yonder mountain? Whence this longing unsuppressed in my breast—this desire that is springing to be singing? My veins are on fire—give me a lyre! I'll beat Apollo all hollow!"

"Pshaw!" said François (who had just taken a draught). "He now can drink who chooses, at the Fountain of the Muses. Why, you know, the gods and goddesses, and the nymphs in scanty bodices, are now no more detected in the shrines to them erected. That was only a superstition unworthy a man of your position. To such illusions you're no dupe: this water's very good for soup!"

"Sound the hew-gag, beat the tonjon!" exclaimed Braisted, who had not been thirsty: "I believe you are both crazy." But the mare, Erato, who had taken long draughts from the stream, whinnied, whisked her tail, and galloped off one line of hexameter after another, as we continued our journey. So I devoutly testify that Helicon is not yet dry, and the Fountain of the Muses retains its ancient virtue.

In the afternoon we turned the spur of a mountain—a sort of outpost between Helicon and Parnassus—and saw before us Livadia, on the northern slope of a high hill. A ruined Turkish fortress, with two round towers, gave the place a wild, picturesque air, while the green gardens and

mulberry orchards below, relieved the sterility of the gray cliffs which towered above it. Clear, bright, mountain water gushed in full streams down the glen, and wandered away into the rich plain, fructifying the pregnant soil wherever it went. We reached a large, dreary khan, as the rain began to fall; and, having established ourselves there for the night, set out to visit the cave of the oracle of Trophonius. It lies at the upper end of the town, in a ravine which is buried almost below the sunshine by precipitous rocks that tower more than a thousand feet above. The grand, savage aspect of the spot might well have given rise to the ancient superstition that he who once entered the cave never smiled again. Notwithstanding its reputation, I took refuge in one of the hollow chambers from the torrents of rain which drove down the awful gorge.

A ride of three hours the next day brought us to Cheronœa, the battle-field where the Bœotians made their last desperate stand against Philip of Macedon. The ruins of the city have disappeared, with the exception of the theatre, the seats of which are hewn in the solid rock, and some fragments of marble and breccia; but the monument to the Bœotians who fell in the battle is one of the most interesting in Greece. The colossal lion, placed in the sepulchral mound, had gradually become imbedded in the earth, and thus preserved, when it was discovered and blown to pieces with gunpowder by the guerilla chieftain, Odysseus, during the war of independence. The head remains entire, with the eyes upturned in the agony of death, and the teeth set in the last howl of mingled rage and despair. I have never

seen a more grand and touching memorial. The mutilated face embodies the death-cry of Greece. It expresses a despair so awful, yet so heroic, that a man need not blush if he should find sudden tears starting into his eyes as he gazes upon it

CHAPTER XX.

PARNASSUS AND THE DORIAN MOUNTAINS.

THE khan at Cheronæa was a mere hovel, where the only place for our beds was in the stable among the horses. Our hoofed friends were tolerably quiet, however, and nothing disturbed our slumber except the crowing of the cocks. But the landlord of this hotel demanded no less than three dollars for our lodgings; and thereupon ensued one of those terribly wordy battles in which François was a veteran combatant. Epithets struck and clashed against one another like swords; the host was pierced through and through with furious lunges, and even our valiant dragoman did not escape some severe wounds. Then some peasants, whose horses had been stalled for the night in our bed-room, demanded to be paid for the feed of the animals, because, they said, we had fed ours in the stable, which obliged them to feed theirs, unnecessarily. The Greeks believe, that if one horse sees another eat, without eating himself, he will fall sick, and perhaps die. Until I discovered this fact, I was surprised to find that when we reached a khan,

all the horses were removed from the stable until after ours had been fed, when they were brought back again.

In the morning, tremendous black clouds were hanging over Parnassus; and deep-blue gloom, alternating with streaks of fierce sunshine, checkered the broad, level valley of the Cephissus—the highway through which the Persians and the Macedonians marched upon Greece. As we skirted the plain, riding towards the south-eastern corner of Parnassus, François pointed out a village, hanging on the dark, rocky slope. “That is Daulia!” said he. The ancient Daulis, the birth-place of the nightingale! The thickets by every stream resounded with the exquisite songs of the bird of passion and of sorrow.

“Dost thou once more essay

Thy flight; and feel come over thee,

Poor fugitive, the feathery change

Once more; and once more make resound,

With love and hate, triumph and agony,

Lone Daulis and the high Cephissian vale?”

We now entered a deep defile, leading along the southern base of Parnassus to Delphi. The country was stony and barren, overgrown only with broom and furze, and reminded me of some of the wilder parts of Scotland. This is the home of brigands, and they still abound in these rocky fastnesses. A shepherd-boy, tending his flock of black goats, called out to us: “The robbers have come down—have you met any of them?” He informed us that, five days before, they had carried off a rich Greek, whom they were keeping in a cavern somewhere in the

rocks overhanging the defile. They demanded thirty thousand dollars for his ransom, and would not give him up until the money was paid.

Passing the spot where Œdipus killed his father, and the wild gorge of Schiste, we reached, about eleven o'clock, the khan of Ismenos, tolerably high up on the side of Parnassus, whose snowy peak cleft the sky, wrapt in a misty veil of drifting snow. The wind was frightful. It blew with tremendous force and icy coldness, stiffening our limbs and freezing the very blood in our veins. A snow-storm raged around the topmost summit of Parnassus, which shone now and then with a blinding white gleam, as the clouds parted. While we were breakfasting, a company of shepherds arrived. Instead of Arcadian crooks they carried muskets and daggers, and I have no doubt looked after something else besides their sheep. They were fierce, splendid fellows, with a strong dash of the ancient Hellenic blood in their veins. Two of them had come to appeal to the keeper of the khan as an arbitrator, one accusing the other of having stolen two sheep, while the latter claimed compensation for the damage done to his grain by eight sheep belonging to the former. It was a double case, not easily to be decided, and the mild little umpire quite lost his wits in the storm that raged around him. Fists were clenched, furious words flung back and forth, daggers drawn, and every moment I expected to see blood flow. It was a wild, exciting scene, in singular keeping with the hurricane outside, which made the house rock to its foundations.

As we continued our journey along the southern side of

Parnassus, high over the gorge between it and a cluster of barren peaks, forming a cape between the bays of Salona and Aspropitia, I was several times almost unhorsed by the violence of the wind. One of the first poems I read, as a child, was Mrs. Hemans' "Storm at Delphi," commencing:

Far through the Delphian shades
A Persian trumpet rang; "

—and, though forgotten for years, it returned to my memory as we faced the gusts which seemed still to protect the shrine of the god. In two hours, however, we reached the village of Arachova, which is situated most picturesquely on the steep mountain side, in the midst of a vast amphitheatric sweep of terraced vineyards. The place was almost entirely deserted, the inhabitants being in the fields or upon the mountain with their flocks. The few whom we saw, however, verified the correctness of the statement that on Parnassus, as on the sides of Taygetus, may still be found traces of the ancient blood of Greece. Here still live the forms of Phidias—the rude plebeian type of that ennobled and perfected beauty which furnished him with the models of heroes, demi-gods, and deities. Yon barefooted girl, filling her pitcher at the fountain, would have been a Venus of Milo, in a higher social sphere; the shepherd, asleep on a sheltered bank under the rocks, is already a Faun of Praxiteles, and might be a Theseus or a Perseus; and these children need but the loveliness of nudity to become Cupids, Ganymedes, and Psyches. The clear-cut symmetry of the features, the low brow, short upper lip

and rounded chin, the beautiful balance of the limbs, and that perfect modelling of the trunk, which neither conceals nor exhibits too much the development of the muscles, are all here—so far as the body can be seen through its disguise. The true Greeks differ from the Albanians and the mongrel Turco-Slavic-Venetian race, which constitute the bulk of the population, in everything—in character, form, features, and movement—and I cannot understand why it is that enthusiastic travellers persist in seeing in every one who bears the name of Greek a descendant of Pericles, or Leonidas, or Homer.

As we left Arachova, proceeding towards Delphi, the deep gorge opened, disclosing a blue glimpse of the Gulf of Corinth and the Achaïan mountains. Tremendous cliffs of blue-gray limestone towered upon our right, high over the slope of Delphi, which ere long appeared before us. Our approach to the sacred spot was marked by tombs cut in the rock. A sharp angle of the mountain was passed; and then, all at once, the enormous walls, buttressing the upper region of Parnassus, stood sublimely against the sky, cleft right through the middle by a terrible split, dividing the twin peaks which give a name to the place. At the bottom of this chasm issue forth the waters of Castaly, and fill a stone trough by the road-side. On a long, sloping mountain-terrace beyond, facing the east, stood once the town and temples of Delphi, and now the modern village of Kastri.

François conducted us up the hill to the house of Mr. Triandaphylli (Rose), a good-humored old fellow, who, with his wife, received us in the most cordial manner

They occupied a second story, with two rooms, one of which had a broad chimney-place, where they were cooking dinner. The shelter and the fire were most welcome to us, and so were the bowls of red, resinous wine, which Dame Rose, with the air of a Pythoness, presented to us. An old soldier, who has nominal charge of the antiquities—an easy way of pensioning him upon travellers—had scented us from afar, and now offered his services as guide. We were at first disinclined to move; but the warmth and the Delphian wine soon restored all the enthusiasm which the Parnassian winds had blown out of us, and we sallied forth.

As you may imagine, our first walk was to the shrine of the Delphic oracle, at the bottom of the cleft between the two peaks. The hewn face of the rock, with a niche, supposed to be that where the Pythia sat upon her tripod, and a secret passage under the floor of the sanctuary, are all that remain. The Castalian fountain still gushes out at the bottom, into a large square inclosure, called the Pythia's Bath, and now choked up with mud, weeds, and stones. Among those weeds, I discerned one of familiar aspect, plucked and tasted it. Water-cress, of remarkable size and flavor! We thought no more of Apollo and his shrine, but delving wrist-deep into Castalian mud, gathered huge handfuls of the profane herb, which we washed in the sacred fount, and sent to François for a salad.

We then descended to a little monastery, on the opposite slope of the glen. In the court-yard, at the door of a small, fantastic church, leaned three or four ancient bas-reliefs. One was the torso of a man, life size, and very well modelled: a smaller one, full of spirit, represented four horses

attached to a chariot. The monastery stands on an ancient terrace, of fine square blocks, which the soldier said had once supported a school, or gymnasium—who knows? All through and around Kastri are portions of similar terraces, some of very early masonry. Of the temple of Apollo there only remain blocks, marble drums, and the inscription which cost poor Ottfried Müller his life.

As the sun sank, I sat on the marble blocks and sketched the immortal landscape. High above me, on the left, soared the enormous twin peaks of pale-blue rock, lying half in the shadow of the mountain slope upheaved beneath, half bathed in the deep yellow lustre of sunset. Before me rolled wave after wave of the Parnassian chain, divided by deep lateral valleys, while Helicon, in the distance, gloomed like a thunder-storm under the weight of gathered clouds. Across this wild, vast view, the breaking clouds threw broad belts of cold blue shadow, alternating with zones of angry orange light, in which the mountains seemed to be heated to a transparent glow. The furious wind hissed and howled over the piles of ruin, and a few returning shepherds were the only persons to be seen. And this spot, for a thousand years, was the shrine where spake the awful oracle of Greece! And yet—what was it? A hideous nest of priestcraft—of jugglery, delusion, and fraud. Only the ideal halo thrown over it by the Mount and the Fountain of Song, has given to the name of Delphi such wonderful music. The soil where Plato's olives grew is more truly hallowed. When you stand before the naked shrine, you think less of the cloudy sentences uttered there, the words of fate for Greece, than of the secret passage laid bare

below the Pythia's niche—the trickery under the inspiration. But as it then was, so it is now; so will it always be. Does not the blood of St. Januarius become liquid once a year? Do not pictures weep and bleed, and skeleton bones fall upon doctors' tables?*

When we returned to the Triandaphylli mansion, we found the Roses, old and young, at their supper. Their meal consisted of a stew of veal and onions, with bread and good wine. The old lady handed me her glass, and her husband picked out and extended to me on his fork, a choice fragment of meat, as a token of hospitality. While we had been absent, François had improved the opportunity, and gratified his own and their love of gossip, by giving all manner of information concerning us. When, therefore, I took the glass of wine, Mrs. Rose arose, like a Pythia, with extended arms, and moved by the Delphic spirit, uttered a prophetic sentence. What she said, you, reader, have no right to know: it suffices that the oracle is not yet dumb. It spake to me: and, under the spell of the place, I believed it. Was it fulfilled? you ask. Well—no.

François slept among the Roses, and we in an outer room, lulled by a wind which threatened to shake down the house. In the morning, it still blew so violently, that I gave up my intention of visiting the Corcyrean Cave, especially as we learned that the upper plateau of Parnassus was still covered with snow. We went, however, to the stadium of the Delphic games, which lies along the hillside, above the village. Parting with our friendly hosts,

* See the Annals of Spiritualism in New York.

we passed out by the ancient gate of Delphi, which was hewn out of the solid rock. On rounding the corner of the mountain, there opened upon us a glorious view of the rich, olive-covered Chrissean plain below, the Gulf of Corinth with Erymanthus and Pan-achaïcum beyond, and the dazzling Dorian mountains to the westward. The descent to the valley, which was rough and difficult, occupied two hours.

On the slope of the opposite mountain, lay the flourishing town of Salona. We did not visit it, but bore to the right, up the course of the stream, into the Dorian hills. The valley gave cheering evidence of improvement, being covered with young olive orchards and thriving vineyards, to the extent of which the people are adding every year. At the bottom of each field was a square basin of masonry, with a hole leading to a sunken vat—a primitive but very serviceable wine-press. The gorge now became narrow and wild, overhung by precipices of blue limestone, stained with the loveliest orange tints. Turning a sudden angle, we saw before us the village of Topolia, built up a steep cape of the mountain, at the intersection of two valleys, rich with fine old olive groves. Sparkling streams gushed down the rocks in silver foam, and hedges of fig and pomegranate embowered the paths. Here the blast of war which has elsewhere in Greece left such desolating traces seems never to have reached. It was an idyl of the ancient Doris.

The houses were large, two-storied, and comfortable, and the people, who thronged the narrow, tortuous streets in Sunday idleness, had mostly faces of the old Hellenic

stamp. Some children, gathered about a fountain, were as beautiful as anything in ancient art. After a search, we found a large country store, better stocked than any we saw in Greece. Here we breakfasted, gazed upon by a curious, but good-humored and friendly crowd. The people asked many questions, and seemed delighted that I was able to converse a little with them in their own language. I was considerably puzzled for awhile by their speaking of Delphi as *Adelphous*. Among others, a dumb man came in, and made piteous attempts to talk to us, accompanying his gestures with uncouth, inarticulate noises. We took special notice of him, which seemed to gratify the others very much. I gave him a tumbler of wine, which he flourished around his head, and then drank, placing one hand upon his heart, with signs of extravagant joy. I was delighted to find that here, as in Sparta, the character of the people improved in proportion as they approached the purity of the ancient blood.

After leaving Topolia, our road took to the hills, crossing the summit of the lower ridges, connecting Parnassus with the Dorian Mountains. We passed a most picturesque old mill, with a lofty race, raised on a wall, from which the water was carried to the wheel in curious wicker tubes, plastered with clay. It was a ride of nearly four hours to the khan of Gravia, over the wild, uninhabited hills, sparsely dotted with fir-trees on their northern side. As we descended towards the upper valley of the Cephissus, Ceta, the boundary of Thessaly Phthiotis, came in sight. Following the course of a rapid stream, we descended into the valley, which opened green and lovely before us, shining

softly in the mellow gleam of the sun, already dropping behind the Dorian snows. The place contained only half a dozen houses, each one of which was anxious to offer us lodgings. Our room was large and dirty, but the evening soup was better than ever, and besides, our Topolian wine was of that kind which cheers the heart, but not inebriates the brain.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FRONTIER OF THESSALY.

WHEN we left the khan of Gravia at sunrise, hundreds of nightingales were singing in the green thickets, and the light already lay warm on the glorious plain. After crossing Cephissus, we rode for two hours across the low hills along the western base of Cæta, which were completely covered with forests of oak, in full foliage. Although our bridle track was rough and muddy, I enjoyed greatly those sweet Arcadian woods, brightened by the purple sprays of the Judas-tree, and fragrant with the odors of the flower-spangled turf. The ground was covered with fallen trunks and dead limbs—an immense supply of fire-wood, rotting idly in a country where it is exceedingly scarce and dear. François affirmed that the Dorians were mostly bandits, and that their laziness accounted for the ruined and neglected appearance of the country. As we climbed the sides of Cæta, plunging up and down great ravines, there were fine views of Parnassus across the plain. Another hour of ascent brought us to the summit, and we saw,

through the mountain gateway opening before us, Mount Othrys, an off-shoot of Pindus, and the modern as it was the ancient frontier of Greece on the north.

On the topmost peak of Cæta, which rose on our right, near at hand, is the spot where Hercules died, wrapped in the poisoned shirt of the Centaur. But how dim seemed those grand old traditions in the clear, unillusive light of a spring morning! Hercules was as far away as if that were the Alleghanies, and not Cæta, and the only association which came readily to my mind was an absurd one. A few months before, I had been reading Immermann's novel of "Münchhausen," wherein, under the disguise of goats upon Mount Cæta, he holds up the transcendentalists and reformers of Germany to the most exquisite and unmerciful ridicule. These goats and their socialistic pranks obstinately thrust themselves on my memory, and instead of sighing sentimentally, I laughed profanely. O heroes and demi gods! pardon me; and yet not only Aristophanes, but Plato, would have done the same thing. Let us be honest, if we cannot be ideal. When a man always feels the proper emotion at the right place, suspect him!

Descending for a mile or two through groves of fir, oak, and beach, we came upon the open side of Cæta, whence a superb panorama is suddenly unfolded to the view. The great plain of the Spercheios, tinted with all the softest colors of spring—a shifting web of pink, green, and gold—lay unrolled beneath from its far source at the feet of Pindus to the broad arc in which it embraces the Malian gulf. Beyond the valley ran the long gray ridge of Othrys, terminating, far to the east, in the snowy summit of Pelion.

The town of Lamia, sprinkled in a hollow at the base of the hills, glimmered faintly in the distance. The blue mountains of Eubœa bounded the view on the east, and deep down on our right, at the base of Cæta, lay the pass of Thermopylæ. A long and rough descent followed, but the path was shaded with oak, ilex, laurel, mastic, and pine, among which were the first beeches we had seen in Greece. We breakfasted at a fountain, half-way down; then, leaving the baggage to take the direct road to Lamia, descended to the corner where Cæta of old jutted into the gulf, forming the pass of immortal name.

Thermopylæ is not so formidable now. The deposits of the Spercheios have, in the course of twenty-three hundred years, formed a marsh, from one to three miles in width, between the base of the mountains and the sea. The Persian army was encamped upon the broad valley of the Spercheios, while the Greeks had posted themselves a mile or more *within* the pass, near the hot-springs whence it derives its name. Here the Spartans were seen by Persian scouts, on the morning of the battle, washing their faces and combing their long hair. They seem to have advanced to the mouth of the pass, and there met the first onset; but gradually fell back to a low hill near their first position, where the last of them were slain. The similarity between Thermopylæ and the field of Issus, where Alexander defeated Darius, is quite remarkable.

We gathered a few wild flowers from the spot, and then turned about for Lamia. Some peasants came out of their cane huts, built on the edge of the marsh; and one of them handed me a common copper coin of the Eastern Empire,

begging me to tell him what it was. He said that his father, who had found it when plowing, had been offered two dollars for it, but had refused. "If anybody offers you *ten* dollars," said François, "don't sell it; but hang it by a string around the neck of your oldest boy, and it will bring him good luck." "What do you mean by deceiving the poor man in that manner?" I asked. "Oh!" answered my inveterate guide, "he is a beast; if you told him the coin was worth ten lepta (two cents), he would be offended. He wished to sell it to you for five dollars: better make him happy, and save yourself from being bored, by confirming him in his own stupidity." With which practical, but not very commendable doctrine, François lighted a fresh cigar.

We crossed the Spercheios on a high Venetian bridge; and, after passing the marsh, which was a wilderness of the pink and white *spiræa*, in full bloom, rode on over level grain-fields to Lamia. This town has been compared to Athens, and there is, in fact, considerable resemblance between the two places. The Acropolis is very similar in form and position; and there are even suggestions of the Nympheion, the Museion, and Lycabettus, between which the town occupies the same relative position. The fortress on the Acropolis is Venetian, but made picturesque by the addition of a Turkish mosque and minaret. Two other minarets in the town still remain; and these, with the camels which travel back and forth from the port of Styliida, called to mind the Moslem cities of the Levant.

On entering Lamia, we inquired for a khan, which, it seems, the place does not afford. While engaged in seek

ing lodgings, we were accosted by a soldier, who bore a pressing invitation from the Commander of the *gendarmerie*, that we should come and take up our quarters at his house. I declined — saying that we had already found rooms; and, while we thanked the Commander for his courtesy, would not be obliged to trouble him. “Oh! but he expects you,” said the soldier: “he has been looking for your arrival all day.” “Then it is a mistake,” I answered; “and he takes us for somebody else.” By the time our pack-horses were unloaded, however, a second messenger arrived. “The Commander begs that you will come immediately to his house, he expects you, and has letters for you from Athens.” Again I asserted that there was some mistake. “No, no,” said the messenger; “you are the very ones. He received letters two days ago about you. He will not accept any refusal.”

I thought it barely possible that General Church, Mr. Hill, or some other good friend in Athens might have written to Lamia in my behalf, after my departure, and finally decided to accompany the messenger. He conducted us at once to the commander's residence, a neat, comfortable house on the slope of the hill, and ushered us into the presence of Major Plessos, who received us with great cordiality. “My friend, Gen. Church,” said he, “has written to me announcing your arrival, and I am very glad to welcome you to my house.” I then remembered distinctly that Gen. Church had spoken to me of his friend Plessos, in Lamia, and had offered me letters of introduction, which I had neglected to bring with me. Presuming, therefore, that all was right, I accepted the proffered hospi-

talities, and sent François after the baggage. But I was presently undeceived. The major handed me a letter saying: "This is for you — it arrived several days ago!" Behold! it was for Mr. Gardner, M. P., who was travelling somewhere in Eubœa. I at once explained the mistake, and proposed to retreat; but the friendly commander would not hear of such a thing. "I have you now," said he, "and here you shall stay until you leave Lamia. A friend of Gen. Church, and an American, is always a welcome guest."

Lieutenant Mano, a nephew of Mavrocordato, joined us at dinner, and in the evening came in a Mainote captain — a strikingly handsome, agreeable fellow. As they all spoke French and Italian, we had a very animated conversation on the political condition of Greece. My new acquaintances were enthusiastic patriots, as was proper; but the admissions they made tended to confirm my previous impressions. Major Plessos has the task of suppressing brigandage on the Thessalian frontier, which he appears to have done very effectually. The room in which we slept was hung with trophies taken from the robbers — long Albanian muskets, ornamented with silver, pistols, yataghans, splendid silver belts, and even richly-ornamented cases of the pure metal, designed to contain a copy of the New Testament! The robbers, you must know, are gentlemen and Christians; and although they cut off the noses of shepherds, and pour boiling oil on the breasts of women, I have often heard them spoken of by the Greeks with a certain degree of admiration and respect.

After we had got into bed, François, whose tongue had been loosened by the Phthiotan wine, redder than the

blood spilt at Thermopylæ, sat down upon a chest of arms, and became confidential. The sight of the glittering weapons suspended on the wall carried him back to the struggles for Grecian independence, in which he had borne his part. He had fought in Doris and Etolia; had taken part in Fabvier's unfortunate expedition to Scio; and had been for years a captive in Stamboul. "Ah!" said he, with his eyes fixed on the crossed yataghans, "we came over ground to-day that I know but too well! I fought the Turks, many a day, on those hills, as you go from Gravia towards the ruins of Orchomenos. We had a little battery—three guns only—but it annoyed the Turks very much; and they made a desperate struggle to get hold of it. Out of two hundred men, I don't believe we had sixty left. They wouldn't have taken it, after all, if we had not lost our captain. He was a mountaineer from Acarnania, one of the handsomest men you ever saw; tall, with a head and shoulders like a lion, blue eyes, and a magnificent beard, as blonde as a Muscovite's. We were working the guns with all our might, for the Turks were coming down upon us. He sprang upon a parapet to give orders, and I was leaning back, looking at him, and waiting for the word. His sword-arm was stretched out, his eyes flashing, and his mouth opened to shout—when, all at once, I saw his forehead break in. He did not waver, his arm was still stretched; but instead of words, a sound like 'Zt—zzt—zzt!' came from his mouth. Then his knees suddenly bent, and he fell down, stone-dead. We fought like devils; but each man for himself, after that—no command anywhere—and the Turks got the battery."

“Were you wounded?” I asked.

“Not then, but a few days afterwards. I escaped, picked up a horse, and joined a body of lancers. We kept up a sort of guerilla warfare about the plains of Orchomenos, avoiding large bodies of the enemy. But one day the Turkish cavalry surprised us. When a man is desperate, he loses his wits; and I have not much recollection of what followed. There was dust, there were sabres, pistol-shots, yells, and mad riding. I tumbled a Turk off his horse with my last pistol, and threw it at the head of another who rode full tilt upon me. Then my own horse jumped, and I lost my senses. When I opened my eyes, it was dark night. I was in a hut, on my back, and a woman sat beside me. It was a peasant’s wife, whom I knew; but I could not imagine what I was doing there. I tried to rise, but felt as if every bone in my body was broken. ‘Where am I? What’s the matter?’ I asked. ‘Oh,’ she cried, ‘we are beaten!’ Then I remembered all. I had a bad lance wound in my leg, and was dreadfully bruised, but knew that I was not going to die. ‘Where are the others?’ I asked. ‘Where is Giorgios? Where is Constantinos? Where is Spiridion?’ She only clasped her hands and cried aloud, and I knew that they were dead. I got well after awhile, but saw no more service until I joined Fabvier. Ah, Dieu! to think of the blood we shed — and what has come of it?” Thereupon François relapsed into a fit of melancholy musing — pending which I fell asleep.

In the morning, the Major proposed riding to the summit of Othrys, in order to look upon the plains of Thessaly

but the weather was so calm that I feared we would be delayed in crossing to Eubœa, and reluctantly gave orders to proceed to the port of Stylida. After breakfast we set out, accompanied by the Major and Lieut. Mano for the first few miles. A carriage-road to Stylida has been commenced, and is about half finished: 200,000 drachmas (\$33,000) have also been raised for a road across the marsh to Thermopylæ; but it is impossible to get laborers.

Stylida, the port of Lamia, ten miles distant, is a picturesque, pleasant little place. Our first business, on arriving, was to secure a boat, and we were not long in finding one. It was a solidly built sloop, about thirty feet long, which had just arrived from one of the outer islands, with a load of maize, brought to Stylida, to be ground; after which, it would be taken back as flour. Ajax and Themistocles, who, at first, positively refused to cross with their horses, preferring to give up the remainder of the contract, and return home, now declared that they would go with us. We were obliged to wait until evening for the land-breeze, and in the meantime furnished some entertainment to the good people of the town, who inspected us during the afternoon with a friendly curiosity.

The sloop was decked fore-and-aft, but there was an opening in the hold, midships, about six by eight feet in dimensions, and into this place all our five horses were stowed. They were gotten aboard without a great deal of trouble, a little frightened but submissive. As there was a dead calm, the captain's two boys towed us out of the harbor in a little boat. Braisted and I crept into the after-hold, a hot, cramped place, where we lay until nearly

suffocated ; then went on deck, smoked, and watched the sails for an hour, and finally, turned in at midnight to sleep.

The night was quiet, with an occasional puff from the land. Towards morning, the captain anchored under an island off the extreme north-western point of Eubœa, whence at dawn he rowed to the beach, where we anchored broadside on. At sunrise, we commenced discharging the cargo, which was a work of some difficulty ; but by dint of patience, main force, and the whip, the horses were, one after another, made to rear, plunge over the sloop's side, and take to the shore. The first one cleared the gunwale in good style, but all the others caught with their hind legs, and were thrown headlong into the water. The poor beasts were rejoiced to get upon firm earth again ; nor were we less so, for we were all tired and hungry. But we were now upon Eubœa—the Negropont of the Middle Ages—the largest of the Grecian isles.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVENTURES IN EUBŒA.

On landing in Eubœa, our first care was to find food and rest. Taking the first donkey-path, over fields and through mastic thickets, we reached, in about an hour, a scattering village, high up on the side of the mountain. The approach to it was through lanes of pomegranate-trees. Streams of water gushed down the hill-side, fertilizing wherever they touched; and the vegetation was not only more luxuriant, but further advanced than that of the mainland. Just above the village there was a magnificent fountain of water, in a grove of enormous plane-trees. Two of the trunks which Braisted measured, were twenty-eight and a half and thirty-five feet in circumference. It was a fresh, lovely spot, full of broken light and shade, and musical with the sound of falling water and the singing of nightingales in the pomegranate thickets. After resting two hours (during which I made a sketch of the place), we breakfasted, and then started for Edipsos, five hours distant.

The day was fair, hot, and with a sultry haze in the air

After ascending the steep ridge of the mountain which forms this corner of Eubœa, we had a long and rugged descent on the northern side, overlooking a splendid panorama of the Artemisian strait, the mountains of Thessaly, and the snowy peak of Pelion in the background. The path was lined with clumps of myrtle, mastic, laurel, and other glossy and fragrant trees ; while flowers of all hues spangled the banks.

Edipsos is a most picturesque village, at the base of a lofty mountain, from the cleft gorges of which issues a fine stream. Channels of swift, clear water traverse the place ; and the houses are embowered in mulberry and fruit trees. In the centre of the village is an immense plane-tree, the trunk of which is encircled by a bench for summer loungers. We found good lodgings in the house of the schoolmaster. A *gend'arme*, who persisted in talking Greek to me, informed me that there are a number of fine mineral springs up the glen. Bottles of the water, sent to Germany to be analysed, were found to contain highly medicinal properties.

The next morning, we rode across the hills to the splendid plain of Xirochori, the rich northern extremity of Eubœa. The whole Artemisian strait, and the island of Skiathos, in the Ægean, were visible. The valley and village of Agios Joannes, into which we descended, are the property of M. Mimot, a French gentleman, whose mansion, surrounded with orchards, occupies a commanding situation on one of the lower hills. Here we had a slight evidence of what may be done in Greece by the exercise of a little knowledge and industry. Stone walls or neat wooden fences bordered the road ; orchards of thrifty olive-trees

grafted on the wild stock, covered the hills, and the village, in its neatness, comfort, and the tidy, prosperous air of its inhabitants, seemed to be Swiss rather than Greek. A number of the European Philhellenes settled in Eubœa after the independence of Greece had been acknowledged. The rich Turkish proprietors were allowed a few years to dispose of their estates ; and, when the time drew to an end, were forced to sell out for a mere song, on account of the scarcity of purchasers. Thus, tracts comprising from five to ten square miles of the richest land were sold at prices ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Under the present miserable administration of government, these purchases are not such great bargains as might be supposed.

Crossing the plain of Xirochori, we endeavored to strike the main road leading thence down the centre of the island to Chalsis ; yet in this, the richest district of Greece, a road has never been located ! Every spring, the peasants plow up the ground, and the horse-path with it. We wandered about two or three hours before finding a trail, but were abundantly repaid by the beauty of the valley into which it conducted us. The hills were covered with noble pine-trees. A handsome mansion, belonging to a rich Greek, stood on a knoll above the stream, and an avenue of young trees led to a cheerful summer-house on the height, commanding a lovely view to the northward. Where were we ? This was not the bare, barren, savage Greece we knew : it was a warm dell in southern Germany — the home of ease, taste, rest, and security. So completely is it in the power of man to transform the impression of a landscape. The mansion, the avenue, and the

summer-house banished from mind the ancient Eubœa, the granary of Athens ; or, if I remembered the fact, it was but to notice how easily classic associations are outweighed by the amenities of modern life. But when we reached the summit of the mountain, and looked backward, there stood, as if to rebuke us, not only Pelion, silvered with snow, guarding the gulf whence Jason sailed with his young Argonauts, but Ossa behind him, overlooking the Vale of Tempe, and far, far away — the dream of a peak, in the vapory slumber of the air, the home of the gods, the immortal mountain — Olympus of Thessaly !

We now entered a deep, wide gorge, leading southward to the Euræan strait. Tall, dark pines feathered the mountain sides to the very summit, and abundant streams of water gushed down every rocky hollow. The road was a faint trail, difficult to find, and perilous in the extreme. In some places it was a mere thread, notched along the face of a precipice, where one slip would have sent horse and rider down the awful gulf. With each one of these dangerous passes, the chances of our safety seemed to diminish ; and when, at last, we reached a spot where the path was not more than four inches wide, resting on points of rotten-looking rock, Ajax and Themistocles turned back with the pack animals, the intrepid François dismounted, and the mare Erato stopped short. My nerves were in a tingle, but the sensation was more agreeable than otherwise. Come, Erato, said I, this is not much worse than those poetical chasms over which your divine namesake has often carried me. François went first, leading Boreas of the shaggy mane. I did not dismount, but dropped

the reins on Erato's neck. As softly as a cat stealing up on a bird, she put out one paw, tried her foothold, then bracing herself upon it, brought forward the next foot and planted it in the same way, and thus, inch by inch, crept along. I sat perfectly still, keeping a just equilibrium, and looking at the path ahead—not for worlds into the yawning gulf. Millions of the finest needles were sticking into the pores of my skin; but when we reached the opposite side they fell out suddenly, and I felt as refreshed as if I had bathed in a tub of liquid electricity. Braisted followed in the same way; and after incredible labor, Ajax and Themistocles brought their horses around over the rocks.

For an hour and a half more we descended the left side of the grand gorge, which gradually contracted so as to form an impassable *cañon*. The path was delightfully shaded with pines, ilexes, oaks, and laurels: and the air, filled with warm odors of scented leaves and the flowering gorse and cistus, was delicious to inhale. Finally, we reached the last knee of the mountain, which commands a wide prospect of the Eubæan Gulf and the Loerian mountains beyond. A long upland terrace lay before us, and we rode for an hour and a half over its wooded undulations without seeing any signs of the port of Limni, our destination. The sun was setting in a bed of threatening vapors, and we were very tired and hungry, when at last the path led down a ravine to some fields of olive-trees near the sea-shore. But there were no signs of habitations: only some piles of sawed timber on the beach. We followed the windings of the indented coast for nearly two hours longer, before we came upon the wished-for haven, which is snugly

hidden away in a little triangular nook between two capes. In my map (that of Berghaus, published by Perthes) the place was given about four miles too far to the northward—which was the only example of inaccuracy I found during all my journeys in Greece. On my return to Germany, I pointed it out to Mr. Berghaus, who made the correction at once. In all other instances, I found his map a miracle of accuracy.

We were famishing, and sore from eleven hours in the saddle, and the appearance of the well-built, compact village, with its large houses fronting the beach, promised us welcome quarters. The people gathered about us curiously, for a traveller was a rare sight there. There was no khan; but we procured lodgings in the house of the richest inhabitant. The mayor and other dignitaries kept my Greek in use, while I enjoyed a refreshing narghileh before dinner.

In the morning, while we were taking some black coffee, I was accosted in very bad English by a young sailor of the place, who had made a voyage to Liverpool and thence to Calcutta. Presently appeared a rough old fellow with an unmistakable odor of salt about him, who hailed us with: "Good morning! How do you come on? Are you Scotchmen or Irishmen?" On hearing our reply, he seemed greatly surprised and delighted. "You Americans! Why, *I* am a Yankee, too!" In fact he had served six years in the American Navy, two years of which he had spent at the Norfolk and Washington Navy Yards. "Ah!" said he, "that is a great country: you don't see any such piles of rock as here—all plain, without

stones, and good for wheat." He was a native of Limni, where he had a family, otherwise he would have gone home with us, and never returned to Greece again. "An American sailor," said he, "is a gentleman, but the Greeks are all liars and scamps. They are my people, but I hate 'em."

The health-officer informed me that some remains of the ancient town of Argæ still existed in the village, and conducted us thither, followed by quite a concourse of villagers. We found the foundations of a small but very handsome bath of the Roman time. The Mosaic floors of four chambers still remain in a tolerable state, with some fragments of stone and brick work, and broken marble columns. By this time our horses were ready, and the crowds of villagers assembled to see us off, our would-be countryman shaking hands and swearing in sailor fashion, as he lamented his inability to accompany us.

Our path led up the sides of rough, broken hills for about an hour, when we reached the summit ridge of the island, and saw before us the rich eastern valleys, the *Ægean*, and the scattered islets of the *eparchia* of Skopelos. The view was northern, in its abundance of piny hills and green intervening vales; but southern, almost tropical, in the hot, dim, silvery atmosphere in which they were clothed. It was really inspiring to find such lovely Arcadian scenery in Greece, and my summer memories of the forests of the Mysian Olympus came back vividly to mind. The richness and beauty of Eubœa would never be suspected by the rapid traveller, who satisfies himself with a view of dusty Attica, or the thirsty Argolis.

After breakfasting beside a picturesque mill, in a lovely little dell, we started for the estate of Mr. Noel, an English gentleman, who for twenty years has made his home in this solitude. Riding on through low valleys, hedged in with forested hills, we soon saw, by the evident care with which the young trees had been protected, that we were within the boundaries of his domain. Presently we came upon the track of a cart—a most unusual sight, in Greece. Following this, we emerged from the woods, and saw before us Mr. Noel's mansion, which stands on a gentle knoll, commanding a superb view of meadow and forest-land, sweeping into hills in the distance, and crowned by the snowy summit of Pyxario! We rode into the court and dismounted, while a servant went to seek Mr. Noel, who was below in the village. His son, a boy of twelve, who spoke English with a little hesitation, showed us, in the meanwhile, a large tame deer, of a species which is still quite abundant on the mountains. He was a noble beast, much larger than the ordinary European deer, and so completely tamed, that it was difficult to keep him out of the house. While sitting in Mr. Noel's library, in the afternoon, I was startled by the thumping of his antlers on the door. Having effected an entrance, he marched deliberately around the table, snuffing at the books, and finally seizing upon a number of *Galignani*, which he would have devoured in a very literal sense, had he not been ejected by main force.

Mr. Noel soon appeared, leading with him our baggage-horses, which he had met on their way to the khan. The cordiality of his reception left us no choice but to stop

there for the night. While he went off to the forest to superintend the lumbermen, I improved the time by making a sketch of the magnificent landscape. The Judas-trees gushed up like pink fountains among the tender green of the thickets; violets and wild thyme scented the air, and the bees hummed their sleepy songs. The stream flowing through the valley was bordered by a double row of enormous plane-trees, and the distant mountains, instead of lifting their limestone crags naked in the sunshine, were clothed with the cool robes of the evergreen pine. All the landscape, from the unseen Ægean, behind the eastern hill, to the summit of Pyxario, belonged to Mr. Noel. He was lord of a princely domain, in a land of immortal name—yet I commiserated him. It was a lonely life, among a horde of ignorant, superstitious, ungrateful peasants, under a miserable government, where his example availed nothing, and all his attempts at improvement were frustrated. I confess, the sight of so much cultivation and refinement as Mr. Noel possessed, buried in such a wilderness, impressed me with a feeling of melancholy. Everything spoke of exile and isolation. His daughter, a sweet English rose bud, soon to blossom into womanhood, seemed far out of place among the frowzy Ariadnes and Iphigenias of the village, whose companionship, even, could not take away from her that quiet grace and self-possession which she inherited from the mother who now sleeps in Grecian soil.

In almost any other country in the world, Mr. Noel's labors would have produced more hopeful results. Not only has he built more comfortable houses for his tenantry, established a school for their children free of cost, and fur

nished them with ample employment, but he has also introduced better agricultural implements, and endeavored to teach them a more rational system of farming. He has made a wagon-road ten miles in length, from the forests to the sea-shore, and occupies himself principally with the felling of timber, which is shipped from his own beach to Syra and the other island ports. The natives, however, only laugh at his good advice; and all that he has done for them emboldens them to make new demands on his generosity. He almost despairs of improving their condition so long as they are under the sway of a creed which turns half the days of the year into festivals, and deprives them of sufficient nourishment during the other half. Of all the absurdities of Paganism, there is none quite so irrational and injurious as these ordinances of the Eastern Church. A Greek Empire in the Orient is simply impossible while they continue in practice.

It was a great comfort to sleep in clean beds, and enjoy the abundant appliances of an English toilet. The morning was cool and gusty, and as we had determined to reach Chalcis, we took leave of our kind host immediately after breakfast. As the avenue of sycamores in the valley hid from view his mansion, and the noble landscape it commands, I repeated Tasso's "*bella età dell' oro*," and sighed to think how dreary life would be in such an Arcadia, without the company of congenial minds — but with such a company, what a paradise on earth! How, far away from the storms and commotions in which we live, within the sheltering circle of those purple hills, all pure tastes and simple virtues might flourish — how the years might pass, fair and

soft as Grecian days, until death would be unwelcome, were it not for the resignation which such peace would breed!

O Zimmerman! thou sentimental imposter! O solitude! thou immortal humbug! It is very fine to talk of communion with Nature when you have a home and family, books horses, and amusements to fall back upon: but Nature, without Man, is a sorry teacher. Four years more of solitude would have made Selkirk a brute or an idiot, and even your Plato would go a long way on the same downward road. What are the lonely shepherds on Alpine heights? What were the anchorites of the early Christian ages? No! better a garret in the Five Points than a cave in the Theban Desert.

Our road was a beautiful shaded path, following the stream to its source in the mountains, whence we climbed the spinal ridge of the island—a cold, windy region, overgrown with pines. From the summit we saw, shimmering in the distance, the wheat-plains of Chalcis, and far to the south-east the snowy wedge of Mount Delphi, which is between five and six thousand feet in height. The descent occupied two hours, and the afternoon was far advanced before we caught sight of the yellow walls and white minarets of the city. Our wanderings in Eubœa were now at an end, and a distance of only fifty miles separated us from our home in Athens.

The afternoon and evening were intensely hot. We clattered through the stony streets, in the full glare of the sun, and finally found a sort of hotel, kept mainly for the accommodation of the officers in the fortress. Here we obtained a room, and in the course of time a dinner, con

sisting of beefsteaks and English ale—smoked a narghileh on the quay among a lot of dirty sailors, watched the funeral of a soldier from the windows—tried to write, and gave it up on account of the heat, and finally came to the conclusion that Chalcis was the dullest and stupidest town in all Greece. The three Mohammedan mosques, however, were some relief to the eye. This, we believe, is the only place in the kingdom where a residence is permitted to the Turks. The only incident which occurred during our stay was the visit of a Greek, having in charge the horses of an English traveller, who had sailed from Sunium for the southern end of Eubœa ten days before, and had not been heard from. The man was in great distress—because, if the Englishman had been lost, he would be obliged to pay for the keep of his horses. We could give him no consolation, but we were glad to learn, a week afterwards, that the traveller finally turned up.

Starting the next morning bright and early, we crossed the Euripean Strait by a new drawbridge, over which all Greece rejoices, as it is almost the only public work which the government has accomplished. It had been solemnly inaugurated by the king and queen two months previous—on which occasion their majesties fared no better than persons of common clay. A storm came on, the house in which they were lodged took fire, they were obliged to sleep in rooms half full of drifted snow, and even the queen's wet robes of ceremony were ironed dry without being taken off her royal person! This memorable bridge once passed, we were on the mainland again, and in half an hour rode along the strand of—Aulis! Yes, this little bay

this stony hill, these few blocks of hewn limestone, gnawed by the teeth of three thousand years, witnessed the assemblage of the armament destined for Troy—that is, provided such a thing ever took place. At any rate, this is Aulis, the golden, the Homeric name—a trumpet-word in Grecian song.

Trotting rapidly onwards three hours over rich plains of wheat, three more over hills and hollows, spotted with plane-trees and huge Bæotian oaks, and two more over stony, broken heights, we at last reached the northern side of Parnes, beyond whose pines lay Attica, now almost as much a home to us as it was to Pisistratus and Solon. The baggage, guarded by Ajax and Themistocles, was far behind; our three horses, Erato, Boreas, and Chiron, were pretty well spent, but five or six hours more would bring us to Athens, and we still cheered them on. We received news on the way that the robber-chief, Kalabaliki, the terror of northern Greece, had just been captured near Thebes and his band broken up. On the top of Parnes we were joined by three soldiers, who were lounging in the rear, when three armed men suddenly emerged from a thicket. I did not for a moment doubt that they were members of Kalabaliki's band: we confronted them boldly, and passed, and as the soldiers came into view, they retreated again into the woods. A little before sunset we emerged from the forest, and saw the plain of Attica stretching away before us until it was blended with the Ægean Sea in the distance. The turf, on the upper slopes of the mountain around us, was as green as in Switzerland; clumps of pine were sprinkled over the knolls, and this

fresh northern foreground gave an exquisite charm to the glorious landscape, painted with the purple and violet tints of the Grecian air. Far away—a golden speck against the sky—rose the Acropolis, beckoning us on.

And on we went. Down to the plain, spurring the exhausted horses, while the sunset waned away. Past dusty villages, past dark wheat-fields, dim olive groves and vineyards, fragrant with the newly-stirred earth, until we reached the well-known houses of Patissia. Then the horses knew where we were, and resigned themselves to the task. In half an hour more, just as the moon rose behind Hymettus, and struck in gleaming sparkles on the scarred pillars of the Parthenon, we jumped from our saddles at the door of the House of Vitalis, thus terminating the ride through Northern Greece.

Ajax and Themistocles made their appearance towards noon the next day—the former having been seized by the valiant guard on Mount Parnes, and detained all night on suspicion of being a robber.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEOPLE AND GOVERNMENT.

EXCEPT Acarnania, Etolia, and some of the Cyclades, I had now visited all parts of Modern Greece, and, so far as personal observation and inquiry might accomplish in the space of four months, considered myself tolerably familiar with the condition of the country and its inhabitants. In summing up my impressions and throwing them together in the form of a general statement, I shall endeavor to be just, believing myself to be unprejudiced. I have lately looked over several recent works on Greece, and have been surprised to find so much of a partisan spirit in them—as if the position and character of Greece and the Greeks were a question to be debated rather than a picture to be drawn. One author is too favorable, another too severe, and I foresee that, inasmuch as my path lies between the two extremes, I shall be, to some extent, discredited by both sides.

The fact is, a few deeds of splendid heroism have thrown a deceitful halo over the darker features of the Greek War

of Independence, and most of those who bend in reverence to the name of Marco Bozzaris do not know that his uncle Nothi stole supplies from his own troops to sell to the Turks—that, while Canaris and Miaulis were brave and incorruptible, Colocotroni filled his purse and made cowards of his men—that, while Karaïskakis was honorable, others broke the most solemn oaths of their religion, and murdered the captives they had sworn to spare. One can say that the Greeks are what the Turks made them—that we should not expect to find in slaves the virtues of freemen; but treachery and perjury were never characteristics of the Moslem. It is the corrupt leaven of the Lower Empire which still ferments in the veins of this mixed race. I have already said, and I repeat it, that not one-fifth of the present population can with justice be called *Greeks*. The remainder are Slavonians, Albanians, and Turks, with a slight infusion of Venetian blood. Only in Maina, on the slopes of Parnassus and in parts of Doris, did I find the ancient type in any considerable amount. In the war, the Albanian blood—the Suliotes, Hydriotes, and Spetziotes—achieved the greatest distinction.

Owing to this admixture—when not always of race, yet still of character and association—there is a great diversity in the nature of the modern Greeks, and their number is still so small that one must be cautious in stating general characteristics. Some features of the ancient race are still preserved: they are vain, talkative, fond of argument, and fond of display. Their appreciation of Art, however, has utterly perished. Most of them profess a leaning towards democratic principles, yet they are pleased as children at

the tawdry pomp which surrounds a throne. They are passionately fond of gain, yet, with the most elastic temperament in the world, dislike manual labor. One of their best general traits is their eagerness to learn, but, unfortunately, it ceases as soon as they are capable of obtaining an office under government. Official corruption is as prevalent in Greece as—as—as in the United States, but there is not the same means of preventing it in the former country. There is not an *honest society* sufficiently large to brand the genteel pickpockets, and so the great bulk of the population are in no better condition than the Christian subjects of the Sultan, while a horde of leeches, military, naval, and civil, thrive and fatten upon them. More than one prominent man in Athens, with whom I conversed on the state of the country, said to me: "We want more people. What can we do with a million of inhabitants?" Yet at this moment numbers of Greeks are emigrating from Acarnania into Turkey! There might have been, long ago, a considerable influx of German emigrants, yet the Government refused to permit it.

The Greeks have three leading virtues, which, alone, form a basis of good almost sufficient to redeem them. They are remarkably chaste, for a southern race; they are probably the most temperate people in the world; and they are most unselfish and devoted in their family relations. Their vanity, also, while it retards their progress in many respects, is a chord which may nevertheless be touched to their advantage. Being very sensitive to the judgment pronounced upon them by others, they sometimes become better for the sake of being thought better. Hence, no

thing injures them so much as injudicious praise. I know a family who have acted on this principle in their treatment of servants, and their confidence has never been abused. In this case, however, an unfavorable sentence would have been a lasting misfortune, and the incitement to honesty was proportionately greater. Some Greek servants, I have reason to know, are great scamps, and the reputation of the whole class is none of the best. The honesty of the country Greeks, I think, is quite up to the average of people in their condition—in fact, I am not sure that they do not deserve credit for not being worse, seeing that the most outrageous arts of cheating are taught them by those above them.

For instance, the agriculturist is not taxed by assessment upon the value of his property, but by a tithe of what his land produces. The abominable Turkish system prevails, of farming out the entire tithes of the country to a pack of contractors, who pay a certain sum to the Government, and then make the most of their bargain. In measuring the grain, the law requires that it shall be poured lightly into the measure, and the top scraped off level, but the contractors are in the habit of shaking and settling it repeatedly, and then heaping the measure. This is only one example of their practices, and the tithes are only one form in which the people are taxed. Frequently there are special taxes levied for special objects. The money is always collected, and that is the last of it. Even the sum contributed by Government for the relief of the sufferers at Corinth melted away in passing through different hands, until less than the half of it reached its destination.

The Greeks are patriotic enough *in principle*, but in practice no enemy could injure Greece more than they do. There is not one who does not see the abuses under which the land is groaning, but I have yet to find the first man actively opposed to these abuses. One hears only such laments as these: "What can we do with such narrow means? We are not responsible for our condition. The Great Powers took away from us Crete, Chios, Epirus, and Thessaly, to which we were justly entitled, and which would have given the basis for a strong and successful kingdom. We are hopelessly weak, and more could not be expected of us." But when I have said in reply: "If you do not achieve the most possible with the resources you have, you will never be in a situation to command greater resources. You talk of poverty, yet spend more upon your Court, proportionately, than any country in Europe. Your revenues are large enough, if properly applied, not only to meet all really necessary expenditures, but to open means of communication for the want of which the industry of your country languishes."—I have more than once heard the feeble plea: "Our Court must be suitably kept up. There cannot be a throne without a large expenditure. We Greeks are democratic, but the Great Powers gave us a throne, and since we have accepted it, the country would be disgraced if the usual accessories of a throne were wanting."

The Royal Palace at Athens cost two millions of dollars. For this sum the Greeks have an immense, ugly pile of Pentelican marble, as large as Buckingham, or the *Residenz* at Berlin. One fourth of the money would have built a

beautiful structure, proportioned to the size and means of the country. The King has a salary of one million of drachmas (\$166,666) per annum, which, to his credit, he spends in and about Athens. The Court alone swallows up about one-twelfth of the entire revenues. Then there is a list of salaried and pensioned officials—civil, military, and naval—such as no country in Europe, relatively, exhibits. In the Navy there is just about one officer to every two-and-a-half men; in the Army, which numbers 9,000, all told, there are no less than *seventy* generals! The revenues of the country amount to something more than \$3,000,000 annually, which, for a population of 1,000,000, is a sum sufficient not only for the machinery of Government, but the rapid development of the present neglected resources; yet it is easy to see how, between useless expenditure and official venality, the whole of it is swallowed up. Norway, with a smaller revenue and a larger population, supports her roads, schools, colleges, steamship lines, army, navy, and police, and keeps out of debt.

The absurd jealousy of the Greeks tends still further to retard anything like Progress. There might have been a large immigration of German farmers to the uncultivated lands of the Isthmus and Morea, but no! the pure Hellenic stock must not be corrupted by foreign grafts. The first thing the Legislative Assembly did, after Greece received a Constitution, was to pass a law, depriving all *heterochthones* (Greeks born in Crete, Chios, Constantinople, or anywhere outside the limits of the present kingdom) of equal civil rights. Yet the greatest private benefactors of Greece—Arsakis, Rhizari, Sina, and others, who have

founded or supported her institutions of learning, science, and charity — are *heterochthones*! This shameful law has since been repealed, but the same selfish policy prevails, and instead of making Greece a rallying point for the pride and national feeling of the entire Hellenic race, the result has been to alienate its scattered fragments. The Greeks dream of a restoration of the Byzantine Empire, rather than of the ancient republics or confederacies. They are itching to grasp Thessaly and Macedonia. Constantinople, more or less distant, lies in the plans and hopes of every Greek — and they will never get it.

Some travellers point to the Constitution of Greece, and by enumerating a few sounding features, such as suffrage, free speech, a free press, religious liberty, education, &c., give the impression that the Government is strongly Democratic in its character. But the fact is, the King does not understand a representative government — he does not even comprehend its first principles; and ever since he was compelled to sign away a portion of his power, at the cannon's mouth, his whole study has been to recover it again. Thanks to the facilities afforded him by the Constitution itself, he has succeeded. The Senate is not only named by the King, but the Nomarchs also, and he has the right of choosing the Demarchs out of the three candidates who have the largest vote. One of these three is sure to be in the interest of the Court, and thus the whole government of the country is thrown back into his own hands. A distinguished citizen of Athens once said to me: "It is hopeless to expect anything like a just and decent administration of Government under the present system. We

once, here in Athens, after great labor, and not a little intrigue, succeeded in presenting three candidates for the Demarchy, two of whom were just, enlightened men, of our own party. The third was a stupid ass, whom we prevailed upon the Court party to select, believing it to be morally impossible that he would obtain the office. But it was all in vain ; the King appointed the ass." During my stay in Athens, a Court favorite was appointed to the chief rank in the Navy, over the head of the venerable Canaris, whose name will be remembered as long as the world honors a deed of splendid heroism. The true old man immediately resigned, and sent back to the King every order or token of honor he had received at the hands of the Government.

It is a wearisome task to wade through the long list of abuses, which are kept alive by the indolence and apathy, no less than the corruption of the Greeks, nor can I refer to them without the humiliating consciousness that my Hellenic friends have the right to ask, referring to our own legislators : "Are *you* without sin, that you should cast stones at us?" The rapid decline of political morality at home (I speak without reference to party) makes every honest American abroad blush with shame and mortification.

The avidity of the Greeks for learning has often been referred to, and justly, as one of their most hopeful traits. It is general, pervading all classes, and the only qualification to be made with regard to it is that in a great many instances it arises from the desire of escaping manual labor and obtaining the consideration which place under government affords. Hence Greece abounds with half-educated

men, who cease their studies, satisfied, at a certain point. There have been no scholars produced since the Liberation equal to Coray, or *Æsopios*, who still lives. The Kleptic songs are still the best poetry of Modern Greece. In History and Law something has been done; in Art, nothing at all. Nevertheless, this thirst for education promises well, and to the honor of the Greeks be it said that the first thing they did on becoming free was to make provision for schools. At present the total number of scholars in the kingdom amounts to nearly forty-five thousand, or about one in twenty-four. The University of Athens is in a very flourishing condition, the *Arsakeion* (under the charge of Madame Mano, a sister of Alexander Mavrocordato) numbers three hundred female pupils, and the well-known school of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, nearly four hundred. There are also excellent seminaries at Syra, Patras, Nauplia, and other places.

No persons have done more for Free Greece than our two countrymen, just named, and few things pleased me more during my journeys through the country than to notice the deep and abiding gratitude which the Greeks feel for them. They are now teaching the second generation — the children of those they taught from twenty to thirty years ago. I had every opportunity of witnessing the plan and operations of their school, and I know of no institution of the kind which is doing a better work. I have frequently had occasion to speak of the inadequate and unsatisfactory results of American Missions in foreign lands — results attributable, in many instances, to an excess rather than a lack of zeal. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have confined their

efforts to educating for Greece a body of virtuous, refined, intelligent, and pious women, and they have fully succeeded. Proselytism is prohibited by the laws of Greece, and they have not attempted it. They, therefore, enjoy the love and confidence of the whole Greek people, and continue to plant the seeds of a better, purer, more enlightened life, leaving them to ripen in their own good time, and as God shall direct. Dr. King, who has been American Consul for the last seven years, occupies himself principally with the conversion of the Armenians. He has, besides, printed a great number of Greek tracts and school-books, some of which are extensively used in the schools of the country.

The principal progress which Greece has made since her liberation, has been in her commerce. The blue cross now floats, not only in every port in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, but in most of the ports of Europe. The trade carried on at Constantinople by Greek vessels is larger than that of all other nations combined. Greek houses are now common, not only in Trieste, Vienna, Marseilles, London, Paris, and Manchester, but are also springing up in the United States. In spite of what has been said concerning the commercial dishonesty of the Greek merchants in the Orient, those who settle in the Occident bear, generally, as good a character as their Frank brethren. The race has a natural aptitude for trade, and upon this feature one might also build a hope for the future of Greece. But what that future will be, we cannot even conjecture. I do not yet believe that the Hellenic race will regenerate the Orient. A Grecian Empire, with Constantinople for its capital, is as far off as the moon. Whether the present kingdom will

continue to drag along a weary existence as a petty independent power, or whether it will ultimately become the limb of a more powerful body, is a matter upon which I shall not speculate. It is significant, however, that until quite recently, the political factions in Greece bore the name of the English, Russian, and French parties. Of these three, the Russian naturally was the strongest.

As the King and Queen are childless, the people are in great uncertainty as to their future ruler. According to the Constitution, the next monarch must belong to the National Church. Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, Otho's brother, has renounced his right of succession rather than change his religion. Adalbert, the youngest brother, is willing to comply, after he has possession of the throne—not before. But the son of Luitpold has a prior claim, and, in addition, the Queen is intriguing with might and main to make capital for her brother, the Protestant Prince of Oldenburg. In all these nice little plans and counter-plans, Greece is the last thing thought of. The Queen is thoroughly selfish, but it is not to be denied that she is popular, and possesses considerable influence. The King is a truly amiable man, and I believe desires to do what he can for the good of Greece; but so long as he lives, he will never realize her actual condition and necessities. The best men of Greece at present—Mavrocordato, Psyllas, Argyropoulos, and Kalerges—are not in a position to make their influence felt as it deserves, and so the country goes on in a blind way, heedless of the Future so long as it can bear the weight of the Present without breaking down.

I write these things in sorrow, and wish that my impres-

sions were of a more cheering character. I should hail the success of Greece with as sincere a joy as any of her citizens; I should be glad to know that more of the ancient blood and the ancient genius was still extant — but I must not give the reader what I cannot find. Is there really no resurrection of a dead nation? No enduring vitality in those qualities of the old race, which triumphed for a thousand years? Cannot those “arts of war and peace,” which sprang from Greece and the Grecian Isles, flourish again in the arms of a purer religion and a more enlightened law? The answer may be given a century hence, but not now.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AGRICULTURE AND RESOURCES.

BEFORE returning to the North, a few words must be said in regard to Greece as a *productive* country, a subject concerning which the reader has doubtless heard very contrary opinions. The Greeks them-selves are so much in the habit of saying, "We have a poor country," that the flying tourist, who stops four days at Athens on his way to Egypt and Palestine, and who sees only the bald sides of Hymettus and Pentelicus, and the dry plain of Attica, imagines the whole country to be barren, desolate, cursed — as it is customary to represent Judea. With the exception of Acarnania, Etolia, and parts of Eubœa, it does indeed greatly lack water, but its soil is probably as productive, in other respects, as that of any country of Europe. The valleys are a fine mellow loam, which produces excellent crops of wheat, rye, and barley, although the system of agriculture is Homeric in its simplicity and rudeness. The lower slopes of the mountains, where they have been reclaimed, or have escaped the devastation of war, produce vines, as in *Mis-*

solonghi, forests, as in Eubœa, or grain, as in Maina, while the sides of Parnassus, Taygetus, and Erymanthus are covered, up to the elevation of 6,000 feet, with woods of oak, fir, and pine.

But one thing fails, without which the Garden of Eden itself would be poor—the means of transporting produce to a market. All the roads in the Peloponnesus, with the exception of that from Nauplia to Tripolitza, are the roughest possible bridle-paths, crossed in many places by mountain torrents, which frequently interrupt the communication for days. In fact, one can hardly say that there are any roads at all in spring, when the plow obliterates all trace of the previous trail. In Northern Greece there is but one, from Athens to Thebes, which is now impassable, owing to fifty yards of it having been washed away in the pass of Cœnoe, about six months before my visit. From Thebes to Livadia there is a bridle-track over the Bœotian plain, which is a quagmire when it rains. Formerly much barley was raised about Livadia, but the cost of transporting it to Athens upon asses was found to be just three-fourths of the value of what the ass carried, so that, unless the trader succeeded in doing a little highway robbery on his way back, he lost money by the trip. The peasantry around Athens now use carts, and with the present high prices, succeed in driving a very good business. The Government is at last making an effort to do something in the way of remedying this evil. We hear of roads to Chalcis, to Corinth, and other places. An engineer has been imported from France at a salary of 22,000 francs a year, notwithstanding there is an abundance of Greek

engineers idle. A large sum has been raised by special taxation, but all that has yet been accomplished is the grading of a few streets in Athens. But — “Do not expect too much of us,” say the Greeks.

A German botanist (Fraas, I think) has given a very decided opinion that the lost forests of Greece can never be restored, and that the land must consequently remain dry and barren. From this decision I must wholly dissent. All Greece, it is true, rests on a bed of blue limestone, which refines into marble here and there, and the hills which have been disforested are as bare and dry as the mountains of Moab. Hymettus appears to be hopelessly naked, and even Parnes hides his few remaining pines in the depth of his savage gorges. Yet the least encouragement would reclothe even this sterility. An example of what simply *letting the mountains alone* will do, is seen at the pass of CEnoe, between Cithæron and Parnes. Here the peasants have been prevented, for a few years past, from touching the young pines, and the heights are covered green and thick, up to the very summit. As for forest culture, such as is carried on with so much success in Germany, it is unheard of. It is true, Inspectors, Foresters, &c., have been appointed, and some 200,000 drachmas of the revenue go in this way, but the only thing they do is to make the peasants pay for tapping pine-trees for resin, instead of taking it for nothing. If a Greek mountaineer wants a little wood for his fire, he cuts down twenty thriving saplings rather than fatigue himself by felling a full-grown tree. Eubœa, which was once a land of splendid forests, abounding with deer, is rapidly becoming denuded, and the moun

tain valleys, once plentifully and regularly watered, are now subject to alternate freshets and drouths.

Wood was sold in Athens during the winter of 1857-8, at the rate of a cent a pound, while the grand oak woods of Doris and Elis are lying full of rotting trunks. All over the country one sees noble trees wantonly girdled, even in the midst of forests, where they are never felled. It would seem that the people took a peculiar pleasure in the act of destruction. A large land-owner in Eubœa informed me that while superintending the cutting of pines in his woods, he directed the workmen to be very careful and fell the trees in such a direction as to injure the saplings under them as little as possible. The people laughed outright, and almost told him to his face that he was a fool. The saplings, they said, were little things, worth nothing except to burn, and it would be no harm to destroy them all. Where the forests have only been partially spared, there are fountains and running streams the whole year through. The Alpheus and the Eurotas, fed by the oak-covered hills of Arcadia, flow through summer heats, but in naked Attica the Cephissus and the Ilissus perish even before they reach the sea.

Agriculture, as I have said, is in the most imperfect state. I find, on repeated inquiry, that fifteen fold — that is, fifteen bushels reaped for one sown — is considered a large crop, and that the general average cannot be considered higher than eight fold. The soil is not manured, but relieved a little by a rotation of crops. It is scratched up to the depth of three or four inches with an antediluvian plow and then crosswise again, so that the soil is cut in smal

cubes or dice. Then the farmer sits down and folds his hands, waiting for a rain that shall dissolve and break up these cubes, so that he can sow his grain. Sometimes a freshet comes in the meanwhile and carries them all off before they have had time to dissolve, leaving only the hieroglyphics made by the point of the plowshare in the hard surface below.

The other staple productions of Greece—oil, silk, currants, and wine—are more easily managed, and hence the yield from them is greater. The vines are pruned in the spring, the earth is dug up, raised into heaps between the stalks, and finely pulverized, and they are then left to their fate. Olive and mulberry trees are planted, and that is all. The produce both of silk and currants is slowly but steadily increasing, and the number of olive trees, which in 1833 was 700,000, now amounts to 2,400,000. Yet in spite of this apparent growth, the country is poorer now than it was under the Turkish domination. The little Province of Achaia alone yielded to the Latin princes, during the Middle Ages, a greater revenue than the whole kingdom of Greece at present. The fact is, the country is poor, only because the development of its resources has been most shamefully neglected.

A circumstance which more than anything else, perhaps, retards this development, is the *religious indolence* of the Greek farmers. A creed which turns *one half the days of the year* into saintly anniversaries, on which it is sinful to do any manner of work, would ruin any country in the world. In addition to these saints' days, there are four grand fasts, and a number of smaller ones, amounting, in

all, to over one hundred and fifty days, or *five months*. These are most rigidly kept, and though the temperate Greek satisfies his hunger with bread, olives, and onions, his capacity for labor is seriously affected. To crown his shortcomings as an agriculturist, add his egregious vanity, which prevents him from suspecting that there is any knowledge in the world superior to his own. An English gentleman, long settled in Greece, assured me that he found it almost impossible to teach his workmen, owing to this trait of character. Whenever he directed anything to be done, instead of being obeyed, he always received instructions from them as to how it might be better done. After twenty-four years' experience, he was almost ready to despair of their improvement.

I found the country Greeks generally honest. We met with two or three instances of downright imposition, but this might occur in any country — except in the northern and western provinces of Sweden. Those who have the worst reputation are the most friendly and agreeable. The Mainote robbers, as they are called, the Delphians, and the Dorians, are hearty, cheerful, hospitable people, and I shall long remember them with pleasure. The timid traveller need no longer hesitate to visit Greece, from a vision of fierce palikars levelling their long guns at him in the mountain passes. Northern Greece has long been overrun by a band of robbers under the command of the chief, Kalabaliki, but just before we left Athens, himself and the greater part of his men were shot by the Government troops, near Thebes. With the death of Kalabaliki brigandage is almost suppressed in Greece. From 1854 to

1858 the number of robbers shot or executed was 493! I must state, however, on the authority of the Minister of War, that only twenty of the whole number were born within the limits of the kingdom.

Besides her neglected fields and forests, Greece has also neglected mines. There is the material for a hundred Parthenons yet in Pentelicus; the white, waxy marble of Naxos and Paros; precious verde antique and rouge antique in Taygetus: coal in Eubœa, sulphur on the Isthmus, and emery in Naxos. It is said that the treasures of Paros are to be exploited, but of the other mineral productions, sulphur and emery, only, are quarried to a limited extent. Agriculture, however, should be the first care of a nation, and until Greece has roads for the transportation of her corn, wine, and oil, she will scarcely be able to make her quarries available. I have not yet heard of any geological survey of the country, but I know an intelligent young officer who spent eighteen months, by the order and at the expense of the Government, in making a secret military reconnoissance of Turkey! Offer a plan for the irrigation of the Cephissian plain, and you will be politely snubbed. Offer another of the fortifications of Constantinople, and you will be well paid.

Enough of dry statement. Let me not lose the pensive sweetness and sadness of this last evening in Athens. The sun is sinking in clear saffron light beyond the pass of Daphne, and a purple flush plays all along the high, barren

sides of Hymettus. Before me rises the Acropolis, with its crown of beauty, the Parthenon, on whose snowy front the sunsets of two thousand years have left their golden stain. In the distance is the musical *Ægean*, dancing with light-whispering waves to fill the rock-hewn sarcophagus of Themistocles. Plato's olives send a silver glimmer through the dusk that is creeping over the Attic plain. Many an evening have I contemplated this illustrious landscape, but it was never so lovely as now, when I look upon it for the last time. Every melodious wave in the long outline of the immortal mountains — every scarred marble in the august piles of ruin — every blood-red anemone on the banks of the Ilissus, and every asphodel that blossoms on the hill of Colonos — I know them and they know me. Not as a curious stranger do I leave Athens; not as a traveller eager for new scenes; but with the regret of one who knows and loves the sacred soil, to whom it has been at once a sanctuary and a home.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO THE NORTH.

WE went direct from Athens to Constantinople in the French steamer *Meandre*. The voyage was a repetition of the two which I have described years ago, and I shall make no further note of it than to advise all my friends and readers who may visit the Orient to choose the steamers of the French *Messageries* in every possible case, rather than those of the Austrian Lloyd. Over the unrippled *Ægean* our trip was a luxurious one, and though we missed Sunium and saw the Trojan Ida by twilight, we steamed around Seraglio Point and into the Golden Horn in the full blaze of noon—a piece of real good fortune to those who see Constantinople for the first time. In this category were even Americans on board the steamer.

I noticed but three changes in Constantinople since I first saw it, in 1852—to wit: Pera is lighted with gas, the hotels have raised their prices five francs a day, and the dogs of Stamboul no longer bark at Giaours. In all other respects, it is the same medley of unparalleled external

splendor and internal filth, imperfect Europe and shabby Asia. The last change of the three is undoubtedly due to the wholesome training given to the dogs aforesaid by the soldiers of the allied armies. It is an astonishing fact that dogs of the most orthodox Moslem breed now tolerate the presence of the Frank, without a snarl. Moreover, St Sophia, then accessible only through the all-potent seal of the Grand Vizier, now sees its doors turn on their holy hinges for an every-day bribe. Even at the mosque of Eyoub, standard-bearer of Mahmoud II., I was refused admission only because it was Ramazan. There is a Turkish theatre in Pera, Turkish plays (adapted from the Italian) are acted by Turkish actors, and — oh, shade of the Prophet! — Turkish women appear unveiled upon the stage. This, however, does not signify much. Polygamy and the seclusion of women are a part of the Moslem religion, and with that religion dies the prestige of the race. The fraternization of Turkey with the Western Powers has forced her to relinquish a few antiquated prejudices—and that is all.

The grand fête of the Night of Predestination took place two days after our arrival, and, with the recollection of its magical illuminations six years before, fresh in my mind, I promised my companions a spectacle such as they had never yet witnessed; but it turned out to be a comparative failure. The Turkish Government has wisely grown economical. The far-echoing thunders of a thousand cannon, booming up and down the length of the Bosphorus, were wanting; and though we floated in the midst of a crowd of caiques in the Golden Horn, the waters were dark underneath us, and the sky dark above—not lighted to red trans-

parency, as I once saw them, with the minarets blazing like fiery lances around the fiery helmets of the domes.

We had rather an adventurous trip to the Sweet Waters of Europe. The wind was blowing strongly from the west, but I took a four-oared caïque, and after passing Cassim Pasha, where we were most exposed to its force, supposed that we should get on without further trouble. But on turning northward into the valley of the Sweet Waters, it came on a perfect hurricane. We could scarcely breathe, and the boatmen tried in vain to manage our egg-shell of a craft. We drove first upon a marshy island; then upon the shore; then down stream; then against a pier; and finally striking upon a rock, the caïque began to fill. We were in the edge of a swamp; Braisted and I lifted the lady out into the reeds, and we made the best of our way to firm land. All landmarks were lost in a cloud of dust; the tempest blew with such force that it was barely possible to stand; and when we at last wore round so as to scud before the wind, we were almost taken off our feet. After much search and the payment of a pound sterling, I procured a jolting Turkish araba to take us back to Pera, but on crossing the brow of the hill above the Sweet Waters, we were several times on the point of being overturned by the blast.

The steamer in which we took passage to Galatz proved to be our old friend the *Miramar*, with her gallant captain, Mazarevitch. We had soft spring sunshine for the glorious panorama of the Bosphorus, but the day became partially obscured as we entered the Black Sea, and about five in the afternoon, the sky being clear only to the

northward, a most singular mirage arose in that direction. Vessels were seen suspended in the air, about two degrees above the horizon, with inverted images below them. Beyond them ran a long line of low coast, which in the north-east rose into hills, covered with patches of dark fir trees. There was no land nearer than the Crimea in that direction, and it was about 180 miles distant. What, then, were these shores? They were no mere optical delusion, for through a strong glass the outlines appeared very distinct even to the projecting buttresses and receding gulf of the hills. I came to the conclusion, therefore, that it was actually the mountain-shore of the Crimea which I beheld, almost from the mouth of the Bosphorus. The wind was blowing cold from the north-west at the time, with dull clouds overhead, but the phantom picture was lighted with strong sunshine, and the sails of the vessels appeared to hang almost motionless.

After two disagreeable nights and one disagreeable day, we reached the Sulina mouth of the Danube. The river makes his muddy presence known far off shore, like the Mississippi, the Ganges, and the Yang-tze-Kiang. The land is as flat as a pancake, and Sulina, which consists of a light-house and a long row of wooden buildings on piles, resembles the skeleton of a town deposited there by some freshet. You exchange the green plain of the sea for the green plain of the Dobrudja marshes, through which the Danube winds like a brown vein. Much was said about the improvements for navigation at Sulina, in the Paris Conferences, but the most I could discover was a long line of posts to which vessels were moored, and which may be

the forerunner of a wharf. We passed through a street of vessels nearly three miles long, touching each other stern and stern, on both sides of the river, and then pursued our winding way towards Galatz, comparatively alone. By and by, however, the hills of the Dobrudja arose in the southwest, and the monotonous level of the swamps was broken by belts of trees. Vegetation appeared to be fully as far advanced as at Constantinople, although we were nearly five degrees further north.

In the afternoon, we passed the southern or St. George's arm of the Danube, which is now so closed up by a bar at its mouth as to be useless. The northern or Kilia arm enters a short distance higher up, and looking towards it at sunset, over the great levels, we saw the fortress-town of Ismail, built upon its northern bank. This was the famous citadel of the Turks, which fell before Suwarrow, after one of the bloodiest assaults recorded in history. We anchored for some hours during the night, but early the next morning were at Galatz, in Moldavia.

I cannot say much about this place, for we only remained long enough to exchange our Black Sea steamer for the river-boat of the Danube Company. It is a dull, common place town, built over the slope of a long, barren hill. Some travellers, who had been there several days, had nothing whatever to tell me about it. We were much more interested in our new steamer, which was built on the American plan, and very handsomely furnished. But—down with all monopolies! say I. Although the fare from Constantinople to Pesth—a voyage of seven days—is \$70 this does not include a state-room on the river-boats, for

which \$52 additional is demanded! Nevertheless, I had taken the precaution to telegraph from Constantinople to Galatz to secure a room. A single message costs *twenty francs*, yet when we reached Galatz, six days afterwards, the message had not arrived. The nearest approach to this which I ever experienced was in Ohio, where a message which I sent was three days and a half in going two hundred miles. The engineer of the boat kindly offered to give me his cabin, containing one berth, for \$50, but we preferred using the common cabins, which were as badly ventilated as on the American boats. These Danube steamers, however, were very swift, kept in admirable order, and the fare (what little there was of it) was unexceptionable.

From Galatz to the Iron Gates, in ascending the Danube, you have two days of monotonous scenery. On one side the low hills of Turkey,—heavy, ungraceful ridges, generally barren of wood,—and on the other the interminable plains of Wallachia. Except Giurgevo, the port of Bucharest, there are no towns on the northern shore, but on the southern you pass, in succession, Rustchuk, Silistria, Nicopolis, and Widin, besides a great number of shabby, red-roofed villages, nestled in the elbows of the hills. Immense herds of horses graze on the meadows; rough Wallachian boors in wide trowsers and low black hats lounge about their huts, which are raised on high piles out of the reach of freshets; guard-houses at regular intervals stud the bank, and three slovenly gray soldiers present arms as we pass; coal-barges and flat-boats descend the river in long black lines; and all these pictures, repeated over and over again, at last weary the eye. We passed Silistria at

dusk, and I saw only an indistinct silhouette of its famous fort. But the scars of battle vanish soon from the earth and Silistria is as quiet and orderly now as if it had not heard a cannon for a thousand years.

At Gladowa, we entered the celebrated Iron Gates, where a spur of the Transylvanian Alps, running south-westward through Servia to join the central mountain chain of Turkey, attempts to barricade the Danube. But, like the Rhine at Bingen, and the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, he has cut with his crystal sword the Gordian labyrinth he could not thread, and roars in a series of triumphant rapids through the heart of the terrible hills. Covered with forests of oak, beech, larch, and pine, the mountains tower grandly on either hand, while through the interlocking bases the river descends in watery planes, whose slant can be readily measured by the eye. The rocks have been blasted so as to afford a channel for the steamer, which trembles in every timber as she stems the foamy tangle of chutes and whirlpools. Let one of her iron muscles give way, and the river would have his will. A mile and a half of slow, trembling, exciting progress, and we have mounted the heaviest grade, but six hours of the same tremendous scenery await us. We pierce yet sublimer solitudes, and look on pictures of precipice and piled rock, of cavern and yawning gorge, and mountain walls, almost shutting out the day, such as no other river in Europe can show.

At Orsova, the northern bank becomes Austrian, and we were ushered into the Empire with the usual suavity. I must confess that much as I detest the Austrian Govern

ment, there are few countries in Europe where a traveller meets with so little annoyance and so much courtesy. All day long, we sat on the hurricane deck, enjoying the superb scenery, but towards evening the mountains dropped into hills, and the hills on the northern bank flattened out into the great plain of Hungary. We passed Belgrade during the night, and early next morning were at Peterwardein, a fortress in southern Hungary. The contrast between Turk and German (or the races under German rule) was as surprising as it was welcome. I had not expected to see, here in the Banat, on the borders of Servia, so sudden a line drawn between the indolence, filth, and discomfort of the Orient, and the order, neatness industry, and progress of the Occident.

II.

POLAND AND RUSSIA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CRACOW, AND THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA

THE great Brandenburg Plain, or "Baltic Sand-sea," as Humboldt calls it, which accompanied us all the way to Breslau, did not cease until after we had crossed the border of Austrian Poland. The day was intensely hot, and the dust on the road stifling. These vast levels, where great grain tracts alternate with pine forests, are even more monotonous than our own prairies, because they are far less fertile. In many places, the desert sand of the lost ocean whose waves once rolled here pierces the thin coating of soil and defies all attempts at cultivation. The forests first reclaimed it, and much of it should be given back for a time to the keeping of the forests again. In this region rye is grown almost exclusively. As we penetrated further into Upper Silesia, the smoke of smelting furnaces, blotted the air and sooty trails marked the way to the coal mines. An intelligent young Pole, in the cars, informed

me that the country has also a good name for its agricultural condition—the province being full of large landed proprietors, who, it seems, have paid much attention to the improvement of the soil.

After passing Oppeln the Polish language begins to be heard, and Polish Jews, in rusty black caftans and shabby cylinder hats, are seen at the stations. The pine forests are more frequent, and some low undulating swells—the first faint ripples of the distant Carpathians—break the dead uniformity. “When you get beyond Myslowitz,” said the young Pole, “you will see a bit of the Sahara, only instead of camels there are Austrians.” Myslowitz is the last Prussian station, and really, for ten miles beyond, the country is a hopeless waste of sand, as yellow and bare as the Nubian Desert. After passing Szczakowa, where the Warsaw road branches off, the country gradually improved. The low swells rose into hills covered with dark forests, between which lay meadows, or rather immense flower-beds, sheets of glittering pink and yellow, threaded by tributaries of the Vistula. Polish peasants, in their high black hats, long jackets and wide Chinese trowsers, were at work in the fields, or tending the herds of horses. Strength, coarseness, and stupidity, occasionally relieved by a twinkle of cunning, were their prominent characteristics. Some of the boys were Irish over and over.

The sepulchral mound of Kosciusko, on the summit of a long hill, denoted our approach to Cracow. It is visible far and wide, a noble landmark. The Austrians have commenced fortifying the city, and this monument, being on a commanding point, is now inclosed by a strong fort

Eastward, over a green belt of foliage—tall ash trees, avenues of Lombardy poplars, and locusts showered all over with blossoms—lies Cracow, in the lap of the valley of the Vistula, which stretches away to the south-west until its folding hills of green grow blue in the distance, and crouch at the feet of the high Carpathian mountains. Tall, fantastic, Tartaresque spires shoot up in pairs from the stretch of tiled roofs, and in the midst, on the mound of the Wawel, stands in massive and venerable ugliness, the ancient Palace of the Polish Kings. The novelty of the picture, no less than its exquisite beauty, took me by surprise. I seemed to be already far away from Europe, and in that strange central region which, in character, forms a continent by itself.

This impression was not weakened after arriving. A queer, bearded hackney-coachman took our baggage, repeating with great emphasis "*piet-nasty*" (or something like it), which I was afraid referred to my dusty appearance, but the German conductor explained that it was "fifteen," the number of the fiacre. Driving through an old tower-gate we entered the city, and were deposited at a hotel, where a room spacious enough for a king's audience-hall was given to us. Our first visitor was a black Jew, who wanted to do something in the exchange way. Then came a rosy Polish chambermaid, who asked whether we had brought our own bedding! The valet-de-place was also a Jew, rusty, black, and unwashed, whose company we were obliged to endure, during an inspection of the city.

The place has a modern air, with the exception of the churches, upon which rests the mellow weight of from two

to five centuries. We were more interested in the people who happened to be celebrating a national and a religious festival at the same time, and thronged every street in their holiday clothes. Not only was all Cracow out of doors, but thousands of peasants from the neighboring villages had come into the city to share in the festivities. There was the most fantastic and picturesque mixture of characters and costumes. It was the last day of *Frohnleichnamsfest* (the Body of Christ), and religious processions, with tapers, shrines, and banners of white and crimson silk, were parading the streets. A company of boy choristers, in scarlet robes, and bearing a crucifix, generally led the way. Then came a group of young peasants, bare-headed, with wild, matted hair, and candles in their hands; next girls carrying a shrine and canopy, decorated with flowers, and lastly, priests and peasants mingled together, with a crowd of devout followers.

The civic festival was the anniversary of a victory over the Tartars, which has been annually celebrated for the last seven hundred years. It is characterized by a curious ceremony called the *Konik*, which came off in the evening. A man dressed to represent a Tartar chief, with a turban of preposterous size, terminating in a high, conical cap, with his face masked, and his body inclosed in an imitation horse, over which his false legs dangled, was conducted through the principal streets, preceded by the sound of trumpet and the banners of the city. He carried in his hand a sort of mace, with which he attacked every one who came near him, accompanying his blows with what must have been very humorous and telling remarks, to judge from the

shouts and laughter of the crowd. The press of people was so great, in spite of the efforts of a double line of soldiers who accompanied this curious procession, that we had great difficulty in catching a glimpse of what was going on. We mounted the Wawel to the castle of the Polish Kings, which is now a military barrack. Two new towers and a wall of circumvallation have been recently added.

The first court, high, and with arched galleries around every story, was formerly the residence of the nobles attached to the Polish court. Beyond this we entered a large open space, on the right of which stood the Cathedral, a lofty ancient pile, of no particular style of architecture. The Jew called our attention to the dome over one of the side-chapels. "See!" said he, "that is real ducat gold; you will not see the like anywhere else in the world." But the heavy gilding has been for the most part torn away, and the dome has rather a shabby look in consequence. An ox-faced Polish priest took us in charge, and showed us the monuments of many kings and more bishops—ringing historical names, some of which stir the blood. The catafalques of Casimir the Great, of Wratislaw, of Stephen Batory, of John Sobieski, and others, rich with marble and silver, fill the side chapels of this storied pile. There still exists the stall of precious marble, where the Kings of Poland attended mass, with wooden seats on either side for the ministers; while in the chancel, before the magnificent gilded altar, stands the velvet canopy under which they were crowned. The sepulchral monuments are poor, except two statues by Thorwaldsen—a repetition of his

Christ, and the Roman, half-nude figure of Prince Potocki.

We afterwards descended into the crypt of the church by a trap-door in the pavement. Here, groping along after the waxen torch in the priest's hands, we came to the massive silver sarcophagi of Wladislaus IV. and his queen. Beyond these glittering shells, at the end of the dusky vault, gloomed a sarcophagus of black marble, inscribed with the name of John Sobieski. The Saviour of Austria (who *repaid* his services a hundred years later !) lies in fitting company: on his right hand is Poniatowski, on his left Kosciusko, both in marble coffins. I went up reverently and placed my hand upon the stone which covers each—proud, noble, glorious hearts, now dust for ever !

Every boy who reads "The Wonders of the World" in the chimney-corner, in the long winter evenings, as I have done, has heard of the salt mines of Wieliczka. The account of this subterranean saline world made a profound impression upon me when a youngster, and I diverged a little from my direct route on purpose to visit it. All wonders which we first hear of in the dear, secluded nest of home, most attract us after our wings have grown and we have become restless birds of passage; but not all retain the old magic after we behold them. The Maelström turned out to be an immense exaggeration; Teneriffe and the Natural Bridges of Icononzo lie far out of my track, but here were the salt mines, within eight miles of Cracow, and I should have been false to every promise of youth if I had not visited them. If "The Wonders of the World" is still extant, and some of my youthful readers are

acquainted with the book, I know they will not overlook this chapter. Talking is pleasantest when one is sure of an interested audience beforehand.

In company with a Professor from St. Petersburg, we left Cracow in the morning, crossed the Vistula, and drove eastward through a low, undulating country, covered with fields of rye, oats, and potatoes. The village of Wieliczka occupies a charming situation on the northern slope of a long, wood-crowned hill. The large store-houses for the salt, the Government offices, and the residences of the superintendents, on a slight eminence near the foot, first strike the eye. After procuring a permit from the proper official, we presented ourselves at the office, over the mouth of the mine, in company with five Prussian travellers, two of them ladies, and a wandering German mechanic, who had tramped out from Cracow in the hope of seeing the place. We were all enveloped in long, coarse blouses of white linen, and having bespoken a supply of Bengal lights, a door was opened, and we commenced descending into the bowels of the earth by an easy staircase, in a square shaft. Six boys, carrying flaring lamps, were distributed among our party, and one of the superintendents assumed the office of conductor.

After descending 210 feet, we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot of the staircase; overhead, a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glimmered ahead, and

on turning a corner we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines—a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints: Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light burnt at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into utter darkness, as if it had never been.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases, and vaulted chambers, where one soon loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasms, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet in height, resembled a Grecian theatre, the traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 1,000,000 cwt. of salt had been

taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious, irregular vault through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystalline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and the far roof fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical—wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upward: “It is like a sky full of cloud-lambkins.” Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downwards like the mouth of Hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the further end. In these tunnels the workmen, half-naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks, and the firing of guns (which here so reverberates in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound), give a rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be indeed diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked truly uncanny in our ghostly garments, amid the livid glare of the fireworks.

A little further, we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed (in salt letters) “Good luck to you!” In such a place the motto seemed ironical. “Abandon nope, all ye

who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon, bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the further hall. Read Tasso:

"Tremar le spaziose atri caverne,
E'l asr cieco in quel rumor rimbomba,"

if you want to hear the sound of it. A tablet inscribed "heartily welcome!" saluted us in landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries, and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet, and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of one cwt. each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large cocoons, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1,500, all of whom belong to the "upper crust"—that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieve each other every six hours. Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than 1,000 cwt. of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 1,500,000 cwt.! The men we saw were fine, muscular, healthy-looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines—which stands at 54° of Fahrenheit all the year round—has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt-crystals form upon the wood-work. The wood, I may here remark, never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile and its solid depth 690 feet! It commences about 200 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact sandstone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Below this, there is no probability that it again reappears. The general

direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may no doubt be pushed much further in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried—and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amounts to *four hundred and twenty miles*—it is estimated that, at the present rate of exploitation, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount—1,500,000 cwt. annually—of which she is bound to furnish 300,000 cwt. to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 400,000 cwt. for herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines, of two millions of florins (\$1,000,000) annually.

It is not known how this wonderful deposit—more precious than gold itself—was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in “The History of Cracow,” states that a Polish King, who wooed a Princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied: Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt-mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt-crystal, which the

Queen caused to be set in her wedding-ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist, for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time; but, although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

On our return we visited Francis-Joseph's hall, a large salt ball-room, with well executed statues of Vulcan and Neptune. Six large chandeliers, apparently of cut glass, but really of salt, illuminate it on festive occasions, and hundreds of dancers perspire themselves into a pretty pickle. When we had reached the upper galleries, we decided to ascend to daylight by means of the windlass. The Prussian party went first, and the ladies were not a little alarmed at finding themselves seated in rope slings, only supported by a band under the arms. All five swung together in a heap; the ladies screamed and would have loosened themselves, but that moment the windlass began to move, and up they went, dangling, towards the little star of daylight, two hundred feet above. Under them hung one of the boys, to steady the whirling mass, and the little scamp amused himself by swinging his lamp, cracking his heels together and rattling his stick along the sides of the shaft. When our turn came, I found, in spite of myself, that such pastime was not calculated to steady my nerves.

The sound of the stick was very much like that of snapping ropes, and my brain swam a little at finding my feet dangling over what seemed a bottomless abyss of darkness.

The arrival at the top was like a douche of lightning. It was just noon, and the hot, white, blinding day poured full upon us, stinging our eyes like needles, and almost taking away our breath. We were at once beset with a crowd of beggars and salt-venders. The latter proffered a multitude of small articles—crosses, stars, images, books, cups, dishes, &c.—cut from the native crystal, and not distinguishable from glass in appearance. I purchased a salt-cellar, which has the property of furnishing salt when it is empty. But it seemed to me that I should not need to use it for some days. I felt myself so thoroughly impregnated with salt, that I conceived the idea of seasoning my soup by stirring it with my fingers, and half expected that the fresh roast would turn to corned beef in my mouth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GLANCE AT WARSAW.

BEFORE leaving Cracow, we visited the monument to Kosciusko, which is about a mile and a half from the city. It is a simple mound of earth, thrown together by the Poles, in memory of the hero of two hemispheres. They are proud of the renown of Sobieski, but they treasure the name of Kosciusko within their heart of hearts. Probably no man was ever before honored with such a monument. It was not raised by subscription and hired labor, but by the spontaneous work of thousands of hands. Old and young, male and female, the noble and the peasant, carried their loads of earth, until the mound arose to be a beacon to the little Free State of Cracow—so long as that Free State existed. The account of its erection is truly touching, and one cannot look upon it without hoping that it may last to tell the story to distant ages and nations yet unformed.

When the Austrian Government determined to fortify Cracow, the commanding position which this mound occu-

pies could not be overlooked. It is now completely inclosed within a glaring new fortification of brick and earth, which overlooks the valley and the course of the Vistula for many a league. In the very centre of the fort rises the singular tumulus, high overtopping its bastioned walls. A great circular buttress of brick, twenty feet high, has been built around its base and the earth filled in, so that the mound is really strengthened, although it loses much of its picturesqueness by this environment. Its original height must have been about 120 feet, with a base of from 200 to 250 feet in diameter. It is conical and very steep, with a double path encircling it to the top. A number of workmen were employed in smoothing its rough, neglected surface, and coating it with an even garment of thick turf. This looked like perilous work, as the least slip would in many places have precipitated them headlong from twenty to thirty feet below. They were only supported on the edges of the turf itself, or on small pins driven into the earth.

The panoramic view from the summit is exceedingly beautiful. Cracow lay before us, buried in blooming groves; the Vistula flashed and glittered in many a curve through the green meadows; gently-swelling hills, in the north, melted away into the plains of Poland, while in the south the successive ridges rose higher and higher, dark with forests, until the misty Carpathians crowned them all. Below us was the place of Lobkow, where dwelt Esther, the beautiful Jewess, beloved by Casimir the Great. This love, guilty though it was, procured a home in Poland for the oppressed race, and since that time the country has been their second Judea. In other respects, however, their con-

dition has not improved, for a more vile and filthy race (except the Chinese) cannot disgust the traveller. Thousands of soldiers were skirmishing on the green meadows of the Vistula, and the stream was filled with whole companies of them, bathing.

Cracow is now connected with Warsaw, by railroad, but it was necessary to retrace our way as far as Szczakowa, on the borders of the Little Sahara. After waiting a long hour at this place, we got into another train and in ten minutes crossed the little river Przemsza, the frontier of Russian Poland. On the opposite bank is the station of Granitza, where one is subjected to a detention of three hours, in order that the necessary formalities on entering Russia may be complied with. We first gave up our passports, which were duly examined and visèd, and then attended to our baggage. The examination was not particularly strict, except that the officer tore up and threw away every particle of newspaper in which anything was wrapped. Our books were also laid aside, and all, with the exception of a German guide-book, retained. We received a receipt for them, and were told that we should hear of them again at the Censor's office in Moscow. They consisted of the History of Cracow, a volume of Household Words, Kohl's St. Petersburg, and Henry Carey's Letters to President Buchanan. Murray and a German work I was reading were stowed away in our pockets, and escaped. Although Polish is exclusively spoken at this place, the officers understood German, and we found them courteous and obliging. No questions whatever were asked.

The country is one unvarying level from the frontier to

Warsaw, a distance of two hundred miles. At first, you pass through a region of sand and pine wood, the very counterpart of New Jersey or North Carolina; then broad plains, partially cultivated; then pasture steppes, pine wood, and cultivation again. The villages are scattering clusters of thatched cottages resembling Irish cabins, except that they are always neatly whitewashed and have a more tidy appearance. This is rather in contrast to the people, who are very dirty. The common, coarse Slavonic type is here universal—low, square forehead, heavy brows, prominent cheek-bones, flattish nose, with broad nostrils and full lips. With the addition of a projecting mouth, many of the faces would be completely Irish. The refined Slavonic face, as one sees it among the Polish gentry, is nevertheless very handsome. The forehead becomes high and arched, the nose straight and regular, and the face shows an approach to the classic oval. This is even more striking in the female than in the male countenance. At Granitza we were charmed by a vision of perfect loveliness, which shone on us from time to time, from the upper window of an adjoining mansion. It was a woman of twenty-two, of ripe and yet tender beauty—features exquisitely regular, complexion like a blush rose, large, soft eyes, rather violet than blue, and a rippling crown of magnificent hair, “brown in the shadow and gold in the sun.” I confess to watching this beautiful creature for half an hour through the window-blinds. The face of Kosciusko is pure Slavonic, of the peasant type, as is also that of Copernicus, if the portraits of him are correct.

The only place of any interest which we passed was

Czenstochau, celebrated for a miracle-working image of the Madonna. It is a pretty little town, partly built upon a hill which is at least fifty feet high. The station-houses on the road are similar to those in Germany, except that in the refreshment-room one sees, instead of multitudinous *seidl* of beer, the Russian *samovar*, and tumblers of hot tea, in which float slices of lemon. There are long delays at each station, which make the journey tedious, notwithstanding the speed of the trains, when in motion, is very good. Several thunder-storms passed over us, cooling the air and laying the frightful dust; night came on, and it was past midnight before we reached Warsaw. We were like a couple of lost sheep in the crowd, all of whom were hurrying to get to their beds, for the only language heard was Polish, and the officials shook their heads when I addressed them in French or German. Finally, by imitating the majority, we got rid of our passports, had our trunks examined again, and reached the Hotel d'Europe before day-break.

The forenoon was devoted to preparations for our further journey. Fortunately, the diligence which was to leave for Moscow the next evening was vacant, and we at once engaged places. The passport was a more serious affair, as our own would avail us no further, but we must take out Russian ones instead. The Jew valet-de-place whispered to me, as we entered the office: "Speak French" The Poles hate the Germans much worse than they do their Russian conquerors, and although many of them understand the language, it is considered that of business, while French is the fashionable tongue. The officer asked a few ques

tions—what was our object in coming to Russia—whether we had any acquaintances in the country—whether we had ever been there before—whether we were engaged in any business, etc., and then sent us with a checked certificate into another room, where the same questions were repeated and a document made out, which we were requested to sign. Our conductor slipped a ruble note between the two papers, and handed them to a third official, who adroitly removed the bribe and completed the necessary forms. These were petitions to the Governor of Warsaw, praying him to grant us passports to Moscow. On calling at the Governor's office, a secretary informed us that the passports would be ready the next day, but added, as we were leaving: "You had better pay for them now." Hereupon the valet handed over the money, adding a ruble above the proper amount, and then observed to me: "Now you are sure of getting them in time." True enough, they were furnished at the appointed hour. The entire outlay was about four rubles.

It was a sweltering day, the thermometer 90° in the shade, and we could do nothing more than lounge through some of the principal streets. Warsaw is indeed a spacious, stately city, but I had heard it overpraised, and was a little disappointed. It resembles Berlin more than any other European capital, but is less monotonously laid out, and more gay and animated in its aspects. At the time of my visit (June 14th), owing to the annual races, there was a large influx of visitors from the country, and the streets were thronged with a motley multitude. The numerous public squares—fifteen in all, I think—picturesquely irregular, form an

agreeable feature of the city. The palaces of the Polish nobles, massive and desolate, remind one of Florence, but without the Palladian grace of the latter. But few of them are inhabited by the original families. Some of them are appropriated to civil and military uses, and in one of them I resided during my stay. The churches of St. John and the Holy Cross, and the Lutheran church, are rather large and lofty than imposing, but rise finely above the level masses of buildings, and furnish landmarks to the city. Decidedly the most impressive picture in Warsaw is that from the edge of the river bank, where the Zamek—the ancient citadel and palace of the Polish kings—rises with its towers and long walls on your left, while under you lies the older part of the city, with its narrow streets and ancient houses, crowded between the Vistula and the foot of the hill.

In the afternoon we took an omnibus to the race-course, which is about two miles distant. The whole city was wending thither, and there could not have been less than forty or fifty thousand persons on the ground. It was a thoroughly Polish crowd, there being but few Russians or Germans present. Peasants from the country with sun-browned faces, and long, light-brown hair, with round Chinese caps and petticoat trowsers; mechanics and petty tradesmen of either honestly coarse or shabby-genteel appearance; Jews, with long greased locks hanging from their temples, lank, unctuous, and far-smelling figures; Cossacks, with their long lances, heavy caps of black sheepskin, and breasts covered with cartridge pockets; prosperous burghers, sleek and proper, and straight as the figure

columns in their ledgers ; noblemen, poor and with a melancholy air of fallen greatness, or rich and flaunting in the careless freedom of secured position. Besides, there were itinerant peddlers, by hundreds, selling oranges, sweet-meats, cigars done up in sealed packages, which offered an agreeable hazard in buying them, beer, and even water, in large stone jugs. The crowd formed a compact inclosure nearly around the whole course of two miles. Outside of it extended a wide belt of carriages, hacks, omnibuses, and rough country carts, and as the soil was six inches deep in fine dust, the continual arrivals of vehicles raised such clouds that at times a man could scarcely see his nearest neighbor.

We held out with difficulty long enough to see the first race, which was to have taken place at five, but, with oriental punctuality, commenced at half-past six. The horses, although of mixed English blood, fell considerably below the English standard. There were eight in all, but the race was not exciting, as a fine bay animal, ridden by an English jockey, took the lead at the start, and kept it to the end. During the second heat a Polish jockey was thrown from his horse, breaking his neck instantly. What more interested me than the speed of the horses, was the beauty of the Polish women of the better class. During two years in Europe, I did not see so great a number of handsome faces, as I there saw in an hour. It would be difficult to furnish a larger proportion from the acknowledged loveliness of Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Louisville. These maids of Warsaw are not only radiant blondes, whose eyes and hair remind you of corn-flowers among ripe grain,

but also dark-eyed beauties, with faces of a full Southern oval, lips round and delicate as those of an Amorette, and a pure golden transparency of complexion. The connoisseur of woman's beauty can nowhere better compare these two rival styles, nor have so great a difficulty in deciding between them.

We made our way back to the city in a blinding cloud of dust, between a double row of clamorous beggars. They were wonderfully picturesque creatures, where some repulsive deformity was not exposed. There were the hoary heads of saints, which seemed to have come direct from Italian canvas, sun-burnt boys from Murillo, and skinny hags drawn by the hand of Michael Angelo. Over the noiseless bed of dust rushed the country carts, filled with peasants drunk enough to be jolly, the funny little horses going in a frolicsome, irregular gallop, as if they too had taken a drop too much. Now and then some overladen pedestrian, beating a zigzag course against the gale, would fall and disappear in a cloud, like a bursting shell. I saw but one specimen of the picturesque Polish costume—a servant-girl in red petticoat and boots, and the trim jacket which we all know in the Cracovienne. The poorer women, generally, were shabby and slovenly imitations of the rich.

Wandering along the streets, with throats full of dust, we were attracted to the sign of "*Pivo Bawarski*" (Bavarian beer). Entering a court littered with the refuse of the kitchen, we discovered a sort of German restaurant, of suspicious cleanliness. The proprietor who served us with an insipid beverage—a slander on the admirable brewage of Munich—soon learned that we were strangers.

"But how did you happen to find my place?" he asked. "All the other beer-saloons in the city are dirty, low places: mine is the only *noble* establishment." He was very desirous of importing a negro girl from America, for a bar-maid. "I should have all the nobility of the city here," said he. "She would be a great curiosity. There is that woman Pastrana, with the hair all over her face—she has made a great fortune, they say. There are not many of the kind, and I could not afford it, but if I could get one quite black, with a woolly head, I should make more money in a day than I now do in a month." He wished to engage me to send him such an attraction, but I respectfully declined.

At this place we fell in with a Polish pianist, a virtuoso in pictures and old furniture. He took us to his room, a charming artistic and antiquarian den. Among other things he had a few undoubted originals—a small Rembrandt, a Gerard Dow, a very fine Matsys, two Bourguignons, and a landscape which appeared to be an early work of Claude. He wanted to sell these, of course at a good price, and likewise commissioned me to furnish him with a purchaser in America. The man fondled his treasures with a genuine attachment and delight, and I am sure that nothing but necessity induced him to part with them.

I wanted to visit Villanow, the residence of John Sobieski. Do you remember the passage in dear old Miss Porter's 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' where the hero contemplates the moon? "'How often have I walked with my departed mother upon the ramparts of Villanow, and gazed upon that resplendent orb!' 'Villanow!' exclaimed the Countess; 'surely that is the residence of Sobieski, and you must be

his heroic grandson, Thaddeus Sobieski ! ”—or something quite like it. But the lying Jew valet declared that it was a journey of eight hours, and I have discovered, wner too late, that it might be accomplished in three. The pianist, however, accompanied us to Lazinski, the park and palace of Stanislaus Augustus, on the banks of the Vistula. The building stands in the midst of an artificial lake, which is inclosed in a framework of forests. The white statues which stud the banks gleam in strong relief against the dark green background. “There is nothing so beautiful as this in existence,” proudly asserted the pianist, “and yet you see the place is deserted. There is no taste in Warsaw ; nobody comes here.” In the palace there is a picture gallery ; all copies, with the exception of portraits of Stanislaus Augustus, the nobles of his court, and his many mistresses. As we descended the steps, we met the son of Kotzebue, the dramatist. He is now an officer (a General, I believe) in the Russian service, more than sixty years old, and of a very ill-favored physiognomy.

So far as I may judge (and my opportunities, I must confess, were slight), the Poles are gradually acquiescing in the rule of Russia. The course pursued by the present Emperor has already given him much popularity among them, and the plan of the regeneration of Poland is indefinitely postponed. Those with whom I conversed admit, if reluctantly, in some instances, that Alexander II. has made many changes for the better. “The best thing he has done for us,” said an intelligent Pole, “is the abolition of espionage. Warsaw is now full of former spies, whose business is at an end ; and it must be confessed that they

are no longer necessary." The feeling of nationality survives, however, long after a nation is dead and buried. The Jews in Poland call themselves Jews, and the Poles in Russia will call themselves Poles, centuries hence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL RUSSIA.

THERE is a diligence three or four times a week between Warsaw and Moscow. The trip—a distance of eight hundred English miles—is made in five days by the fast coach, which leaves the former place every Monday evening, and in six days by the others. The fare is fifty silver rubles ($\$37\frac{1}{2}$) for an outside, and seventy ($\$52\frac{1}{2}$) for an inside seat. On account of the intense heat, we took outside places, but as there happened to be no other through passengers we were allowed the range of the entire vehicle. It was a strongly built, substantial affair, resembling a French diligence, but smaller and more comfortable in every way. A traveller who had made this journey recommended us to take a supply of provisions, asserting that it was impossible to procure anything on the way; but as a Russian official contradicted this statement, we took his word, and had no reason to regret it afterwards. In fact, I have never made a journey by diligence with more ease and less fatigue.

At seven o'clock on Monday evening, we took our places beside the Russian conductor, who, in his coat braided with gold, resembled an officer of cavalry, and started on our long voyage through unknown regions. The postilion sounded a charge on his trumpet as we rattled through the streets of Warsaw, past the stately Zamek, and down the long hill upon which the city is proudly lifted, to the Vistula. A bridge of boats crosses to the suburb of Praga, whence all traces of the blood spilt by Suwarrow, Skryznecki, and Diebitsch have long since been washed away. It is now a very quiet, dull sort of a place, with no vestiges of its former defences. Beyond it stretches that vast plain of Central Europe and Asia, whose limits are the British Channel and the Chinese Wall. In traversing it, I was continually reminded of Humboldt's description of the Kirghiz Steppes—"Ten miles give you the picture of a thousand." Straight before us, cutting the belted tracts of pine-forest and grain land, the road ran to the horizon, where its white floor met the sky. Four horses abreast, with two leaders, carried us past the verst-posts at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, and the postilion's horn sounded incessant warnings to the slow teams laden with hay or other country produce, with which the road was filled. The night was warm and balmy, and the long summer twilight connected sunset and sunrise with its bridge of boreal light.

A young Pole was our companion the first night. I was interested in hearing from him that Longfellow's poems had been published in the Polish language, at Lublin, a large city about a hundred miles south-east of Warsaw

The distinguished Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, he stated, was a great admirer of Emerson, whom he frequently cites in his prose writings. The Emperor Alexander has recently authorized the publication of the collected works of Mickiewicz (with the exception of some political papers) at Warsaw, for the benefit of the poet's family, and has also permitted contributions to be taken up for the same purpose.

The post stations on this road are at intervals of from twelve to twenty-two versts, and the diligence usually stops barely long enough to change horses. At the larger towns, however, there is a halt of half an hour, which allows the passenger time to get a hasty meal. The Pole assisted us during the first twelve hours, but after that we were entirely adrift, as the conductor spoke only in Russian. A smattering of the language was necessary in order to support life. I therefore went to work, and with the assistance of an imperfect vocabulary in Murray, learned the numerals up to one-hundred, the words "*how much?*" and "*immediately,*" and beef-steak is the same in all languages, and "tea" in Russian (*tschai*) is the same as in Chinese. had no difficulty in supplying our wants. This vocabulary, however, like most of those in guide-books, teaches you just what you don't want to say. It gives you the Russian for a "floating preserve for fish," and "I am a nobleman," &c., and omits such vulgar necessities as a basin and towel, and even the verb "to have." Fortunately, the people at the station-houses are tolerably quick of comprehension. We were always served with very little delay, and with dishes of which no reasonable traveller could complain. The prices varied greatly, being treble at some stations.

what they were at others. Whether this was a sliding scale of honesty or of actual value, I was unable to ascertain.

All day we rolled along, over the rich plains of Poland, stopping at the large country towns of Siedlce, Miedzyrzec, Biala, and others whose names the reader has probably never heard and never could pronounce. The country may be described in a few words—woods of pine and birch, fields of rye, rape-seed and turnips, broad, swampy pastures, and scattering one-story villages, with thatched roofs and white-washed walls. Sunburnt peasants in the fields, dressed in round black felt caps, dirt-colored shirts, and wide trowsers: Jews in the villages, disgusting to behold, with shocking bad hats of the stove-pipe breed, greasy love-locks hanging from their temples, and shabby black caftans reaching to their heels. These people justify the former middle age superstition that the Jew is distinguished from the Christian by a peculiar bodily odor. You can scent them quite as far as you can see them. Moses would have hewn them limb from limb, for their foulness. The worst of it is, they hover round the post-stations and pounce upon a stranger, in the hope of making something out of him, be it ever so little. I was surprised to find that they all speak a little German, but afterwards learned that they do more or less of smuggling, in the Baltic provinces. “They are such a timid and cowardly race,” said my informant, “and yet, when detected in the act of smuggling, they will sometimes fight desperately, rather than lose what they have.” Many of them carry on a trade in segars, done up in sealed packages, which you are expected to buy without opening.

The towns through which one passes are built upon one model, and present very little difference in their general features. In the centre is usually a spacious square, which serves as a market place. The shops and Government offices front upon it, and broad streets diverge from the four corners. Most of the houses are one-story, and built of wood, painted red, white or yellow. Standing in the centre of the square, one looks over its low barrier upon some groups of ash, poplar or linden trees, which rise from the gardens beyond, the heavy, half-Asiatic spire of a church, and the sky, whose large, unbroken vault rests upon the circle of the horizon. In summer, when many of the inhabitants are in the fields, the place has a silent, sleepy air, and you are glad to exchange it for the rippling of grain, the shadows of the dark pines, and the smell of blossoming grasses, which await you at its very door.

In the afternoon, we crossed the Bug, the eastern frontier of the *last* kingdom of Poland, although the language is heard as far as the Dnieper, and the Polish *zlots* accepted as currency. Here is an immense fortified camp, adjoining the city of Brzesc. Some hundreds of soldiers were bathing in the stream and washing their clothes at the same time. The fortifications are built of brick, of great extent, but not of remarkable strength. There are also small military stations at intervals along the whole length of the road. The soldiers are employed in keeping in order little ornamenta. gardens attached to the buildings, and these bits of gravel walk, thicket and flower-bed are so many cheerful oases in the long waste of a half-cultivated country.

For more than a hundred and fifty miles, we traversed the swampy region between the Bug and the Dnieper. There is almost an uninterrupted extent of marshy land—varying greatly in breadth, however—from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The streams which form the Dnieper and the Dwina, flowing in contrary directions, are interlaced like the fingers of two clasping hands, so that there is in reality no watershed, but a level plateau, over which the waters go wandering as if in search of some accident to determine their future course. In this region the villages are few and far apart, and the rank, dark woods more frequent. Malignant gnats bit us at night, and huge yellow gall-flies came in swarms by day, to madden our horses and attack ourselves. The country was monotonous as the sea, and so close was the general resemblance between the districts through which we passed, that we seemed to make no headway whatever. Every morning, we opened our eyes on the same landscape, or the same wide, low village, and the same abominable Hebrews. After two or three days of such travel, we hailed the first mole-hill of an elevation with much the same feeling as if it had been Mount Blanc. I could easily understand why the Russian peasants, when they draw a mountain, place its summit among the very stars.

The country, nevertheless, through all Central Russia, is evidently of great fertility, although, under an imperfect system of cultivation, it does not yield half of what it is capable. The same character of soil, in England, would be a garden. What Russia greatly needs is a class of enterprising agriculturists, who would live upon their land.

and devote themselves to its proper development. During the whole journey, I did not notice ten country residences. The road, however, is comparatively new, and the old highway, via Wilna and Smolensk, which it has superseded, no doubt presents a better picture in this respect. Drainage, manuring, and a judicious rotation of crops, would work wonders with such a mellow and bounteous soil. Some travellers speak of the waste and desolate appearance of the Russian plains; the French describe them as a savage wilderness; but they are in fact far more naturally productive than the plains of Northern Germany.

The road to Moscow is not surpassed by any highway in the world. It is macadamized for the whole distance, kept in admirable order, deviates but little from a right line, and, except at some river-crossings, has no grade too heavy for a railroad. Build six or eight bridges and you might lay down the rails upon it, from Warsaw to Moscow. At every verst, there is a post with the distance from both these cities and St. Petersburg, and from the first station on either hand. Each verst, again, is divided into fifths. The station houses are built of brick, and all on the same plan. The house fronts the road, flanked by a high brick wall, through a gate in which you enter a spacious courtyard, surrounded by stables and the dwellings for servants. In the main building, there are three or four clean, well-furnished rooms for travellers, who find everything which they may need except beds. The Russians carry their own bedding with them, and the broad sofas, with leather cushions, make excellent couches. Those who do not take the diligence are obliged to have a *padaroshna*, or Govern

ment order for horses, from post to post, as in Sweden. A foreigner, to travel in this style, must have his own vehicle, and, moreover, must know a little of the language.

On the third morning, we reached the town of Bobruisk, on the Beresina. It was some distance further up the river at the bridge of Borisoff, that the French army met with such a terrible disaster during the retreat from Moscow. The Beresina is now a deep, full, quiet stream, flowing between low, curving banks, on his way to join the Dnieper. Below the town are some beautiful clumps of birch and ash, among which rises the round red mass of a new brick fort. A stalwart soldier, leaning on Crimean crutches, begged of us as we descended to the bridge, and two muscular, clean-limbed grooms stripped, sprang naked upon their horses, and swam them like Tritons in the centre of the river. Three more stations brought us to the Dnieper, at the town of Rogatcheff. Here he is already a strong stream, and the flock of heavy, flat-bottomed barges moored along his banks had no doubt seen the Black Sea. The town is a small but lively place. A stranger is struck with the great width of the streets in all these places, through which they acquire a neat, respectable appearance, in spite of the low houses. The frequency of fires probably gave rise to this method of building, as we passed two villages which were more than half in ashes, where the conflagration had been stopped by the road.

After passing the Dnieper, the marshes cease, and the country becomes slightly undulating—very slightly, indeed, but still perceptible without the aid of a theodolite. The fir is less and less frequent, and the birch increases in the

same proportion, so that before reaching Moscow the forests are almost entirely composed of this delicate, graceful, shivering tree—the scantily-clothed Dryad of the North. Its hues are always cold, and where it abounds one cannot have full faith in summer. The weather, besides, had changed, and in place of the sultry air of Warsaw, we had a strong north wind, with a temperature of only 40° in the mornings. Our overcoats were bearable the whole day, and a thick Scotch plaid was no unwelcome addition at night. Nevertheless, there was little difference in the soil and vegetation, and the silver-headed rye rolled in as rich waves as ever, to break upon the shores of harvest.

On Friday we entered Old Russia—Holy Russia, as it is sometimes called, in the fond veneration of the people. The country became more thickly populated, and from every village rose a picturesque church, white as snow, and crowned with as many bright green domes and spires as its proportions would allow. These gay, graceful structures, towering at intervals above the birchen groves, and sparkling in the sunshine, gave a peculiar charm to the otherwise monotonous landscape. The Jews, with their greasy ringlets, disappeared, Polish money was refused at the stations, and the peasantry showed the pure Russian type, in face and costume. Every man of them wore his beard unshorn, and the commonest visage received a sort of character and dignity thereby. Whenever the diligence stopped, a company of venerable and very dirty figures appeared before us, bowing incessantly with Oriental gravity, and urging their claims to charity in what I have no doubt were very choice and elegant expressions. They were pertinacious, but not clamorous, and it was impossible to look anywhere

within thirty degrees of them, without occasioning new demonstrations of reverence and supplication.

After leaving the streams of the Dnieper and coming upon those of the Oka, whose waters flow with the Volga to the far Caspian Sea, the country can no longer be called a plain. It is rather a rolling prairie, like those of Southern Wisconsin, but with still gentler undulations. Our horses dashed down the gradual descents at a mad gallop, which carried them nearly to the top of the next rise, and we frequently accomplished fifteen versts within the hour. On Saturday morning we breakfasted at Malo Jaroslavitz, where an obelisk has been erected to commemorate Murat's defeat, and in the afternoon reached the lively little town of Podolsk, on the great southern highway from Moscow to Tula and Orel, and further to Odessa and the Crimea. We were now within thirty-five versts of Moscow, which we were anxious to see before dark. Five days and nights of travel had cramped us a little, but we felt capable of as much more upon such a superb road. The sun set upon the silvery birchen forests, and the long swells and slopes of grain. Heavy clouds covered the sky, except along the north, where the lurid yellow twilight moved slowly around towards sunrise, and we were sinking into a wearied sleep, when a long line of dark towers and Oriental domes appeared in the distance, drawn sharp and hard against the angry lustre. This was Moscow! Ere long we descended into the valley of the Moskva, rattled for many and many a verst through gloomy streets, caught a midnight glimpse of the majestic pile of the Kremlin, and after a seemingly endless cruize in a Russian droshky, reached the welcome haven of a good hotel

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MOSCOW.

IT was Madame de Stael, I believe, who, on first seeing Moscow, exclaimed: "*Voilà Rome Tartare!*" This may have been true before the destruction of the ancient city, but it would hardly apply at the present day. In its immense extent Moscow may well rival Rome, as in this respect it is surpassed by no modern capital except London; but, although its Asiatic character is quite as strongly marked as that of Constantinople, it is by no means Tartar. No other city in the world presents so cosmopolitan an aspect. The gilded domes of Lucknow—the pagodas of China—Byzantine churches—Grecian temples—palaces in the style of Versailles—heavy inexpressive German buildings—wooden country cottages—glaring American signs—boulevards, gardens, silent lanes, roaring streets, open markets, Turkish bazaars, French cafés, German beer cellars, and Chinese tea-houses—all are found here, not grouped exclusively into separate cantons, but mixed and jumbled together, until Europe and Asia, the Past and

Present, the Old World and the New, are so blended and confounded, that it is impossible to say which predominates. Another city so bizarre and so picturesque as Moscow does not exist. To call it Russian would be too narrow a distinction: it suggests the world.

Its position, near the imaginary line where one continent is merged into the other, accounts for this. The waters of the Moskva seek an Asiatic Sea, yet the nearest ports of the city are those of Central Europe. Its fibres of commerce branch eastward across the Tartar steppes to Mongolia and China: southward to Samarcand and Bokhara, to Cashmere and Persia; northward to Archangel and the Polar Ocean; and on the west, to all the rest of Europe. The race who founded it came from the south-east, and brought with them the minaret and the swelling Oriental dome, the love of gilding and glaring colors; its religion came from Constantinople, with the Byzantine pillar and the Greek cross; and the founder of Russian power learned his trade in the West. On every one of its thousand spires and domes glitters the crescent (as a token that they were once in the hands of the Tartars), but now surmounted by the triumphant cross. At its southern end the muezzin calls to prayer from the roof of his mosque, while at the northern, the whistle of the locomotive announces the departure of the train for St. Petersburg.

When you overlook the city from an elevated point, it loses nothing of its originality in the broader compass of your vision. On the contrary, many clashing impressions naturally arising from the incongruity of its features, are forgotten, and the vast, dazzling panorama assumes a grand

dramatic character. It is an immense show, gotten up for a temporary effect, and you can scarcely believe that it may not be taken to pieces and removed as soon as its purpose has been attained. Whence this array of grass-green roofs, out of which rise by hundreds spires and towers stranger and more fantastic than ever were builded in a mad architect's dream? Whence these gilded and silvered domes, which blind your eyes with reflected suns, and seem to dance and totter in their own splendor, as you move? It can be no city of trade and government, of pleasure and scandal, of crime and religion, which you look upon; it was built when the Arabian Nights were true, and the Prince of the Hundred Islands reigns in its central palace.

And yet there are few cities in Europe (Berlin excepted) which have not greater advantages of position than Moscow. Accident or whim seems to have suggested the choice of the site to its founders. The little Moskva is not navigable in summer for steamers drawing eighteen inches of water. It is an insignificant tributary, not of the Volga, but of the Oka, which falls into the Volga at Nijni-Novgorod, and here is the spot pointed at by Nature for the commercial emporium of Central Russia and Western Asia. But in the days of Vladimir, this point was too near the Tartars, and though Peter the Great at one time seriously designed to make it his capital, his rivalry with Sweden, and his desire to approach Europe rather than Asia, finally prevailed, and St. Petersburg arose from the Finland swamps. Moscow, since then, has lost the rank and advantages of a capital, although it continues to be

the Holy City of the Russians, and the favorite residence of many of the ancient noble families. The rapid growth of the manufacturing interest in this part of Russia has recently given it a start, but its growth is slow, and its population (350,000) is probably not much greater than in the days of Ivan or Michael Romanoff.

The Moskva, in passing through the city, divides it into two unequal parts, about three-fourths occupying the northern bank and one-fourth the southern. The river is so tortuous that it may be said to flow toward all points of the compass before reaching the Kremlin, whence its course is eastward toward the Oka. In the centre, and rising directly from the water, is the isolated hill of the Kremlin, a natural mound, about a mile in circumference, and less than a hundred feet in height. On either side of it, the northern bank ascends very gradually for the distance of a mile or more, where it melts into the long undulations of the country. On the southern side of the Moskva, at the south-western extremity of the city, are the Sparrow Hills, which, running nearly due east and west, form a chord to the great winding curve of the river, and inclose the whole southern portion of Moscow, which is built on the level bottom between it and their bases. These hills are steep and abrupt on the northern side, and though rising less than two hundred feet above the water, overtop every other elevation, far and near. Every stranger who wishes to see the panorama of Moscow should first mount the tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin, and then make an excursion to the Sparrow Hills.

The conflagration of 1812, though, with the exception of

the *Kitai Gorod*, or Chinese City, which wholly escaped, it left scarcely fifty houses standing, contributed very little to modernize the aspect of Moscow. A few of the principal streets were widened, and two concentric circles of boulevards introduced in the restoration of the city, but most of the old streets and lanes were rebuilt on the same plan, and in much the same character as before. Inside the outer boulevard, which embraces the business portion of the city, the houses are almost exclusively of brick, covered with stucco, and painted yellow, light blue, pink, or pale red. Outside of it, for many a verst, stretch the rows of private residences, interspersed with garden plots, while the outskirts are made up of the houses of the poorer classes, one-story cottages of boards or logs, gaudily painted, as in the country villages. Many of the better dwellings are also of wood, which material is recommended both by its cheapness and comfort. Stone is scarce and dear, and there does not seem to be sufficient to pave the streets properly. A shallow bed of small cobble-stones, so lightly rolled that it soon becomes uneven, jolts the life out of you, even in summer, but in the spring it is said to be far worse.

The diameter of the city, from north to south, cannot be less than eight miles, while its circumference will fall little short of twenty-five. Its low houses, broad, rambling streets, large interior courts, market-places, and gardens, account for this extent. It is truly a city of magnificent distances, and its people have their own peculiar ideas of what is near and what is far. I was greatly taken in until I discovered this fact. "Close at hand" proved to be a

mile off, and when one man says of another, "We are neighbors," you may depend that they live an hour's walk apart. Another difficulty is, there are so few right lines, that it is next to impossible to go directly from one given point to another. Your course is either a right angle, semicircle, an elliptical curve, or the letter S. I have had considerable practice in *orientiren*, but have never yet had so much trouble to learn the topography of a town. It is full of those scarcely perceptible curves and deflections which gradually carry you out of your direction, while you imagine you are going straight ahead. If you have ever tried to trundle a wheelbarrow to a mark blindfold, you will know how easily one may be baffled in this way.

Just this circumstance, however, prolongs the impression of novelty, which, to an old traveller like myself, is a rare charm. There are reminiscences from all parts of the world which I have already seen, but, in addition, a stamp and character of picturesque incongruity entirely peculiar to Moscow. But two streets—the *Twerskaia Oulitza*, leading from the Kremlin towards the St. Petersburg gate, and the *Kuznetskoi Most*, or Smiths' Bridge—have a busy metropolitan aspect, and preserve the same character throughout their whole extent; the others are full of transformations and surprises. You pass between palaces, with lofty porticos, and find yourself in a country village; still further, you enter a thronged market-place; beyond are churches with blue domes, bespangled with golden stars; then rows of shops, displaying fashionable European goods and wares. These cease suddenly, and you are in the midst of gardens, but not a hundred paces from their green seclusion you find

yourself in the bustle of an Oriental bazaar. In Moscow no man, except an old inhabitant, knows what a street may bring forth.

The population, also, exhibits a corresponding diversity. The European gentlemen, with cylinder hats and tight kid gloves, do not appear more out of place under those crescent-tipped domes of gold than the sallow Persians and silken-robed Armenians beside yonder French palace. The Russian peasant, with his thick brown beard, red shirt, and wide trowsers stuck into his boots, elbows you on the narrow sidewalk. After him comes a lady, with the smallest of bonnets and the largest of crinolines, respectfully followed by a man-servant, whose presence attests her respectability. Alone, she would be subject to suspicion. A fair Circassian, with blue eyes and the build of an Adonis, next meets you; then, perhaps, a Tartar in his round cap of black lamb's wool, or a Chinese, resembling a faulty image of yellow clay, cast aside before the true Adam was made; then European bagmen, smirking and impertinent; a Russian nurse, with a head-dress like the spread tail of a red peacock; a priest in flowing hair and black cassock; a money-changer, whose beardless face proclaims his neuter gender: a company of *istvostchiks* (hackmen) in squat black hats and long blue caftans; officers in the imperial uniform; firemen in gilded helmets, saintly old beggars, children in natural costume, fallen women, gypsies, cossack—all succeed each other in endless and ever-changing procession.

The best point for a bird's-eye view of the city is from the tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin. This is a belfry

200 feet high, surmounted by a golden dome. When you have passed the Tzar Kolokol, or King of Bells, which rests on a granite pedestal at its base, and have climbed through some half a dozen bell chambers to the upper gallery, you see nearly the whole of Moscow—for the northern part goes beyond your horizon. On all other sides it stretches far, far away, leaving only a narrow ring of dark-green woods between it and the sky. The Moskva twists like a wounded snake at your feet, his little stream almost swallowed up in the immense sea of the pale-green roofs. This vast green ring is checkered with the pink and yellow fronts of the buildings which rise above the general level, while all over it, far and near, singly or in clusters, shoot up the painted, reed-like towers, and open to the day the golden and silver blossoms of their domes. How the sun flashes back, angrily or triumphantly, from the dazzling hemispheres, until this northern capital shines in more than tropic fire! What a blaze, and brilliance, and rainbow variegation under this pale-blue sky!

The view from the Sparrow Hills is still more beautiful. You are inclosed with a belt of birch and pine woods. Under you the river reflects the sky, and beyond it sweep blossoming meadows up to the suburban gardens, over which rises the long line of the gilded city, whose nearest domes seem to flash in your very face, and whose farthest towers fade against the sky. Their long array fills one-third of the horizon. I counted between five and six hundred, one-third of which were either gilded or silvered. The dome of the new cathedral, as large as that of St. Paul's, London, burned in the centre like a globe of flame—

like the sun itself, with stars and constellations sparkling around it far and wide. From this point the advanced guard of Napoleon's army first saw Moscow—a vast, silent, glittering city, fired by the sunset, and with the seeds of a more awful splendor in its heart. No wonder that the soldiers stood still, by a spontaneous impulse, grounded their arms, and exclaimed, as one man: “Moscow! Moscow!”

I saw this wonderful picture on a still sultry, afternoon. The woods and meadows, the thousand towers of the city, were bathed in bright sunshine; but beyond the latter lowered, black as ink, a pile of thunder-clouds. The threatening background rose, letting fall a shifting curtain of dark gray, from the feet of which whirled clouds of tawny dust, veiling the splendor of the distant domes. As the storm advanced, columns of dust arose, here and there, all over the city; a shadow, as of night, crept across it, leaving only the nearer spires to blaze with double splendor against the black chaos. Presently the more distant portions of the city were blotted out. The brighter towers remained for a time visible, shining spectrally through the falling cloud, and seeming to be removed far back into the depths of the atmosphere. The sound of hail and rain, crashing on the metal roofs, reached our ears; the last golden dome stood yet a moment in the sunshine, and then everything swam in a chaos of dust and storm. So veil by veil fell over the magical scene, and as the whirlwind reached us, a void, black and impenetrable, hid it from our eyes. We had again witnessed the destruction of Moscow

CHAPTER XXX.

THE KREMLIN.

IF Moscow is the Mecca of the Russians, the Kremlin is its Kaaba. Within its ancient walls is gathered all that is holiest in religion or most cherished in historical tradition. Kiev and Novgorod retain but a dim halo of their former sanctity; their glory lies wholly in the Past. The kingdoms of which they were the centres had ceased to exist before the foundation of Russian power. On the hill of the Kremlin was first planted that mighty tree whose branches now overshadow two Continents. The fact that Tartar, Swede, and Frenchman have laid their axes at its very root, without being able to lop off a single bough, though the world awaited its fall, only endears this spot the more to the Russian people, and strengthens their superstitious faith in the Divine protection vouchsafed to it. The Tartar planted his crescent on its holy spires, and there it still glitters, but *under* the conquering cross. Napoleon housed in its ancient palace, and a thousand of his cannon are now piled in the court-yard. Its very gates are pro

tected by miracles, and the peasant from a distant province enters them with much the same feeling as a Jewish pilgrim enters the long-lost City of Zion.

The Kremlin hill stands very nearly in the centre of the city. It is triangular in form, the longest side facing the Moskva, about a mile in circumference and somewhat less than a hundred feet in height. Adjoining it on the east is the *Kitai Gorod* (Chinese City), still inclosed within its ancient walls. The original walls of the Kremlin were built by Demetrius Donskoi, in the fourteenth century, and though frequently repaired, if not wholly rebuilt, since that time, they still retain their ancient character. Rising directly from the Moskva, at the foot of the hill, on the southern side, they climb it at either end, and crown it on the north. Thus, when you stand on the opposite bank of the river, you see before you the long notched wall, interrupted with picturesque Tartar towers, like an antique frame to the green slope of the hill, whose level top bears aloft its crown of palaces, churches, and towers. This is the only general view one gets of the Kremlin, although its clustered golden domes are visible from almost every part of the city. There was formerly a lake-like moat around the northern side of the hill; but Alexander I. drained and planted it, and it is now a pleasant garden.

The main entrance is at the north-eastern angle, through a double-towered portal, called the Sunday Gate. As I propose acting as a *valet de place* for my fellow-traveller-readers, I shall describe to them the notable sights of the Kremlin, in the order in which they meet us. We shall not enter, therefore, without pausing a moment before this

gate, to inspect more closely a little chapel, or rather shrine, built against the wall, between two archways. Before the shrine is a platform, thronged with a bare-headed crowd, whose heads are continually bobbing up and down as they cross themselves. Every one who passes, going in or out, does the same, and many an officer, grave citizen or resplendent lady descends from the droshky, presses through the throng, and falls on his or her knees before the holy picture inside the sanctuary. We press in, among hackmen, beggars, merchants, and high officials, all so intent on their manipulations that they do not even see us, and finally reach a niche lighted with silver lamps, before a screen dazzling with gold, silver, and precious stones. A high-born lady in silk and lace, and a lousy-bearded serf are kneeling side by side, and kissing with passionate devotion the glass cover over a Byzantine mother and child, of dark mulatto complexion, whose hands and faces alone are visible through the gilded and jeweled mantles. This is the "Iberian Mother of God"—a miraculous picture, which, after working wonders on Georgia and on Mount Athos, has for the last two hundred years been the protectress of the Moscovites. Her aid is invoked by high and low, in all the circumstances of life, and I doubt whether any other shrine in the world is the witness of such general and so much real devotion.

Once within the Sunday Gate, we see before us the long *Krasnoi Ploshad*, or Red Square stretching southward to the bank of the Moskva. Close on our right towers the gray wall of the Kremlin—for, although on the hill, we are not yet fairly within the sacred citadel—while on the left,

parallel to it, is the long, low front of the *Gostinnoi Dvor*, or Great Bazaar. In the centre of the square is a bronze monument to Minin and Pojarski, the Russian heroes, who in 1610 aroused the people, stormed Moscow, and drove out Vladislav of Poland, who had been called to the throne by the Boyards. But for this act the relative destiny of the two powers might have been reversed. The Russians, therefore, deservedly honor the memory of the sturdy butcher of Nijni Novgorod, who, like the Roman Ciceronaccio, seems to have been the master-spirit of the Revolution. He is represented as addressing Pojarski, the General, who sits before him, listening, one hand on his sword. The figures are colossal, and full of fire and vigor. A short distance beyond this monument is a small circular platform of masonry, which is said to have been a throne, or public judgment-seat, of the early Tzars.

Proceeding down the square to its southern extremity, we halt at last before the most astonishing structure our eyes have ever beheld. What is it?—a church, a pavilion, or an immense toy? All the colors of the rainbow, all the forms and combinations which straight and curved lines can produce, are here compounded. It seems to be the product of some architectural kaleidoscope, in which the most incongruous things assume a certain order and system, for surely such another bewildering pile does not exist. It is not beautiful, for Beauty requires at least a suggestion of symmetry, and here the idea of proportion or adaptation is wholly lost. Neither is the effect offensive, because the maze of colors, in which red, green, and gold, predominate, attracts, and cajoles the eye. The purposed incongruity of

the building is seen in the minutest details, and where there is an accidental resemblance in form, it is balanced by a difference in color.

This is the Cathedral of St. Basil, built during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who is said to have been so charmed with the work, that he caused the eyes of the architect to be blinded, to prevent him from ever building another such. The same story, however, is told of various buildings, clocks, and pieces of mechanism, in Europe, and is doubtless false. Examining the Cathedral more closely, we find it to be an agglomeration of towers, no two of which are alike, either in height, shape, or any other particular. Some are round, some square, some hexagonal, some octagonal: one ends in a pyramidal spire, another in a cone, and others in bulging domes of the most fantastic pattern—twisted in spiral bands of yellow and green like an ancient Moslem turban, vertically ribbed with green and silver, checkered with squares of blue and gold, covered with knobbed scales, like a pine-cone, or with overlapping leaves of crimson, purple, gold, and green. Between the bases of the towers galleries are introduced, which, again, differ in style and ornament as much as the towers themselves. The interior walls are covered with a grotesque maze of painting, consisting of flower-pots, thistles, roses, vines, birds, beasts, and scroll-work, twined together in inextricable confusion, as we often see in Byzantine capitals and friezes.

The interior of the Cathedral is no less curious than the outside. Every tower incloses a chapel, so that twelve or fifteen saints here have their shrines under one roof, yet

enjoy the tapers, the incense, and the prayers of their worshippers in private, no one interfering with the other. The chapels, owing to their narrow bases and great height, resemble flues. Their sides are covered with sacred frescoes, and all manner of ornamental painting on a golden ground, and as you look up the diminishing shaft, the colossal face of Christ, the Virgin, or the protecting Saint, stares down upon you from the hollow of the capping dome. The central tower is one hundred and twenty feet high, while the diameter of the chapel inside it cannot be more than thirty feet at the base. I cannot better describe this singular structure than by calling it the Apotheosis of Chimneys.

Let us now turn back a few steps, and pass through the Kremlin wall by the *Spass Vorota*, or Gate of the Redeemer. This is even more peculiarly sacred than the chapel of the Iberian Mother. Over the hollow arch hangs a picture of the Saviour, which looks with benignity upon the Russians, but breathes fire and thunder upon their foes. The Tartars, so says tradition, have been driven back again and again from this gate by miraculous resistance, and, though the French entered at last, all their attempts to blow it up were in vain. The other entrance, the Gate of St. Nicholas has also its picture, but of lesser sanctity. Here the French succeeded in cracking the arch, as far as the picture-frame, where the rent suddenly stopped. No man dare pass through the Gate of the Redeemer without uncovering his head—not even the Emperor. The common Russians commence at twenty paces off, and very few of them pass through the Red Square, on their way to and from the Moskva, without turning towards the Gate,

bowing, and crossing themselves. This is not the only shrine in Moscow whose holiness irradiates a wide circle around it. I have frequently seen men performing their devotions in the market-place or the middle of the street, and, by following the direction of their eyes, have discovered at a considerable distance, the object of reverence.

At last we tread the paved court of the Kremlin. Before us rises the tower of Ivan Veliki, whose massive, sturdy walls seem to groan under its load of monster bells. Beyond it are the Cathedral of St. Michael, the Church of the Assumption, and the ancient church of the Tzars, all crowded with tiaras of gilded domes. To the right rises another cluster of dark-blue, pear-shaped domes, over the House of the Holy Synod, while the new Palace (Granovitaya Palata), with its heavy French front and wings, above which

“The light aerial gallery, golden-railed,
Burns like a fringe of fire,”

fills up the background. The Tartar towers of the Kremlin wall shoot up, on our left, from under the edge of the platform whereon we stand, and away and beyond them glitters the southern part of the wonderful city—a vast semicircle of red, green, and gold. I know not when this picture is most beautiful—when it blinds you in the glare of sunshine, when the shadows of clouds soften its piercing colors and extinguish half its reflected fires, when evening wraps it in a violet mist, repainting it with sober tints, or when it lies pale and gray, yet sprinkled with points of silver light, under the midnight moon.

At the foot of the tower stands on a granite pedestal the

Tzar Kolokol, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1730, but was broken seven years afterward, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over 21 feet in height, 22 feet in diameter at the bottom, weighs 120 tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it is \$1,500,000. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell cast more than a century before the *Tzar Kolokol*, and weighing 64 tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from 36 tons to a thousand pounds: some of them are one-third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.

The Empress Anne seems to have had a fondness for monster castings. Turning to the right into an adjoining courtyard, we behold a tremendous piece of artillery, familiarly known as the "pocket-piece" of this Tzarina. The diameter of the bore is three feet, but it is evident that the gun

never could have been used. It was no doubt made for show, from the bronze of captured cannon. In the same court are arranged the spoils of 1812, consisting of nearly a thousand cannon, French and German. They are mostly small field pieces, and hence make but little display, in spite of their number. The Turkish and Persian guns, some of which are highly ornamented, occupy the opposite side of the court, and are much the finest of all the trophies here.

We will now enter the churches in the palace court. They are but of modern dimensions, and very plain, outwardly, except in their crowns of far-shining golden domes. Undoubtedly they were once painted in the style of the Cathedral of St. Basil, but the rainbow frescoes are now covered with a uniform coat of whitewash. One is therefore all the more dazzled by the pomp and glare of the interior. The walls, the five domes, resting on four tall pillars at their intersections, the pillars themselves, everything but the floor, is covered with a coating of flashing gold; the *ikonostast*, or screen before the Holy of Holies, is of gilded silver and rises to the roof; the altars are of massive silver, and the shrine-pictures are set in a blaze of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. A multitude of saints are painted on the walls, and seem to float in a golden sky. And not saints alone, but—strange to say—classic philosophers and historians. Thucydides and Plutarch, in company with Sts. Anthony and Jerome! There are said to be 2,300 figures in this church, which is much more than the number of worshippers who can find place within it. I have been there on Sunday, when it was thronged, and really there

was less diversity of visage, costume, and character among the pictures above than among the human beings below. It was a wonderful crowd! I could have picked out the representatives of fifty nations and the facial stamp of three centuries. The singing was sublime. The choir was unseen, behind the silver screen, and the sweetness and purity of the boy sopranos swelled and sank like a chorus of angels heard through the fitful gusts of a storm. Devotional music nowhere receives such glorious expression as in the Russian churches.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, but a few paces distant from that of the Assumption, resembles it in its internal structure. It is more dimly lighted, however, the gold is not so glaring, and, in place of the army of saints, there are large frescoes of Heaven, Hell, Judgment, &c. On the floor, arranged in rows, are the sarcophagi of the early Tzars, from Ivan I. to Alexis, father of Peter the Great. They are covered with dusty, mouldering palls of cloth or velvet, each one inscribed with his name. In the middle of the church in a splendid silver coffin, is the body of a boy seven or eight years of age, which is universally believed to be that of the young Demetrius, the last prince of the race of Rurik, who was put to death by Boris Gudonoff. The lid of the coffin is open, and on the inner side is a portrait of the boy, in a frame of massive gold studded with jewels. The body is wrapped in cloth of gold, and a cushion covers the face. The attendant priest was about to remove this cushion, when our guide whispered to me, "You are expected to kiss the forehead," and I turned away. These relics are ranked among the holiest

in Moscow, and are most devoutly worshipped, although it is by no means certain that they belong to the true Demetrius.

Close at hand is the House of the Holy Synod, and as we are accompanied by our obliging Consul, Col. Claxton, to whom all doors are open, we are admitted into the sanctuary where are preserved the robes worn by Russian Patriarchs during the last six hundred years, as well as the silver jars containing the sacred oil, used for solemn sacraments throughout the whole Empire. The robes are of the heaviest silk, inwoven with gold and silver thread, and so sown with jewels that they would stand stiff upright with their own richness. The Patriarchs seem to have had an especial fondness for pearls, of which, in some instances, the embroidered figures are entirely composed. In strong contrast to these dazzling vestments are the coarse brown hat and mantle of the Patriarch Nichon. The holy oil is preserved in thirty-three jars, which, as well as the larger vessels used in preparing it, are of massive silver. About two gallons a year are necessary to supply Russia. The council hall of the Holy Synod is in the same building. It is evidently the ancient place of assembly—a long low room, with sacred frescoes on a golden ground, and raised seats along the wall for the principal personages.

Let us now turn from the sacred to the secular sights of the Kremlin, although some of the latter are not less sacred, to Russian eyes. The palace doors open to the special permit presented by Col. Claxton, and we ascend the broad, noble staircase. The plain exterior of the building gives no hint of the splendors within. I have seen all the palaces

of Europe (with the exception of the Escorial), but I can not recall one in which the highest possible magnificence is so subservient to good taste, as here. Inlaid floors, of such beautiful design and such precious wood, that you tread upon them with regret; capitals, cornices, and ceiling-soffits of gold; walls overlaid with fluted silk; giant candelabra of silver and malachite, and the soft gleam of many-tinted marbles, combine to make this a truly Imperial residence. The grand hall of St. George, all in white and gold, is literally incrustated with ornamented carved-work; that of St. Alexander Nevsky is sumptuous in blue and gold; of St. Wladimar in crimson and gold; while in that of St. Elizabeth, the walls are not only overlaid with gold, and the furniture of massive silver, but in the centre of every door is a Maltese cross, formed of the largest diamonds! The eye does not tire of this unwonted splendor, nor does it seem difficult to dwell even in such dazzling halls. In a lower story is the banqueting-hall, hung with crimson velvet, studded with golden eagles. Here the Emperor feasts with his nobles on the day of coronation—the only occasion on which it is used.

The dwelling rooms are fitted up with equal magnificence, except those occupied by the Emperor himself, in which the furniture is very plain and serviceable. In some of these rooms we found everything topsy-turvy. Officers were busy in taking an inventory of the furniture, even to the smallest articles, in order that a stop may be put to the wholesale plunder which has been carried on in the imperial household, since the death of Peter the Great. The dishonesty of Russian officials is a matter of universal noto

riety, and Alexander II. is doing his part to check and punish it. He has not been the slightest sufferer. During the coronation, 40,000 lamps were bought for the illumination of the Kremlin, and now, not one is to be found! Thousands of yards of crimson cloth, furnished on the same occasion, have disappeared, and enormous charges appear in the bills for articles which were never bought at all. All Moscow was laughing over one of these discoveries, which is too amusing not to tell, although I may offend strict ideas of propriety in relating it. In the suite of the Empress were fifty chosen Ladies of Honor, who, of course, were lodged and entertained at the Imperial expense. When the bills came to be settled it was found that, in furnishing the bed-chambers of these fifty ladies, 4,500 utensils of a useful character had been purchased, or no less than *ninety* apiece!

A part of the ancient Palace of the Tzars—all that was left by fire and Frenchmen—forms the rear wing of the building. It is very much in the style of the Cathedral of St. Basil—irregular, fantastic, and covered with a painted tangle of scrolls, vines, flowers, and birds. The apartments of the Tzarina and children, the private chapel, audience-room, and *terema* or inclosed balcony, are still quite perfect. From the latter, it is said, Napoleon watched the progress of the fire, the night after his arrival in Moscow. On the ancient tables stand the treasure-chests of the Tzar Alexis—five large boxes of massive gold, covered with inscriptions in the old Slavonian character. If such were the chests, what must have been the treasure? But really, before one gets through with the Kremlin, gold and jewels

become drugs. You still delight in their blaze and beauty, but you cease to be impressed by their value.

This warns me that the words, too, in which I have been endeavoring to describe these things, may at last lose their color and force, from sheer repetition. I shall therefore barely mention the last, and perhaps the most interesting sight of all—The Treasury. I know no historical museum in Europe of such magnificence, although there may be others more technically complete. Here, crowns and thrones are as plenty as mineralogical specimens elsewhere. In one hall are the jewelled thrones of Ivan III., Boris Gudonoff, Michael Romanoff, Peter the Great and his brother, and of Poland; while between them, each resting on a crimson cushion, on its separate pillar, are the crowns of those monarchs, and of the subject kingdoms of Siberia, Poland, Kazan, Novgorod, and the Crimea. In another case is the sceptre of Poland, broken in the centre, and the Constitution of that ill-fated country lies in a box at the feet of Alexander I's portrait. There are also the litter of Charles XII., taken at Pultava; the heavy jack-boots of the great Peter; the jewelled horse-trappings of Catharine II., her equestrian portrait in male attire (and a gallant, dashing, strapping cavalier she is!), the helmet of Michael Romanoff—curiously enough, with an Arabic sentence over the brow—and a superb collection of arms, armor, military trappings, golden and silver vessels, and antique jewelry. A lower room contains the imperial coaches and sleds, for nearly two centuries back.

Can you wonder now, even after the little I have found room to say, that the Kremlin is looked upon by the Russian people with fond and faithful veneration?

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISIT TO THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

It was a pleasant change to me to turn my eyes, dazzled by the splendors of the Kremlin, upon an edifice which has neither gold nor jewels to show, but which illustrates the patriarchal, or rather *paternal*, character of the Russian Government, on the grandest scale. This is the *Vospitatelni Dom*, or Foundling Hospital—but the title conveys no idea of the extent and completeness of this imperial charity. There are similar institutions in Paris, Stockholm, Vienna, and other cities, on a much more contracted scale. Our New York asylum for children, on Randall's Island, though a most beneficent establishment, is still more limited in its operations than the latter. In Russia the Foundling Hospital is characterized by some peculiar and very interesting features, which deserve to be generally known, as they are intimately connected with one of those tender moral questions *our* civilization is afraid to handle.

In every general view of Moscow, the eye is struck by an immense quadrangular building, or collection of build

mgs, on the northern bank of the Moskva, directly east of the Kremlin. The white front towers high over all the neighboring part of the city, and quite eclipses, in its imposing appearance, every palace, church, military barrack, or other public building whatever. It cannot be much less than a thousand feet in length, and, at a venture, I should estimate its size at three times that of the Capitol at Washington. The Governorship of this institution is only second in importance to that of the city itself, and is always conferred upon a nobleman of distinguished rank and attainments. The importance of the post may be estimated when I state that the annual expenses of the hospital amount to \$5,000,000. A portion of the Government revenues are set aside for this purpose, in addition to which successive Tzars, as well as private individuals, have richly endowed it. The entire property devoted to the support, maintenance, and education of foundlings in Russia, is said to amount to the enormous sum of five hundred millions of dollars.

This stupendous institution was founded by Catharine II., immediately after her accession to the throne in 1762. Eight years afterwards, she established a branch at St. Petersburg, which has now outgrown the parent concern, and is conducted on a still more magnificent scale. The original design appears to have been to furnish an asylum for illegitimate children and destitute orphans. A lying-in hospital was connected with it, so that nothing might be left undone to suppress crime and misery in a humane and charitable way. The plan, however, was soon enlarged so as to embrace *all* children who might be offered, without

question or stipulation, the parents, naturally, giving up their offspring to the service of the Government which had reared them. Russia offers herself as midwife, wet-nurse, mother, and teacher, to every new soul for whom there is no place among the homes of her people, and nobly and conscientiously does she discharge her self-imposed duty. She not only takes no life (capital punishment, I believe, does not exist), but she saves thousands annually. She, therefore, autocracy as she is, practically carries into effect one of the first articles of the ultra-socialistic code.

Through Col. Claxton's kindness, I obtained permission to visit the Foundling Hospital. We were received by the Superintendent, a lively intelligent gentleman, with half a dozen orders at his button-hole. Before conducting us through the building, he stated that we would see it to less advantage than usual, all the children being in the country for the summer, with the exception of those which had been received during the last few weeks. There is a large village about thirty versts from Moscow, whose inhabitants devote themselves entirely to the bringing up of these foundlings. We first entered a wing of the building, appropriated to the orphan children of officers. There were then one thousand two hundred in the institution, but all of them, with the exception of the sucklings, were enjoying their summer holidays in the country. It was the hour for their mid-day nap, and in the large, airy halls lay a hundred and fifty babes, each in its little white cot, covered with curtains of fine gauze. Only one whimpered a little; all the others slept quietly. The apartments were in the highest possible state of neatness, and the nurses,

who stood silently, with hands folded on their breasts, bowing as we passed, were also remarkably neat in person.

These children enjoy some privileges over the foundlings and poorer orphans. The boys are taught some practical science or profession, and not unfrequently receive places as officers in the army. The girls receive an excellent education, including music and modern languages, and become teachers or governesses. As the larger children were all absent, I could form no idea of the manner of their instruction, except from an inspection of the school and class rooms, the appearance of which gave a good report. The Superintendents and Teachers are particularly required to watch the signs of any decided talent in the children, and, where such appears to develop it in the proper direction. Thus, excellent musicians, actors, painters, engineers, and mechanics of various kinds, have been produced, and the poor and nameless children of Russia have risen to wealth and distinction.

On our way to the Hospital proper, we passed through the Church, which is as cheerful and beautiful a place of devotion as I had seen since leaving the Parthenon. The walls are of scagliola, peach-blossom color, brightened, but not overloaded with golden ornaments. The dome, well painted in fresco, rests on pillars of the same material, and the tall altar screen, though gilded, is not glaring, nor are the Saints abnormal creatures, whose like is not to be found in Heaven or Earth. The *prestol*, or inmost shrine, stands under a dome, whose inner side contains a choral circle of lovely blonde-haired angels, floating in a blue, starry sky. All parts of the vast building are most substantially and

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carefully constructed. The walls are of brick or stone, the floors of marble or glazed tiles in the corridors, and the stair-cases of iron. The courts inclose garden-plots, radiant with flowers. The arrangements for heating and ventilation are admirable. With such care, one would think that a naturally healthy child would be as sure to live as a sound egg to be hatched in the Egyptian ovens.

We passed through hall after hall, filled with rows of little white cots, beside each of which stood a nurse, either watching her sleeping charge, or gently rocking it in her arms. Twelve hundred nurses and twelve hundred babies! This is homoculture on a large scale. Not all the plants would thrive; some helpless little ones would perhaps that day give up the unequal struggle, and, before men and women are produced from the crop there sown, the number will be diminished by one-third. The condition in which they arrive, often brought from a long distance, in rough weather, accounts for the mortality. When we consider, however, that the deaths, both in Moscow and St. Petersburg, annually exceed the births, it is evident that the Government takes better care of its children than do the parents themselves. Of the babies we saw, seven had been brought in on the day of our visit, up to the time of our arrival, and fourteen the previous day. The nurses were stout, healthy, ugly women, varying from twenty to forty years of age. They all wore the national costume—a dress bordered with scarlet, white apron, and a large, fan-shaped head-dress of white and red. In every hall there was a lady-like, intelligent overseeress. In spite of the multitude of babies, there was very little noise, and the

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most nervous old bachelor might have gone the round without once having his teeth set on edge.

The superintendent then conducted us to the office or agency, on the lower story, where the children are received. The number of clerks and desks, and the library of records showed the extent of the business done. I looked over a report of the operations of the institution, from its foundation to the present time. The number of children confided to its care has increased from a few hundred in 1762 to 14,000 in 1857. Since the commencement of the year (Jan. 13, O. S.) 6,032 had arrived. The entire number received in ninety-six years is 330,000, to which may be added 60,000 more, born in the lying-in hospital during the same period—making 390,000 in all. The Petersburg branch affords still larger returns, so that at present 30,000 children are annually given into the care of the Government. A very large proportion of them are the offspring of poor married people, in all parts of the country. As the children may afterward be reclaimed, on certain conditions, and are in any case assured of as fortunate a lot, at least, as would have been theirs at home, the parents are the more easily led to take advantage of this charity. The child is taken without question, and therefore no reliable statistics of the public morality can be obtained from this source.

The office is kept open night and day, and no living child which is offered can be refused. The only question asked is, whether it has been baptized. If not, the ceremony is immediately performed in an adjoining room, by a priest connected with the institution, one of the oldest nurses, generally, acting as godmother. Its name and number are

then entered in the official book, a card containing them and the date of its arrival is attached to its neck, and another given to the mother, so that it may afterwards be identified and reclaimed. Very frequently, the mother is allowed to become its nurse, in which case she receives pay like the other nurses. After six weeks or two months in the institution, it is sent into the country, where it remains until old enough to receive instruction. The regular nurses are paid at the rate of about \$50 a year, in addition to their board and lodging. If the parents pay a sum equal to \$25 on the deposition of the infant, they are entitled to have it brought up exclusively within the walls of the institution, where it is more carefully attended to than elsewhere. The payment of \$200 procures for it, if a boy, the rank of an officer. The parents are allowed to see their children at stated times, and many of them take advantage of this permission. The greater part, however, live in the provinces, and virtually give up their children to the State; though it is always possible by consulting the Hospital directory, to find where the latter are, and to recover them.

In the lying-in hospital, all women are received who apply. They are allowed to enter one month before their confinement, and to remain afterwards until their health is entirely restored. Those who wish to be unknown are concealed by a curtain which falls across the middle of the bed, so that their faces are never seen. Besides this, no one is allowed to enter the hospital except the persons actually employed within it. The late Emperor, even, respected its privacy, and at once gave up his desire to enter, on the representations of the Governor. The arrange

ments are said to be so excellent that not only poor married women, but many who are quite above the necessity of such a charity, take advantage of it. In this case, also, the number of children brought forth is no evidence as to the proportion of illegitimate births. It is not obligatory upon the mother to leave her child in the hospital; she may take it with her if she chooses, but it will of course be received, if offered.

Besides the soldiers, common mechanics, and factory girls, which the children of merely ordinary capacity become, the Government has, of late years, established many of them as farmers and colonists on the uncultivated crown lands. They are mated, married, and comfortably settle in villages, where, in addition to their agricultural labors, they frequently take charge of a younger generation of foundlings. I have seen some of these villages where the houses were all neat Swiss cottages, under the projecting eaves of which the families sat in the mild evening air, while groups of sprightly children, too nearly of an age to belong to the occupants, sported before them. The people looked happy and prosperous. If there is a patriotic peasantry on earth, they should certainly belong to it. They are, in the fullest sense of the term, children of their country.

The St. Petersburg Hospital, though in the heart of the city, covers, with its dependencies, twenty-eight acres of ground. Upwards of five hundred teachers are employed many of them on very high salaries. The number of nurses, servants, and other persons employed in the establishment, amounts to upward of five thousand. The boys

and girls, both there and in Moscow, are taught separately. The cost of their education, alone, is more than \$1,000,000 annually. In a word, Russia spends on her orphans and castaways as much as the entire revenues of Sweden, Norway, and Greece.

Let us not be so dazzled, however, by the splendid liberality of this charity, as to lose sight of the moral question which it involves. No other nation has yet instituted such a system; few other governments would dare do it at present. What effect has it had on public morals? It has existed for nearly a century, and whatever influence it may exercise, either for good or evil, must now be manifest. One fact is certain—that the number of children delivered into its keeping, has steadily increased from year to year; but this, as I have already shown, is no indication whatever. The growth of its resources, the perfection of its arrangements, and the liberal education which it bestows sufficiently explain this increase. In the absence of reliable moral statistics, we are obliged, simply, to draw a parallel between the condition of the Russians, in this respect, at present, and the accounts given of them in the last century. Judging from these data, I do not hesitate to declare that the effect of the system has *not* been detrimental to the general morality of the Russian people. On the contrary they have improved with the improvement in their condition and the gradual advance of civilization. When I compare the chronicles of Richard Chancellor, and of Sir John Chardin, two and a half centuries ago, with what I see now, I can scarcely realize that they are the same people

“But,” cries a Pharisee, “this Hospital affords an easy and secret relief to the sinner. By saving her from public shame, it encourages her in private vice! It removes the righteous penalty placed upon incontinence, and thereby gradually demoralizes society!” I do not deny that the relief here afforded *may* increase the number of individuals who need it, but I assert, in all earnestness, that the moral tone of “Society” would not be lowered thereby, seeing that, where one licentious act *may be* encouraged, one awful crime is certainly prevented. *In Russia, infanticides and abortions are almost unknown.* In America, one need but look at what is *discovered*. God only knows how many additional cases of the crime most abhorrent to human nature are perpetrated in secret. And yet, if some benevolent millionaire should propose to build such a foundling hospital in New-York, pulpit and press would riddle him with the red-hot shot of holy indignation. Oh, no! Let the subject alone—your fingers, of course, are white, and were not meant to handle pitch. No matter what crimes are eating their way into the moral heart of Society, so long as all is fair on the outside. Let the unwedded mother finding no pity or relief for her, and no place in the world for her unlawful offspring, murder it before it is born! This is better than to stretch out a helping hand to her and so prevent the crime. Ten to one, the act is never found out; appearances are preserved, and our sanctified prudery is unruffled.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the moral tone of Society can only be preserved by making desperate outcasts of all who sin. So long as we preserve a genuine domestic

life—so long as we have virtuous homes, liberal education and religious influences—we need not fear that a Christian charity like that which I have described will touch our purity. It will only cleanse us from the stain of the blackest of crimes. The number of illegitimate births would be increased by the diminution in the number of abortions. Who will dare to say that the reverse is preferable? We boast, and with some justice, of the superior morality of our population, as compared with that of the nations of Europe; but we should know that in none of the latter is infanticide (both before and after birth) so common as with us. We should remember that a morality which is uncharitable, cruel, and Pharisaic, inevitably breeds a secret immorality. The Spartan holiness of the New England pilgrims was followed by a shocking prevalence of unnatural vice, which diminished in proportion as their iron discipline was relaxed.

At any rate, we can never err by helping those who are in trouble, even though that trouble have come through vice. I have never heard that the Magdalen Societies have increased the number of prostitutes, and I do not believe that a foundling hospital would encourage seduction or adultery. To change one word in the immortal lines of Burns :

“What’s done, we partly may compute,
But know not what’s *prevented*.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOSCOW, IN-DOORS AND OUT.

WERE I a painter of the Dutch or Flemish school, I could bring you many a characteristic sketch of Moscow life. Here, especially, such subjects require form and color, and their accompanying "still life," and are therefore only to be made intelligible by the pen after the pencil has gone before. But there are few, if any, *genre* pictures in Russia. The most distinguished artist the country has yet produced—Bruloff—painted goddesses, nymphs, saints, and the Destruction of Pompeii. The streets of Moscow are full of subjects, many of which are peculiarly interesting, as they illustrate features of Russian life which must soon change or disappear. The *istvostchiks*, with their squat black hats, splendid beards, and blue caftans; the double-waisted peasant women at the street shrines; the bare-headed serf, bowing and crossing himself, with his eyes fixed on a distant church; the shabby merchants in the second-hand markets, with their tables of heterogeneous wares; the vaulted avenues of the Gostinnoi Dvor, and the curious

stalls in the Kitai Gorod ; the vegetable markets, the sellers of *qvass*, the wood-boatmen on the Moskva and the Tartars at their mosque, all furnish studies to the stranger, whether he be painter or author. It would require a long residence, to exhaust the interest of the city, in this respect.

To one who has seen the bazaars of Constantinople, the Gostinnoi Dvor presents no new features. It is low, arched above and paved under foot, and each avenue or part of an avenue is devoted to a particular kind of merchandise. The inside is a perfect labyrinth, and no little time is necessary in order to learn the geographical arrangement of the shops. If you want nails you may wander through the various departments devoted to linen, woollen, silk, and cotton goods, jewels, wax candles, tar, and turpentine, before you get to iron. Buttons are in one direction and tape in another ; sugar behind you, and spoons far ahead. As you walk down the dimly-lighted passages, you are hailed with invitations to buy, on all sides ; the merchants hang with expectation on the turning of your head, and receive with ecstasy the accidental glance of your eye. This desire to have you for a customer does not prevent them from asking much more than they expect to receive, and if you have the least inclination to buy, no one is so stony-hearted as to let you go away empty-handed.

The shops of the jewelers are interesting, from the variety of precious stones, chiefly from the mountains of Siberia, which are to be found in them. The jewels most fashionable in Moscow at present are diamonds, emeralds, pearls, and turquoises. Opals also bring a large price, but stones of secondary order, such as topaz, garnet, ame-

thyst, onyx, and aqua-marine, are plentiful and cheap. Siberia produces superb emeralds, and the finest amethysts, aqua-marines, and topazes I ever saw. The Siberian diamond, which is found in abundance in the Ural Mountains, appears to be neither more nor less than a white topaz. A necklace of seventy-five of these stones, the size of a cherry, costs a little less than \$20. I noticed a few fine sapphires, but suspect that they found their way thither from India, through Persia. One jeweler showed me a jacinth, a rather rare stone with a splendid scarlet fire, for which he demanded fifty rubles. There were also some glorious opals, darting their lambent rays of pink, green, blue and pearl-white, but their value was equal to their beauty. Malachite and lapis-lazuli, so common in Russian palaces and churches, are dear, and good specimens are not easy to be had.

In this bazaar you are struck by the smooth, sallow faces of the money-changers, and a certain mixture of weakness and cunning in their expression. You are therefore not surprised when you learn that they are all eunuchs. I endeavored, but in vain, to discover the cause of this singular fact. The money-changers, so say the people, have for centuries past constituted a peculiar class, or guild. They are very rich, naturally clannish on account of their mutilation, and accept no new member into their body who has not undergone a like preparation. As voluntary converts to such a sect must be very scarce, they would in time become extinct if they did not purchase, at a heavy cost, the sons of poor parents, who are qualified at an age when they can neither understand nor resist their fate.

The Government has prohibited this practice under very severe penalties, and the vile brotherhood will probably soon cease to exist.

The Riadi, an open bazaar in the Kitai Gorod, deserves to be next visited. It is less ostentatious in its character, but exhibits even a greater diversity of shops and wares, and is thronged from sunrise until sunset with purchasers and traders. Here you find everything which the common Russian requires for his domestic life, his religion, his birth, marriage, and death. For a few copeks you may drink a ladle of *qvass*, eat a basin of the national *shtshee* (cabbage soup) or *botvinia* (an iced soup full of raw cucumbers and various other indigestibles), and finish with a glass of the fiery *vodka*. The latter, however, generally comes first, as in Sweden. Wax candles of all sizes are here displayed, and the collection of patron saints is truly astonishing. Brown Virgins predominate, but St. Nicholas, in a scarlet mantle, and St. George slaying the Dragon, are also great favorites. As in Russia no house is built and no room occupied, without the presence of a saint, the trade in the Byzantine Lares and Penates is very great. No Russian, of whatever rank, enters a house, however humble, without uncovering his head. It is an act of religion rather than of courtesy.

The fondness of the common people for pictures is remarkable. To say nothing of the saints and illustrations of Biblical history which you meet with on all sides, there are shops and booths filled entirely with caricatures or allegorical subjects. The most favorite of these seems to be the punishment of avarice. Rich old sinners, with puffy

cheeks and fat round bellies, grasping a bag of specie in each hand, are seized by devils, pricked with pitchforks, or torn limb from limb. Another picture illustrates the two ways—one broad and easy, the other winding and difficult, one terminating in flames and devils, and the other at the feet of a dark-brown Virgin. Crinoline, even, is satirized in some of the caricatures. Others, again, are more than broad in their fun, and, if there are ladies in your company, you would do best not to look at them. The drawing in these pictures is of the rudest and wretchedest kind; but there is always a printed explanation at the foot of the sheet, so that you cannot fail to know what is meant.

At the Second-Hand Markets, of which there are several, one finds the oddest collection of old articles, from English novels to Arabic seal-rings, from French hats to Chinese shoes, from ancient crucifixes to damaged modern crinolines. The world's refuse seems to have been swept together here. It would be difficult to name any article which you could not find. I wandered for an hour through one of these markets, near the Soukhoreff Tower, and the only things which I could think of and did not see, were a coal-scuttle and an oyster-knife. However, I made but a partial survey, and do not doubt but that both the articles were there somewhere. One of the stupidest and greasiest of the merchants had a second-hand mineralogical collection for sale. A boy who could not read offered me some German theological books, of the most orthodox character. Looking up from my inspection of them, I saw around me grass, soap, wagon-gear, garlic, sofas, crockery, guitars, crucifixes,

oil cloth, and cheese! Singularly enough, the buyers represented all classes of society, from serfs up to officers in full uniform and ladies of the widest periphery.

Let us escape from this variegated and somewhat bewildered crowd, and seek a little fresh air further from the busy heart of the city. A friend proposes a ride to Astankina and Petroffskoi, which lie a short distance outside the barrier, on the northern side. We have but to cry "*davai!*" (here!) and a dozen *istvostchiks* answer to the call. They are very jolly fellows, and their hats—like the old bell-crown of thirty years ago, razed—give them a smart and jaunty air, in spite of the blue cloth caftan, which reaches to their heels. They have all ruddy faces, stumpy noses, bluish-gray eyes, and beards of exactly the same cut and color, whatever their build and physiognomy. The old national *droshky*, which most of them drive, is a hybrid between the Norwegian cariole and the Irish jaunting car—a light, low, jolting thing, but cheap and sufficiently convenient. If there is one passenger he sits astride; if two, side-wise. The *istvostchik* sits also astride, in front, and it is not the most agreeable feature of his nature, that he always eats garlic. His feet rest on the frame of the vehicle, close to the horse's heels, from which, or from the mud, he is not protected by any dashboard. I inferred from this fact that the Russian horses are unusually well-behaved, and am told that it is really the case. It is a very unusual thing for one of them to kick while in harness. There are no such hack-horses in the world. Without an exception they are handsome, well-conditioned spirited animals. The *istvostchik* differs from all other

hackmen, in the circumstance that it is impossible for him to drive slowly. If you are not in a hurry, he always is. As there is no established tax, the fare must be agreed upon beforehand, but it does not usually amount to more than twelve cents a mile. A handsome open *calèche*, with two horses, can be had for three dollars a day. There is more or less Ukraine blood in the common Moscow horses.

The fields around the city are principally devoted to the cultivation of vegetables. Companies of women, singing in shrill chorus, were hoeing and weeding among them, as we drove over the rolling swell towards Astankina. This is a summer palace and park belonging to Count Cheremetieff. The grounds are laid out in the style of Versailles, and kept in excellent order. One is astonished at the richness and luxuriance of the foliage, and the great variety of trees which are found in this severe climate. The poplar, the linden, the locust, the elm, the ash, and the horse-chesnut thrive very well, with a little care and protection. Around the garden, with its clipped hedges, flowerbeds and statues, stretches for many a verst a forest of tall firs, which breaks the violence of the winter winds. Here was the scene of one of those gigantic pieces of flattery, by which the courtiers of Catharine II. sought to win or keep her favor. During a visit of that Empress to Astankina, she remarked to the proprietor: "Were it not for the forest, you would be able to see Moscow." The latter immediately set some thousands of serfs to work, and in a few days afterwards prevailed upon the Empress to pay him another visit. "Your Majesty," he said, "regretted that the forest should shut out my view of Moscow. It

shall do so no longer." He thereupon waved his hand, and there was a movement among the trees. They rocked backward and forward a moment, tottered, and fell crashing together, breaking a wide avenue through the forest, at the end of which glittered in the distance the golden domes of the city.

Petroffskoi is a a glaring, fantastic palace, on the St. Petersburg road, about two miles from Moscow. It was built by the Empress Elizabeth, and its architecture seems to have been borrowed from that of the Kremlin. Here Napoleon took up his quarters, after being roasted out of the latter place. Hence also started the coronation procession of Alexander II., probably one of the grandest pageants ever witnessed in Europe. The park, which is traversed by handsome carriage-roads, is at all times open to the public, and on a clear summer evening, when whole families of the middle class come hither, bringing their samovars, and drinking their tumblers of tea flavored with lemonpeel, in the shade of the birch and linden groves, the spectacle is exceedingly animated and cheerful. There is also in this park a summer theatre, in which French vaudevilles are given.

Moscow, however, can boast of possessing a spot for summer recreation, the like of which is not to be found in Paris. The Hermitage, the principal resort of the fashionable world, is a remarkably picturesque garden, with a theatre and concert hall in the open air. It lies upon the side of a hill, at the foot of which is a little lake, embowered in trees. Beyond the water rise massive zigzag walls, the fortifications of a Tartar city, whose peaked roofs climb

an opposite hill, and stretch far away into the distance, the farthest towers melting into the air. And yet the whole thing is a scenic illusion. Three canvas frames, not a hundred yards from your eye, contain the whole of it. Thousands of crimson lamps illuminate the embowered walks, and on the top of the hill is a spacious auditorium, inclosed by lamp-lit arches. On a stage at one end are assembled a company of Russian gipsies, whose songs are as popular here as the Ethiopian melodies are with us. The gipsies are born singers, and among the young girls who sing to-night there are two or three voices which would create an excitement even on the boards of the Italian Opera. The prima donna is a superb contralto, whom the Russians consider second only to Alboni. She is a girl of twenty-two, with magnificent hair of raven blackness, and flashing black eyes.

There are from twenty-five to thirty singers, in all, of whom two-thirds are females. A portion, only, appear to be of pure gipsy blood, with the small deep-set eyes and the tawny skin of Egypt. Others are bright blond, with blue eyes, betraying at once their parentage and the immorality of the tribe. The leader, a tall, slender, swarthy man with a silver belt around his waist, and a guitar in his hand, takes his station in front of the women, who are seated in a row across the stage, and strikes up a wild, barbaric melody, to which the whole troop sing in chorus. It is music of a perfectly original character, with an undertone of sadness, such as one remarks in the songs of all rude nations, yet with recurring melodies which delight the ear, and with a complete harmony in the arrangement of the

parts. Afterwards the swarthy soprano sings the favorite "*Troika*" (three-horse team), gliding through the singular breaks and undulations of the melody with a careless ease, to which the exquisite purity of her voice gives the highest charm. In the course of the evening there was a dance, which resembled in many respects that of the Arab ghawazees, although not quite so suggestive.

My time was so much occupied by the many sights which I have been endeavoring to paint for the reader, that I saw but little of Moscow society. Besides, my visit happened at an unfavorable time, so many families being absent in the country or on their travels. The breaking down of the obstacles which the late Emperor threw in the way of Russians leaving their country, immediately poured a flood of Russian travel upon the rest of Europe. Of the persons to whom I had letters of introduction—among them the distinguished author, Pawlow—not one was at home. Through the kindness of Col. Claxton, however, I made some very pleasant acquaintances, and had a glimpse, at least, of Russian society.

At a *soirée* one evening I was very agreeably impressed with the manners of the ladies. French is still the language of society, even with the Russians themselves, and a knowledge of it is quite indispensable to the stranger. English and German are occasionally spoken, and with that ease and purity of accent for which the Russians are distinguished. I was glad to find that those whom I met, ladies as well as gentlemen, were thoroughly familiar with their own authors. A number of names, which I had never heard of before, were mentioned with enthusiasm. There

are several literary papers in Moscow, with a circulation of from twelve to fourteen thousand copies each.

Among the editors and literary men of Moscow I found some very intelligent gentlemen. I was agreeably surprised at the freedom with which the political condition of the country, and the reforms in progress, are discussed. The prevailing sentiment was that of entire satisfaction—a satisfaction best expressed by the earnestness and brevity of the exclamation: “If it will only last!” With regard to the emancipation of the serfs, I was told that public opinion is decidedly in favor of it, including a large majority of the proprietors. The fact that the serfs themselves, under the knowledge of the great change which awaits them, are so quiet and patient, is considered a promising sign. The most difficult question connected with the reform is that of attaching the latter, for a time at least, to the domains. They have the Nomadic blood of the Tartars, and the attempt is being made to achieve by *self-interest* what has been hitherto done by force. But the nobles will not give their land for nothing, and the serfs will not pay for what they now have gratis. A compromise is therefore proposed, by which the serfs receive their houses, and will be allowed to purchase a certain portion of land on easy terms, if they choose.

In Russia old things are now passing away, and a new order of things is coming into existence. Many curious characteristics and customs which bear the stamp of five centuries, are beginning to disappear, and this change is at last making itself felt even in Moscow—the very focus of Russian nationality. When the Locomotive once enters a

city the ghosts of the Past take flight for ever. Those sounding highways of international communication are more potent than any ukase of Peter the Great to wean the people from their cherished superstitions. Moscow may thus, gradually, lose its power of reproducing the past conditions of the Russian people, but it will always faithfully reflect their character. It will always remain the illuminated title-page to the history of the empire. Other capitals may, in the course of time, be built on the shores of the Caspian or the banks of the Amoor, but they will never take away from Moscow its peculiar distinction of representing and illustrating the history, the growth, the religion, the many-sided individuality of Russia.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RAILROADS IN RUSSIA.

On leaving Moscow for St. Petersburg we were obliged to take out fresh passports, giving up those which we had obtained in Warsaw. As one is required to appear personally, this formality is a little troublesome, but we were subjected to no questioning, and the documents were ready at the time promised. After paying the fees, we were about to leave, when the official whispered: "You have forgotten my tea-money." The readiness with which he changed a note, while the subordinates looked the other way, proved to me that this system of gratuities (to use a mild term) is not only general, but permitted by the higher authorities. Many of the civil officers have salaries ranging from six to ten rubles a month—barely enough to clothe them—so that without this "tea-money," the machinery of government would move very slowly.

I also went to the office of the Censor, to inquire concerning the fate of the books taken from me on the Polish frontier. Here I was very politely received, and was in

formed that the books had not arrived. The Censor seemed a little embarrassed, and I half suspected that the books might be on the prohibited list. Kohl's work, I was informed, belongs to this class, although I saw, in the shop-windows, books which I should have supposed were much more objectionable than his. It is permitted to all literary and scientific men, however, to import freely whatever works they choose. The list of foreign newspapers admitted into Russia has recently been much enlarged, but they also pass through the Censor's hands, and one frequently sees paragraphs or whole columns either covered with a coating of black paste, or so nicely erased that no sign of printer's ink is left.

During our stay in Moscow we lodged at the *Hotel de Dresde*, which I can conscientiously recommend to future travellers. It is a large, low building on the Government square, at the corner of the Tverskaia Oulitza, and convenient to the Kremlin. The only discomfort, which it shares in common with the other hotels, is, that the servants are all Russian. We obtained a large, pleasant room for two rubles a-day, and a dinner, cooked in the most admirable style, for a ruble each. Other charges were in the same proportion; so that the daily expense was about \$3. As there is no *table d'hôte*, the meals being served in one's own room, this is rather below New York prices. A German author, who resided two years in Moscow, gave me \$1,000 as a fair estimate of the annual expense of living for a bachelor. House-rent and the ordinary necessities of life are cheap; but luxuries of all kinds, clothing, etc., are very dear.

On the northern side of the city, just outside the low earthen barrier, stands the great Railroad Station. The principal train for St. Petersburg leaves daily at noon, and reaches its destination the next morning at eight—600 versts, or 400 English miles, in twenty hours. The fares are respectively 19, 13 and 9 rubles, for the first, second and third class. The station building is on the most imposing scale, and all the operations of the road are conducted with the utmost precision and regularity, although perhaps a little slower than in other countries. The first class carriages are divided into compartments, and luxuriously cushioned, as in England; the second-class are arranged exactly on the American plan (in fact, I believe they are built in America), except that the seats are not so closely crowded together. The entrance is at the end, over a platform on which the brakeman stands, as with us. As the day of our departure happened to be Monday, which is considered so unlucky a day among the Russians that they never travel when they can avoid it, there was just a comfortable number of passengers. We bade adieu to our obliging friend, Col. Claxton, whose kindness had contributed so much to the interest of our visit, and, as the dial marked noon, steamed off for St. Petersburg.

Straight as sunbeams, the four parallel lines of rail shoot away to the north-west, and vanish far off in a sharp point on the horizon. Woods, hills, swamps, ravines, rivers, may intersect the road, but it swerves not a hair from the direct course, except where such deflection is necessary to keep the general level between Moscow and the Volga. After passing the Valdai Hills, about half-way to St. Petersburg,

the course is almost as straight as if drawn with a ruler for the remaining two hundred miles. The Russians say this road is only to be looked upon as an article of luxury. The Emperor Nicholas consulted his own convenience and the facility of conveying troops rather than the convenience of the country and the development of its resources. By insisting upon the shortest possible distance between the two cities, he carried the road for hundreds of versts through swamps where an artificial foundation of piles was necessary; while, by bending its course a little to the south, nearer the line of the highway, not only would these swamps have been avoided, but the cities of Novgorod, Valdai, and Torshok, with the settled and cultivated regions around them, would have shared in the advantages and added to the profits of the road.

In its construction and accessories, one can truly say that this is the finest railway in the world. Its only drawback is an occasional roughness, the cause of which, I suspect, lies in the cars rather than the road itself. There are thirty-three stations between Moscow and St. Petersburg. At the most of these, the station-houses are palaces, all built exactly alike, and on a scale of magnificence which scorns expense. A great deal of needless luxury has been wasted upon them. The bridges, also, are models of solidity and durability. Everything is on the grandest scale, and the punctuality and exactness of the running arrangements are worthy of all praise. But at what a cost has all this been accomplished! This road, 400 miles in length, over a level country, with very few cuts, embankments, and bridges, except between Moscow and Tver

(about one-fourth of the distance), has been built at an expense of 120,000,000 of rubles (\$90,000,000) or \$225,000 per mile. When one takes into consideration the cheapness of labor in Russia, the sum becomes still more enormous.

The work was not only conducted by American engineers but Mr. Winans, the chief-engineer, is at present carrying on the running business under a contract with the Government. His principal assistants are also Americans. This contract, which was originally for ten years, has yet three years to run, at the end of which time Mr. Winans will be able to live upon what he has earned. His annual profit upon the contract is said to be *one million* rubles. Some idea of its liberal character may be obtained from the fact that his allowance for grease alone is three silver copeks a verst for each wheel—about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a mile; or, with an ordinary train, some \$700 for the run from Moscow to St. Petersburg. His own part of the contract is faithfully and admirably discharged, and he is of course fairly entitled to all he can make. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the receipts of the road in 1857 exceeded the expenditures by a few thousand rubles only.

The fact is, even yet, the road does not appear to be conducted with a view to profit. The way traffic and travel which railroad companies elsewhere make it a point to encourage, is here entirely neglected. There are none but through trains, and but a single passenger train daily. Besides this, no freight is taken at the way stations, unless there should happen to be a little room to spare, after the through freight is cared for. Tver, through which the road

passes, is at the head of navigation on the Volga, and after Nijni Novgorod, the chief centre of trade with the regions watered by that mighty river, as far as the Caspian Sea; yet, I am informed, there is no special provision made for affording the facilities of communication which the place so much needs.

Russia, however, is soon to be covered with a general system of railroad communication, which, when completed, must exercise a vast influence on her productive and commercial activity. A road from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod on the Volga, where the grand annual fair is held, has been commenced, and will probably be finished in from three to five years. The distance is about 250 miles, and the estimated expense \$50,000 per mile. The road from St. Petersburg to Warsaw—a little over 700 miles in length—has been in progress for some years past, and will be finished, it is said, by the close of the year 1860. In September, 1858, it was opened as far as Pskov (German "Pleskow"), at the head of Lake Peipus, and will probably reach Dwina-burg, whence a branch road to Riga is now building, in the course of 1859. Near Kovno it will be intersected by another branch from Königsburg, via Tilsit and Gumbin neu, whereby there will be a direct communication between St. Petersburg and Berlin.

The other projected roads, the building of which has been contracted for by a French company, but not yet commenced, are from Libau, on the Baltic, easterly through Witensk and Smolensk to the large manufacturing town of Tula, 112 miles south of Moscow; and another from the latter city to Charkoff, in the Ukraine, with branches to

Odessa and the Crimea. The former of these will be nearly 700 miles in length, and the latter at least 1,000. The cheapest plan for the Russian Government to build railroads, would undoubtedly be, to permit the formation of private companies for that purpose. In Middle and Southern Russia, the cost of construction would certainly be no greater than in Illinois, where, if I remember rightly, the roads are built for half the amount of the lowest estimate I heard given in Moscow. The effect of these improvements upon the internal condition of Russia can hardly be overvalued. They are in fact but the commencement of a still grander system of communication, which, little by little, will thrust its iron feelers into Asia, and grapple with the inertia of four thousand years.

To return to our journey. The halts at the way stations were rather long—five, ten, fifteen minutes, and at Tver, where we arrived at five o'clock, half an hour for dinner. In this respect, as in every other, the arrangements were most convenient and complete. We had a good meal at a reasonable price, and were allowed a rational time to eat it. At every one of the other stations there was a neat booth provided with beer, qvass, soda water, lemonade, cigars, and pastry. Most of the passengers got out and smoked their cigarettes at these places, as the practice is not allowed inside the cars. There is a second-class carriage especially for smokers, but one is obliged to take out a license to smoke there, for which he pays ten rubles. The Russians are nearly all smokers, but the custom is very strictly prohibited in the streets of cities, and even in the small country villages.

The country, slightly undulating in the neighborhood of Moscow, becomes level as you approach the Volga. The monotony of which I have spoken in a previous chapter, is its prevailing characteristic. Great stretches of swamp or of pasture-ground, fields of rye and barley, and forests of fir and birch, succeed one another, in unvarying sameness. Now and then you have a wide sweep of horizon—a green sea, streaked with rosy foam-drifts of flowers—a luxuriant summer-tangle of copse and woodland, or a white village church, with green domes, rising over a silvery lake of rye; and these pictures, beautiful in themselves, do not become less so by repetition. The Volga is certainly the most interesting object in the whole course of the journey. Tver, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, on its right bank, is conspicuous from the number of its spires and domes. Along the bank lie scores of flat-bottomed barges, rafts, and vessels of light draft. The river here is scarcely so large as the Hudson at Albany, flowing in a sandy bed, with frequent shallows. But, like the Danube at Ulm, it is not the smallness of the stream which occupies your thoughts. You follow the waters, in imagination, to the old towns of Yaroslav and Nijni Novgorod, to the Tartar Kazan and the ruins of Bulgaria, through the steppes of the Cossacks and Kirghizes, to the Caspian Sea and the foot of ancient Caucasus.

The sky was heavily overcast, so that, in spite of our high latitude, the night was dark. I therefore did not see the Valdai hills, which we passed towards midnight—the only real hills in Russia proper, west of the Ural Mountains. It was among these hills that Alexander I. intrenched himself, to await Napoleon. When the morning twilight came,

we were in the midst of the swampy region, careering straight forward, on and on, over the boundless level. The only object of note was the large and rapid river Volchoff, flowing from the Ilmen Lake at Novgorod northward into Lake Ladoga. The road crosses it by a magnificent American bridge.

Some fifty or sixty versts before reaching St. Petersburg, we passed through a large estate belonging to the rich Russian, Kokoreff, who has lately been distinguishing himself by the prominent part he has taken in all measures tending to the improvement of his country—the emancipation of the serfs, the steamboat companies of the Dnieper and Dniester, the formation of a moneyed association for encouraging manufactures, &c. This Kokoreff was the son of a common peasant, and commenced life by keeping a cheap brandy-shop. He gradually prospered, and, being a man of much natural shrewdness and energy, took the contract for the brandy revenue of the whole Empire, which is farmed out. He is worth about seven millions of rubles, much of which he has invested in landed property. He has now set himself to work to introduce improvements in agriculture, and his estate presents a striking contrast to that of his neighbors. Neat, comfortable houses for the laborers, spacious barns for the grain, forests trimmed and protected, meadows drained, rough land cleared and prepared for culture—these were some of the features which struck my eye, as we rushed along. Kokoreff is charged by some with being extravagant and fantastic in his views, and therefore an unsafe example to follow; but a man who makes such an employment of his means, cannot

do otherwise than work real and lasting good for his country.

By and by vegetable gardens succeeded to the swamps, villages became more frequent, houses, smoking factories, and workshops on our right, then a level, uniform mass of buildings, over which towered some golden-tipped spires, and at eight o'clock, precisely, we landed in the station at **St. Petersburg.**

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS PALACES.

No two cities can be more unlike than Moscow and St. Petersburg; they scarcely appear to have been built by the same people. Were it not for some of the older churches, which seem curiously out of place, a traveller coming from the former city, would imagine that he had already left Russia. The strange, fantastic, picturesque, Tartar character has disappeared, and all that one sees is suggestive of Western Europe. This is but the first impression, however. The second is that of a power so colossal as to coerce nature herself—a power which can only be developed when unbounded resources are placed under the direction of a single will—and herein we again recognise Russia. St. Petersburg is also a marvel in its way, and if the interest which it excites is of a totally different character from that which one feels in Moscow, it is no less imposing and permanent.

No man except Peter the Great would have conceived the idea of building a city here. Yet, if we leave out of

sight the physical difficulties against which he had to contend, and consider not only the character of his ambition, but the inadequateness of any other site on the Baltic coast to meet its designs, we cannot see that he could have done otherwise. Had he selected Nijni Novgorod, as he first intended, the heart of Russian power would have been placed on the borders of Asia, still further from the influence of European civilization. Russia, in this case, would never have attained to a first place in the councils of European nations. It was necessary to approach the west. Finland and Livonia were at that time in the possession of Sweden, and Poland was still a nation. Peter's choice, therefore, was restricted to the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Here, truly, he might have found other sites presenting fewer natural obstacles, but at the same time fewer natural advantages. The Neva, through which the largest lake in Europe pours its waters into the sea, afforded a ready-made communication, not only with Novgorod and Onega, but with a large portion of that Finland whose acquisition he even then foresaw, while the island of Cronstadt, guarding the entrance from the Gulf, offered a fitting station for his infant navy. The extreme high latitude of the new capital was even an advantage: winter was his ally then, as it has been the best ally of Russia in later times. And the wisdom of his selection has just again been demonstrated, when the combined naval strength of Europe lay before Cronstadt and did not dare to attack it.

But nothing short of that genius, which is the same thing as madness in the eyes of the world, would have undertaken the work. Here, where the Neva, a broad, full, rapid

stream, spreads itself out among swampy islands, completely flooding them when the spring freshets have burst the ice and where a strong south-west wind drives the waters of the Gulf high over the highest land the city stands upon, have arisen clusters of gigantic edifices, mountains of masonry, in their solid durability bidding defiance to the unstable soil. The marshy shores of the river are hidden under league-long quays of massive granite; millions of piles bear aloft the tremendous weight of palaces, churches, obelisks, and bridges; and four grand canals, passing through and around the city, so tap the Neva of his menacing strength that the fearful inundations of former years cannot be repeated. One hundred and fifty years have passed away since Peter built his cottage in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness, and now there stands on the spot one of the first of European capitals, with a population of more than half a million.

The town was first commenced on the northern bank of the Neva, on the *Aptekarskoi*, or Apothecary's Island. In cold climates, a man always builds his house fronting the south. Very soon, however, the southern bank received the preference, on account of its convenience and its proximity to a little rising ground. At present three-quarters of the city, if not more, are south of the Neva, the remaining portion being scattered over the two large islands of *Aptekarskoi* and *Vassili Ostrov*. Those who know Berlin, can form a tolerable idea of those parts of St. Petersburg distant from the river. The streets are alike broad and regular, the houses high, massive, and plain. But there is not the sameness and tameness of the Prussian capital.

Even in July, when the Court was absent, the fashionable world off on its travels, and nobody at home, it was as lively a city as one could well wish to see. Five thousand droschkies and as many carriages rattle hither and thither from morning till night—or rather, continuously, for you can see to read in the streets at midnight, and they are then by no means deserted. Where the summer is so fleeting it is doubly enjoyed, and during those long, delicious twilights, especially, no one remains indoors who can get out.

The approach to the city from the land side is particularly tame. On such a dead level the first block of buildings shuts out the view of everything beyond, and even when you reach the *Nevskoi Prospekt*—the Broadway of St. Petersburg—and look down its vista of three miles, the only thing you see is the gilded spire of the Admiralty Building, at the end. On the Neva, only, and the Admiralty Square, can you get anything like a picture broad enough to copy and carry away in your mind. Proceeding down the *Nevskoi Prospekt* to this central point, you are not particularly struck with the architecture on either hand. Everything is large, substantial, and imposing, but nothing more. Even the Annitschkoff Palace, which you see on the right, as you approach the Fontanka Canal, does not particularly impress you. The bridge over the canal, however, demands more than a passing glance. At each end are two groups in bronze by a Russian sculptor, whose name I am sorry not to know. They are called the Horse-Tamers, each representing a man and horse, engaged in a violent struggle for the mastership. The style of taming

has no resemblance to Mr. Rarey's, but the figures are very bold and spirited. The Emperor Nicholas presented copies of two of these groups to the King of Prussia, who placed them on the corners of the Museum front, in Berlin, where they have been christened by the people, "Progress Prevented" and "Reaction Encouraged."

Continuing our course down the Nevskoi Prospekt, we pass in succession, on the right, the Alexander Theatre, the Gostinnoi Dvor, or Great Bazaar, and the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. The latter is built of gray Finland granite, with a circular colonnade in front, copied from that of St. Peter's at Rome. In the open space inclosed by the colonnade are bronze statues of Kutusoff and Barclay de Tolly. The buildings on either hand become more lofty and imposing, the throng in the street greater, and soon after crossing the last of the canals, the Moika, we enter the famous Admiralty Square—the grand centre of St. Petersburg, around which are grouped its most important buildings and monuments. Here everything is on such a grand scale, that the magnitude of the different objects is at first not apparent to the eye. The Square is about a mile in length, by a quarter of a mile in breadth. In front of us is the Admiralty Building, with a front of 1,500 feet, and wings resting on the Neva, 650 feet in length. To the right of it is the Winter Palace, with 700 feet front, and still further the Hermitage, nearly as large. Opposite these two is the Hotel de l'Etat Major, of corresponding proportions, while the Alexander Column—a monolith of red granite, 160 feet in height, including pedestal and capital—rises from the centre of the square between.

Turning to the left, we see the huge golden dome of the Izaak's Cathedral lifted between three and four hundred feet into the air, and gleaming like a fallen sun on the summit of granite mountain. The western end of the great square is taken up by the Synod and Senate Houses, whose fronts are united in one long façade by a sort of triumphal arch. Between them and the Admiralty, on the bank of the Neva, is the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great.

Here are the elements of an architectural panorama of the grandest kind, yet the general effect is by no means such as one would anticipate, and simply because one indispensable condition has been overlooked—proportion. With the exception of the Izaak's Cathedral, there is not a single edifice in this square which is not much too low for the extent of its base. Hence they all appear to be lower than is really the fact, and as they are of very nearly uniform height, the eye ranges around the square seeking in vain for some picturesque break in the splendid monotony. A skilful architect might have at least mitigated this fault, but those who planned the Admiralty and the Winter Palace seem to have been even incapable of perceiving it. The latter building is quite disfigured by the placing of a sort of half-story above the true cornice. On the other hand, the Izaak's Cathedral, of which I shall have more to say presently, is one of the very finest specimens of modern architecture in existence. It stands in the centre of a small square of its own, opening into that of the Admiralty at its western end; and here, decidedly, is the most striking view in St. Petersburg. On one side is

the Cathedral, on the other the Neva, against whose sparkling current and the long line of buildings on the northern bank gallops Peter on his huge block of granite; while far in front the Alexander Column, soaring high above the surrounding buildings, is seen in its true proportions.

Crossing the Square, between the Admiralty Building and the Winter Palace, we stand upon the bank of the Neva. Directly opposite opens the main branch, or little Neva, dividing Vassili Ostrov and the Aptekarskoi Islands. The river is here more than a third of a mile in breadth, of a clear, pale green color, and rapid current. At the intersection of the two arms, on Vassili Ostrov, stands the Exchange, a square building with a Grecian façade. To the left of it is the long front of the Academy of Sciences, then the Academy of Arts, and at the extremity of our view, where the main branch of the Neva turns northward into the Gulf of Finland, the School of Mines. In front of the Aptekarskoi, and separated from it only by a moat, is the old fortress of Peter and Paul, now a prison for nobles, with its tall-spired church, in the vaults of which rest Peter the Great and all the monarchs since his time. On the southern bank, on which we stand, a row of palaces stretches away on our right to the Trinity Bridge, beyond which we see the green linden-trees of the Summer Gardens. From either shore of the river, or from the bridges which span it, the pictures are always broad, bright, and cheerful. Splendid granite stairways lead down to the water, gayly-painted boats dart to and fro, little steamers keep up a communication with the further islands, and the miles of massive quay on either side are thronged with a busy

populace. Here the midsummer heat is always tempered by a delightful breeze, and the very sight of the dancing water is cooling, under the pale, hot, quiet sky. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the St. Petersburgers for the Neva. Its water is so remarkably soft and sweet that they prefer it to all other water in the world. The Emperor Alexander always carried a supply with him, bottled, when he was absent from the capital. The stranger, however, cannot drink it with impunity, as its effect on an unaccustomed body is medicinal in the highest degree.

The Winter Palace stands upon the site of the old one, which was destroyed by fire in 1837. Kohl's account of this latter structure is worth quoting. "The suits of apartments were perfect labyrinths, and even the chief of the Imperial household, who had filled that post for twelve years, was not perfectly acquainted with all the nooks and corners of the building. As in the forests of great landholders, many colonies are settled of which the owner takes no notice, so there nestled many a one in this palace not included among the regular inhabitants. For example, the watchmen on the roof, placed there for different purposes, among others to keep the water in the tanks from freezing during the winter, by casting in red-hot balls, built themselves huts between the chimneys, took their wives and children there, and even kept poultry and goats, which fed on the grass of the roof: it is said that at last some cows were introduced, but this abuse had been corrected before the palace was burnt." Fortunately, the new palace is not so labyrinthine, though of equal extent. During the residence of Nicholas there, 6,000 persons frequently

lived in it at one time. Strangers are freely allowed to visit all parts of it, on presenting a ticket, which the major domo gives on application. Formerly, the visitor was obliged to appear in full dress, but in the general relaxation of laws and customs which has followed the accession of Alexander II., this rule has also been given up. Our Minister, Mr. Seymour, informed me that the Emperor receives American citizens in ordinary civil dress, not requiring them to appear in Court costume.

There is no other Court in Europe which, with such immense means and such magnificent appointments, preserves so great a simplicity. The freedom from ostentation or parade in the Imperial Family of Russia, except upon stated occasions, is a very agreeable feature. Nowhere else does the monarch walk about his capital, unattended. The Empress, even, may take a stroll, if she likes. We met one day the *Czarevitch*, or Crown Prince, with two of his younger brothers, in a plain two-horse carriage, with a single soldier as footman. These fine, fresh, handsome boys were quite alone, and looked as if they were competent to take care of themselves. The grandfather of the reigning Empress was a *Stallmeister* (Master of the Horse) in Darmstadt, and she is probably indebted to him for her prudent, amiable, sensible character. Nicholas was aware of her descent, but he wisely gave his sons perfect freedom to choose their own wives, and welcomed her as cordially as if her ancestry dated from Julius Cæsar. In visiting the palace, I was particularly struck with the cheerful plainness of the private apartments, which contrasted remarkably with the pomp and dazzle of those for state occasions.

To describe minutely all that I saw in the Winter Palace would take up several chapters. We were between two and three hours in walking slowly through the principal halls and chambers. A large number of these are devoted to pictures, principally portraits and battle scenes. A large room contains several hundred portraits of the officers who served against Napoleon in 1813-14. Then follows the Hall of the Marshals, with few and full-length figures, some of which are of great historical interest. Potemkin is here represented in full armor, a tall, Apollonian figure, over six feet in height, with a fine oval head, regular and handsome features, soft blue eyes, and curly golden hair. Suwarrow is a short man, with large benevolent head, very broad in the temples, where phrenologists place the organ of constructiveness. He wears a plain leather jacket and breeches, and resembles nothing so much as an old Quaker preacher. Barclay de Tolly is tall, slender, stern, and thoughtful, with a prematurely bald head; Kutusoff short, thick, coarse, and heavy-featured. In striking contrast with these personages is Wellington, with his cold, prim, English face and small head.

The battle pieces represent all the noted fields in which Russian arms have been engaged, from Narva to Inkermann—not merely an ostentatious display of victories, but important defeats as well, so that the series presents a true historical interest. Narva receives as prominent a place as Pultava, Borodino as Leipzig, Silistria as Ismail. Many of the later pictures are fine works of art: the illustrations of the Persian and Circassian wars, especially, are full of rich dramatic effect. Altogether, this gallery will compare

very well with that of Versailles. One of the most interesting halls is that devoted to the coronation gifts received by Alexander, Nicholas, and the present Emperor. The ancient custom is still preserved, of each province throughout the Empire sending bread and salt as a token of welcome. But the loaf is carried upon a massive salver of gold and silver, of the rarest workmanship, and the salt in a box or cup of the same material, studded with jewels. The salvers presented to the two former Emperors rise in dazzling pyramids from the floor nearly to the ceiling, but they are far outshone by those of Alexander II., who received just as much as his father and uncle together. If the wealth lavished upon these offerings is an index to the popular feeling, it is a happy omen for his reign. The taste, richness, and variety of the ornaments bestowed upon the mighty golden salvers exceeds anything of the kind I ever saw. Their value can only be estimated by millions. It is significant, perhaps, that the largest and most superb, which occupies the place of honor, in the centre of the glorious pile, is the offering of the serfs of the Imperial domains.

We were admitted into the room containing the crown jewels, which are arranged in glass cases, according to their character and value. In the centre is the crown of Alexander, a hemisphere of the purest diamonds: beside it the sceptre, containing the famous brilliant purchased by Catherine II. from a Greek slave, and for a time supposed to be the largest in the world. It turns out to be smaller than the Koh-i-nor, though (to my eyes, at least,) of a purer water. There is not a quarter so many jewels here

as in the Treasury at Moscow, yet their value far exceeds that of the latter. The stones are of the largest and rarest kind, and the splendor of their tints is a delicious intoxication to the eye. The soul of all the fiery roses of Persia lives in these rubies; the freshness of all velvet sward, whether in Alpine valley or English lawn, in these emeralds; the bloom of southern seas in these sapphires, and the essence of a thousand harvest moons in these necklaces of pearl.

Before leaving the Palace we were conducted to a small room in the first story, in the north-western corner. Two Imperial guardsmen stood at the door, and two old servants in livery were in a little ante-room, one of whom accompanied us into the narrow chamber where Nicholas lived and died. Nothing has been changed since his body was carried out of it. The hard camp-bed (so small and narrow that I should not wish to sleep upon it) stands there, beside his writing-table. On a stool at the foot lies his dressing-gown. His comb, brushes, gloves, pocket-handkerchief, knife, and pencil are carelessly laid upon a small toilet-table, under a very moderate-sized looking-glass. A plain, green carpet covers the floor, and the half dozen chairs are lined with green leather. The walls are almost concealed by pictures, either landscapes or battle-pieces, and few of them of any value. Just over his pillow is a picture of a very pretty young girl dressed as a soldier. It was scarcely possible to believe that the occupant of this room had been dead for more than three years. Every object suggests life, and while we are examining them we half expect to see that colossal figure, which all Europe knew so well, appear at the door. The only thing which has been added

is a very beautiful drawing of the Emperor's head, after death. The expression upon the face is that of pain and trouble, not the serene, impenetrable calm which it wore during life.

The Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace, was built by Catherine, as a place of escape from the fatigue of Court ceremonials, and of quiet conversation with a few privileged persons. The name seems to have been jestingly or ironically given. Who would not be a hermit in this immense pile, whose walls are of marble, blazing with gold, whose floors are of the choicest inlaid woods, and whose furniture is of the rarest and most costly workmanship in porphyry, jasper, lapiz-lazuli and malachite? Such splendor is now out of place, since the palace has been given up to the Arts. The vast collection of pictures accumulated by the Russian Emperors is here displayed, together with a gallery of sculpture, one of the finest assortments of antique gems in the world, a collection of Grecian and Etruscan antiquities, and a library of rare books and manuscripts. The picture gallery is particularly rich in the works of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Murillo, and the Dutch school, and though it contains few celebrated master-pieces, the number of really good pictures is remarkable. They occupy between forty and fifty large halls, and a man cannot say that he really knows the collection in less time than a week.

CHAPTER XXXV

IZARSKO SELO, PAULOVSK AND THE ISLANDS.

ONE of my first excursions, after reaching St. Petersburg, was to the hill of Pulkowa, seventeen versts south of the city. There, in the magnificent astronomical Observatory built during the reign of Nicholas, dwelt a brother-in-law whom I had never seen, and there was born the first child who has a right to call me uncle. Procuring an open calèche with three horses—the Russian *troika*—we left St. Petersburg by the Moscow road, which issues from the city through a tall triumphal arch. The main road is a hundred feet broad, with a narrower highway on each side, divided from it by a double row of trees. At the end of the seventh verst, the road to Moscow strikes off to the left, while that to Pulkowa preserves its mathematical straightness, so that its termini, the triumphal arch and the dome of the Observatory, are visible from all parts of it. About half-way there is a German colony settled, and the comfort of the houses, no less than the blooming appearance of the little

gardens and orchards, presents an agreeable contrast to the bare, unadorned Russian villages.

The hill of Pulkowa is the nearest rising ground to St. Petersburg, and though the highest point is only some two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Baltic, this elevation is sufficient to command a panorama of between forty and fifty miles in diameter. On the summit, surrounded by scattered groves of fir and birch trees, is the Observatory, probably the most perfectly appointed institution of the kind in the world. The cost of its erection must have exceeded a million of dollars. On passing through the spacious halls, rotundas, and towers with moveable cupolas, I had cause to regret my inability to appreciate the peculiar excellence of the splendid instruments, and the ingenious mechanical contrivances for using them. In the chief tower was the colossal refractor of Fraunhofer, of which our Cambridge Observatory (if I remember rightly) possesses the only counterpart. The grand hall is hung with portraits of distinguished astronomers, among whom I recognised Hansen and Airy.

I had the pleasure of passing an evening with the Director of the Observatory, the venerable Von Struve, whose name is well known in America. He was then slowly recovering from an illness which for a time threatened his life, and was still comparatively feeble. He is between sixty-five and seventy years old, of medium stature, with a large, symmetrical head, and a remarkably benign and genial expression of countenance. In addition to his astronomical acquirements he is a profound Greek scholar, and understands the principal modern languages, including English, which

he speaks with unusual fluency and correctness. He is perfectly familiar with all that has been done of late years in America for the encouragement of Astronomy and kindred sciences, and mentioned the names of Gould, Pierce, Gilliss, and Maury with great admiration. Von Struve is another example of the truth that the study of the stars need not, as in Newton's case, make a man indifferent to the amenities of our insignificant terrestrial life. Like other astronomers of my acquaintance, he is particularly happy in his family relations and takes a hearty enjoyment in society. Leverrier is the very reverse of this, if what I have heard of him be true. He is said to be exceedingly proud, reserved, and ostentatious in his manner. A distinguished German recently visited him in Paris, with a letter of introduction. After reading it, Leverrier looked up, measured the bearer from head to foot, and asked, in a rude impertinent tone: "*Que voulez-vous ?*" "*Rien,*" coolly answered the German, as he bowed and withdrew.

At the western end of the hill is a pile of granite boulders, on which, Tradition says, Peter the Great sat and planned the building of his capital. The distance from the city is too great to make the story probable. It is very likely, however, that this may have been one of the Tzar's favorite spots. The eye, weary of a narrow horizon, inclosed by a ring of dark woods, more or less distinct, here roves with delight over the expanding plain, whose far rim is lost in the blue evening mists of the Neva. The many spires of St. Petersburg sparkle with shifting lustres in the sunset, the great dome of St. Izaak blazing over the lesser lights like the moon among stars. When

the air is clear Cronstadt may be seen in the west, floating on the sea-horizon.

The celebrated Summer Palace and park of Tzarsko Selo are seven versts beyond Pulkowa. The grounds, which are of immense extent—eighteen miles in circumference, it is said—are always open to the public. My newly found relative had been kind enough to procure tickets of admission to the palace and armory, and we made choice of a warm Sunday afternoon, when tens of thousands come out by railroad from St. Petersburg, for our visit. Entering the park from the western side, we found ourselves in the midst of gently undulating fields, dotted with groves of fir, ash, and birch—an English landscape, were the green a little more dark and juicy. Here was a dairy farm, there a stable for elephants, and a little further an asylum for pensioned horses. The favorite steeds of the Emperor, after his death, are withdrawn from active service and pass their days here in comfort and indolence. One or two of the horses of Alexander I. are still on the list, although their age cannot be less than forty years. At each of these institutions we received very polite invitations from the servants in attendance to enter and inspect them. The invitation was sometimes accompanied by the words: "I am a married man," or "I have a family," which in Russia means: "I should not object to receive a gratuity." I was not a little perplexed, occasionally, until I ascertained this fact. One day, while standing before the house of Peter the Great, in the Summer Gardens, a soldier came up to me and said: "Pray go into the house, my lord: the keeper is married."

The Armory is a brick building in the Gothic style, standing on a wooded knoll in the Park. The collection of armor is one of the finest in Europe, and its arrangement would delight the eye of an antiquary. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, no characteristic weapon or piece of defensive mail is wanting, from the heavy, unwieldy accoutrements of the German knights to the chain shirts of the Saracens and the pomp of Milanese armor, inlaid with gold. One of the cabinets contains two sets of horse trappings presented by the Sultan of Turkey—the first on concluding the peace of Adrianople, after Diebitsch had crossed the Balkan, and the second when Ibrahim Pasha menaced Constantinople and the Sultan invoked the aid of Russia. The latter, naturally, is much the more splendid of the two: the housings and pistol holsters blaze with arabesques of the largest diamonds. There are many very interesting historical relics in the collection, but I cannot give the catalogue. Suffice it to say that a volume of illustrations has been published, and may be had for 500 rubles.

As we advanced toward the palace the grounds gradually became more artificial in their design and more carefully tended. The sward had a veritable “pile,” like imperial velvet: it appeared to have been *combed* rather than raked. Not a dead leaf was visible on the exquisitely smooth gravel of the walks, not a defective bough had been suffered to remain on the arching avenues of linden or elm. Nature seemed to have taken a Turkish bath and put on a clean Sunday dress. There is not an ill weed, an awkward plant, a frog, toad, snake, or bug, in this expensive Eden. Usually,

a gardener walks after you with a broom, to efface any footprints you may have left behind you, but for some reason or other we were spared this attention. Woe unto you if you touch a flower! But there is little danger of that: you would as soon think of cutting a rose out of a drawing-room carpet, as of thus meddling with this super-human order.

In the course of our walk we came upon a ruined abbey, so capitally imitated that if it stood anywhere else even an old traveller might be deceived by it. One square tower alone is standing, and in this tower, which you reach by a wooden staircase built over the ruins, is the famous statue of Christ, by Dannecker, the sculptor of Ariadne and the Panther. This is no traditionary Christ, with low forehead and straight, insipid features: the head is rather that of a scholar and a thinker. You are at once struck with the individuality of the figure. He is represented as speaking, turning towards the left and slightly leaning forward. A single flowing garment, hanging from his neck to his feet, partly conceals the symmetrical yet somewhat delicate form. The head is large, nobly rounded and balanced, with a preponderance of development in the intellectual and moral regions of the brain, his hair long, but very fine and thin, as if prematurely thinned by thought, the beard scanty, and the expression of the countenance at once grave, gentle, and spiritual. The longer I looked upon it the more I was penetrated with its wonderful representation of the attributes of Christ—Wisdom and Love. The face calmly surveys and comprehends all forms of human passion, with pity for the erring, joy in the good, and tenderness for all

It is that transcendent purity in whose presence the sinner feels no repellant reproof, but only consolation.

I have seen few statues like this, where the form is lost sight of in the presence of the idea. In this respect it is Dannecker's greatest, as it was his favorite work. He devoted many a day of labor, thought, and aspiration to the modeling of the head. When, at length, it was completed in clay, a sudden distrust in his success overwhelmed him. Having no longer confidence in his own judgment or that of his artistic friends, he one day took a little uneducated child into his studio, placed the head before it, and said: "Who is this?" The child looked steadfastly upon the features, so unlike the conventional Christ of artists, and without hesitation answered: "It is the Saviour." The old man, himself a child in his simplicity and sincerity, accepted this answer as a final judgment, and completed his work in marble.

Our way led on over straight Dutch canals, past artificial hills and rock-work, through a Chinese village which resembles nothing in China, and under Babylonian hanging gardens, to the front of the palace, which is 1,200 feet in length, and rises from the crest of a long knoll, gently sloping down to a lake. Some fine oak trees adorn the lawn; on the top of a granite rock a bronze nymph is crying over her broken pitcher, out of which rushes a stream of sparkling water; and on the lake itself a pretty little cutter lies at anchor. Arsenals and fortresses in miniature stud the opposite shore, and on a wooded point stands a Turkish kiosk and minaret, the interior of which is a sumptuous oriental bath, presented by the Sultan. The

park beyond the palace, toward the village of Tzarsko Selo is in even more rigid full dress than that through which we had already passed, and I verily believe that if a leaf gets accidentally twisted on its stem, some one is on hand to set it right again.

All the pillars, statues, cornices, and ornaments on the long palace front were covered with heavy gilding in the time of Catharine II. When they began to look a little shabby and the gold needed replacing, the Empress was offered half a million of rubles for the scrapings, but she replied with a magnificent scorn: "I am not in the habit of selling my old rags." The Imperial banner of Russia, floating at the mast-head, showed that the family were at home, but we were nevertheless allowed to enter. A "married" servant conducted us through the apartments once occupied by Catharine and Alexander I. Here there is much that is curious, though no splendor comparable to that of the Winter Palace, or the Imperial apartments in the Kremlin. One room is lined entirely with amber, a present from Frederick the Great. The effect is soft, rich, and waxy, without being glaring. In others the panelling is of malachite or lapis-lazuli. Catherine's bedchamber has not been changed since she left it: the bed-posts are of purple glass, and the walls lined with porcelain.

Most interesting of all, however, are the apartments occupied by Alexander I., in which every article has been preserved with religious veneration. His bed is a very narrow mattress of leather stuffed with straw, and the entire furniture of the room would not fetch more than fifty dollars if sold at auction. On the toilet table lie his comb,

breeches, razor, and a clear pocket-handkerchief; his cloak hangs over a chair, and his well-worn writing-desk still shows the pens, pencils, bits of sealing-wax, and paper-weights, as he left them. His boots, I noticed, were of very thin leather—too thin either for health or comfort—and had been cracked through and patched in several places. His Majesty had evidently discovered how much more agreeable to the feet are old boots than new ones. But he is quite thrown into the shade by Peter the Great, whose boots, at Moscow, would weigh ten pounds apiece, and might be warranted to wear ten years without mending.

Towards evening we took droshkies and drove to Paulovsk, which is about three miles to the eastward of Tzarsko, Selo. This is at present the summer residence of the Grand Duke Constantine, but the park is at all times free to the public. It is of great extent, the aggregate length of the walks being estimated at a hundred miles. Here Nature is released from curling-tongs and stays; her garments adorn without pinching her, and her hair is loosened to the wind. For this reason, Paulovsk pleased me better than Tzarsko Selo. Its deep, winding dells, threaded by natural streams; its opulent woods of ash, birch, and elm; its sequestered walks, branching away into neglected forest solitudes, and its open, sunny lawns, sweet with the breath of the half-raked hay, speak of genial culture rather than art. There is here an artificial lake, surrounded by low but steep hills, which are covered with summer villas and terraced gardens. A cutter on the water and a full-rigged mizenmast planted on the hill behind the palace, give evidence of the

Grand Duke's naval tastes. Braisted, with a sailor's eye, criticised the rigging of the mast rather sharply, but the princely boys who run up and down these shrouds are not expected to do duty before the mast, and so, perhaps, it makes little difference. Besides, to learn seamanship on a mizenmast planted in the woods, is like learning to swim upon your dining-table.

In the evening some thousands of Petersburgers assembled around a pavilion attached to the railroad station where the orchestra of the younger Strauss added music to the unbroken twilight. This is a speculation of the railroad company, which pays Strauss 15,000 rubles for his own services during the summer months. I had heard better music performed under the direction of his celebrated father, and looked at the crowd rather than listened to the band. Here were civil and military gentlemen mixing like oil and vinegar in a salad; noble ladies, some beautiful and all well-dressed; *filles de joie*, rouged and crinolined, hunting alone or in couples; countless nurses, looking after children in fancy peasant costume—red shirt, sash, wide trowsers, and boots; pale, slender Circassian officers, resembling antique Grecian bas-reliefs; Persians in plenty, each with an entire black sheep towering over his fox-like face, and a lively sprinkling of Armenians, Cossacks, and Tartars. When the Emperor is at home, he may often be seen here, with the Empress on his arm and the older children following, walking in the crowd.

We devoted one evening to a tour of the islands, the beauties of which have not been overpraised by travellers. There are forty, altogether, in the delta of the Neva, all of

which are included within the precincts of the city, but only seven of them are of any considerable size. Many of the smaller ones are still wild, uninhabited swamps, frequented only by the seal in summer and by the wolf in winter. The others, lying beside them, crowded with palaces, villas, and gardens, exhibit the difference between civilization and barbarism, in Nature. Crossing the Troitska Bridge, to the large Aptekarskoi Island, we pass on the right the first church built in St. Petersburg, an old wooden structure, with green domes, such as may be seen in many a country village. Even before leaving this island, the city proper is gradually transformed into a garden suburb, with scattered houses buried in foliage. Following the throng of carriages and droshkies, we cross to Kammenoi Island, where the suburban character is complete. Every dwelling, be it only a wooden cottage no bigger than a tollman's box, sits in a nest of flowers and hides itself under a covert of trees. The farther north you go, the greater the fondness for flowers. In the Tropics, gardens are planted for shade, but here for the bloom and odor, the bright, transient coloring, for which the eye hungers after six months of snow. Nowhere is so much of summer crowded into the space of three months.

I was going to compare the roads on these islands to the eastern part of Euclid street, in Cleveland, Ohio, but there the dwellings and grounds are altogether of a more stately character. The Russian villas—*datchas*, they are called—are built of wood, generally without regard to architectural style, but quaint, cozy, irregular, and picturesque. Now and then you see a genuine Swiss farm-house, with project

ing eaves and balconies of carved wood. Some of the handsomest residences are veritable log-houses, the trunks of equal size, overlapping at the corners, and simply barked and painted. There could be no finer model for an American farm-house, especially in the West, but with us the taste for glaring brick predominates. Some traveller has said that in Russia the expressions "*red*" and "*beautiful*" are synonymous. The same thing might be said of us. I remember one house between Milwaukee and Racine which was pure vermilion, and resembled a red-hot lime-kiln. Many of these *datchas*, also, are touched up with red, and have summer awnings of striped canvass, fashioned like tents or pavilions, over the entrance. Before every window there is a shelf studded with pots of exotic flowers.

At the end of Kammenoi Island is a Summer theatre, where French vaudevilles are performed. Beyond is Yelaginskoi Island, whereon the Emperor has a villa and garden, which are marvels of scrupulous neatness and elegance. Through every break in the embowering woods you catch glimpses of the clear green arms of the Neva on either hand, and, as if this mixture of land and water were not sufficiently labyrinthine, artificial lakes are hollowed in the islands, the earth being employed to form mounds and ridges beyond their uniform level. After a drive of five or six miles through these enchanting island-suburbs, you reach the shore of the Gulf, on Krestoffskoi, and may watch the sunset moving across Finland, until it becomes morning over Lake Ladoga.

If you would see all this, take your over-coat with you for, although the thermometer may stand all day at 90° in

the shade, with evening comes a fresh, cold air. By disregarding the custom of the country in this respect, I received a beautiful cold in the head. Until midnight the islands are alive with a merry multitude. There are pavilions where artificial mineral waters are drunk, artificial Tyrolese and real gipsies sing, and the national dances of Russia are danced: smoking is permitted in the open air and brandy, qvass, champagne and German beer are sold. The little steamers running to the Summer Gardens are laden to the water's edge, and it is morning before all the pleasure-seekers are brought home again.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VARIETIES OF THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

BEFORE leaving Russia, let me add a few detached sketches to the general picture which I have endeavored to give the reader, of St. Petersburg and its environs. My description, however, will be far from exhaustive, because I purposely refrained from making my visit so. I hope to see Russia again in the course of a few years, less hurriedly and with better preparation.

The finest building in Russia—in all Northern Europe, indeed—is the Cathedral of St. Izaak. Commenced in the year 1826, in the place of a former structure erected by Catharine II. and Paul, it received its final consecration in June, 1858. Thirty-two years of uninterrupted labor, backed by the unlimited resources of the Empire, were required to complete this gigantic work. Its cost is estimated at 90,000,000 rubles, or \$67,500,000, but a large slice out of this sum (as in our own Government contracts) may be put under the head of “pickings and stealings.” To make a firm foundation in the swampy soil, piles to the

value of a million of dollars were driven. Upon them rose a basement of granite, supporting a mighty granite structure, in the form of a Greek cross, crowned by a huge dome of gilded iron. The design is simple and majestic, and the various parts are so nicely balanced and harmonized that at first sight the Cathedral appears smaller than it really the case. It grows upon the eye with each visit, but can only be seen in its full magnitude at a considerable distance.

The four sides are fronts of exactly similar design and dimensions—a Grecian pediment, resting on sixteen monolith columns of red Finnish granite, sixty feet in height and seven feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals in bronze. These tremendous shafts emulate the marvels of Dendera and Karnak. In fact, the great hall of columns in the latter temple does not represent as much art, labor and wealth. The dome, which is a little less than that of St. Paul's, in London, rests upon a circular colonnade of similar monoliths, of smaller dimensions. The body of the edifice is of gray granite, and upon each of the four corners are groups of kneeling angels, with candelabra, in bronze. Crowning this sublime pile is the golden hemisphere of the dome, which so flashes in the sunlight that the eye can scarcely bear its splendor. Far out on the Gulf of Finland, it glitters over the evening horizon like a rising star.

The interior is divided into five vaulted halls, the central one, under the dome, soaring to a height of 292 feet. The massive piers which support them, the walls, the ceiling, and the recesses for shrines, are lined with the most precious marbles, whose exquisite beauty of coloring reconciles

the eye to their somewhat ostentatious magnificence. The richest and loveliest tints are here combined—pink, lilac, pale-green, purple, dark-blue, brown, orange, and violet—and with so much skill that the lavish display of gold loses half its disagreeable glare. The *ikonostast*, or screen before the Holy of Holies, is a giant wall of wealth. Eight pillars of malachite, fifty feet high, bear aloft its golden cornice and divide its surface of gilded silver into compartments, whereon are painted the favorite saints of Russia. The altar canopy is supported by two pillars of lapis-lazuli, bluer than the ice of Polar seas. But wealth, uncombined with taste, can only impress a vulgar mind: you are overwhelmed by the glare, not touched by the beauty. Aladdin's Palace may be built of clay, when the genie is Ictinus or Palladio.

Across the Neva, on the eastern point of Vassili Ostrov, are two immense plastered buildings—the Academy of Arts and the Academy of Sciences. Before visiting them, however, let us pause a moment before Falconet's famous statue of Peter the Great. After having seen Clark Mills's statue of Gen. Jackson rearing on his hind legs, which our enlightened legislators have pronounced to be the greatest thing of the kind in the world, I had very limited expectations of Peter, seeing that the latter does not rear so high, and that his horse's tail touches the ground—which is a great fault, according to the aforesaid judges of Art. When I found, however, that Peter sits his horse like a man, and not like a wooden effigy, and that the horse is arrested in a position which he can maintain for an instant without tumbling backward, I decided that I had been a

little too hasty in forming my conclusions. The long tail of the horse, and the writhing serpent upon which he tramples, are obviously introduced for the purpose of maintaining the equilibrium of the figure, which is thus secured without too great exaggeration. Gen. Jackson, on the other hand, disdains any such aid. Having borrowed one of Franconi's horses, trained to walk on its hind legs, he needs neither serpent nor long tail. And yet, I fear, Peter will be pronounced the better rider by every impartial judge.

The Academy of Sciences is only open to the public on Mondays. Not being aware of this, I timed my visit so unfortunately that I was not able to see its interesting zoological collections, which contain, among other things, the remains of the Siberian mammoth, found imbedded in the ice of the Lena. In the zoological cabinet at Moscow there is also the entire skeleton of a mastodon, but of rather smaller size than that which was formerly in Peale's Museum, in Philadelphia. The Russian Academy of Sciences is a Government institution, and is intrusted with the organization and superintendence of all geological, topographical, and astronomical undertakings. Its President is Count Bludoff, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but, as he was absent on his travels, I was not so fortunate as to make his acquaintance.

The Academy of Arts has accomplished but little, as yet. Russia has furnished some good sculptors, but no painter who could fairly be admitted to a first place. Even Briuloff, who is generally reckoned the greatest, and who really was an artist of no ordinary power, appears meretricious

beside the grand old masters. In the gallery of Russian paintings in the Hermitage, I was particularly struck by the crude, exaggerated manner of the various artists—a distinction which applied to landscapes as well as figures. There was a gale on the Black Sea, which was one mass of raw pink and pea-green. Some Circassian landscapes, however, were very finely and boldly drawn, though still deficient in the main charm of color. No people are prouder of their great men than the Russians, and in no other country, probably, would a truly great artist receive more generous support—but Academies alone are not sufficient to create artists. On the contrary, they rather hinder that free, spontaneous development and growth which all Art demands, and without which it will never produce anything great and permanent.

Toward the western end of Vassili Ostrov stands another institution, which is unquestionably the most perfect of its kind in the world—the School of Mines. It was originally founded by Peter the Great, for the purpose of training a corps of mining engineers, and with the gradual development of the mineral resources of Russia, its importance and efficiency can now scarcely be over-estimated. Nearly the whole of the immense building is devoted to collections of minerals, models of all kinds of machinery used in mining, and fac-similes of all the principal mines, with their shafts, galleries, and veins of ore, constructed with the most wonderful labor and skill. The minerals form a dazzling gallery of crude wealth. There is the famous nugget of the Ural—an 80 lb. lump of pure gold; a mass of malachite, weighing 4,000 lbs.; a single perfect beryl, weighing six

pounds, and valued at \$30,000; crusted sheets of deep violet amethysts; huge blocks of jasper, of all imaginable hues; slabs of precious marble, and boulders of granite and porphyry, together with ores of platina, silver, copper, and iron—bright and beautiful spirits, waiting for the touch of fire to be released from their dusky prisons. The specimens are of the rarest and most costly character, filling several large halls.

After we had inspected the models of machines, buildings, and mines, an old soldier conducted us into the cellar, gave us each a long wax candle, and unlocked a heavy iron door. We entered, and the hinges closed behind us. As if by magic we stood in the bowels of a coal mine—in a winding, narrow shaft, traversed by strata of clay, coal, and crumbling slate-rock. All the various dips, positions, and characters of coal-beds are here displayed in turn. A labyrinth of mines succeeded—silver, lead, copper, gold, and iron, imitated with astonishing fidelity to nature. The dampness of the soil, which filled the passages with a raw, chill air, completed the resemblance. At intervals, shafts from above (of very trifling depth, naturally) penetrated this subterranean region, and illustrated the various means of communication with the surface. In fact, the School of Mines, from beginning to end, is one of the most thoroughly sensible and practical institutions I have ever seen.

On the Aptekarskoi Island, just above the Troitzka Bridge, is the cottage of Peter the Great—his first residence in the young capital. It is built of logs, and contains only three small rooms. In order the more effectually

ally to preserve it, a brick house has been built around and over it, and the rude old hut has thus become a sort of shrine, whither the devout Russians flock in crowds. The main room is in fact a religious sanctuary, hung with holy pictures, and hot with the flames of a dozen wax candles. At the time of my visit it was filled with a crowd of common people, bowing and crossing themselves, muttering prayers and lighting tapers, in an atmosphere so unctuous and stifling that I was obliged to retire immediately. The custode, who was evidently a married man, unlocked the inner rooms at the sight of a silver piece, and showed me the rough table and stools, made by Peter's own hand, as well as the tattered sail which belonged to his boat. At one end of the house is the boat itself, a light, trim, sharp craft about fifteen feet long, which Braisted, after carefully inspecting with a seaman's eye, pronounced "well done!" It would be well if all apprentices nowadays learned their trades as well as Master Peter of Saardam. It is curious to find, however, that the man who first broke the power of the Russian priesthood, and forcibly uprooted so many old customs and superstitions, should now, although uncanonized, receive the honors due to a saint.

I will not ask the reader to accompany me to the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, or to the Preobrajensky, Smolnoi, and St. Alexander Nevsky churches. They are all quite modern in character, with the exception of the Tartaresque, bespangled spires on the three latter. The last named contains the tomb of Suwarrow, and the body of the saint to whom it is dedicated, in a coffin of massive silver, weighing five thousand pounds. This relic was for

merly preserved in a monastery on the banks of the Volga, whence Peter the Great transferred it to the capital. Very soon afterwards the saint disappeared, and was found again in his old place, being dissatisfied (so said the monks) with his removal. Nevertheless, Peter had him brought back a second time, and threatened the monks with the severest penalties if they allowed him to escape. It is needless to add that the saint kept perfectly quiet after that. At Naples, during the French occupation, the blood of St. Januarius was once made to liquefy in the same arbitrary manner.

Behind the Gostinnoi Dvor is a curious market, known through Petersburg as the *Apraxin Rinok*, or "Louse Exchange," from the questionable cleanliness of its booths, occupants, and customers. But let not the stranger be deterred from entering by the natural hesitation which the name inspires. It is a second-hand market, or bazaar, similar to those in Moscow, but of much greater extent, containing upwards of five thousand booths. A few paces after leaving the noisy Garden street, you are in the midst of a queer, shabby, ruinous-looking town, where the silence is broken only by such cries as: "What would please you, my lord?" "Here are excellent mattresses!" "A very cheap carriage!" "Pictures! Behold the beautiful St. Nicholas!" "Iron wheel-tires—here they are!" "Here are the swords!" "Brass kettles—please to step in!" etc. The wares are arranged in separate streets, but without regard to their fitness or resemblance, and everybody offers you what he has, though it might be something which you never buy. We were simply curious strangers, as any one

could see; yet we were pressingly solicited to buy old bedding, leather, rusty iron, household furniture, sleds, salt fish, shrines, crosses, and pictures, to say nothing of shabby greasy caftans, and damaged hats, which could not even be touched without a heroic effort. To judge from the great extent and multifarious character of the various bazaars, the Russians must be a people passionately fond of shopping. Several rows of booths in the Louse Exchange are devoted to cheap refreshments, principally tea, kvass, fish boiled in oil, black bread and raw cucumbers. Others again are filled with every variety of dried fruits and vegetables, and these are decidedly the most agreeable districts.

The fruit shops in the Nevsko Prospekt are an agreeable surprise to the stranger. Passing before the windows, you are saluted by the musky odor of golden melons, the breath of peaches, plums, grapes, oranges, and fresh figs, which are here displayed in as much profusion as if they were the ordinary growths of the soil. The fruit is all raised in hot-houses, and I did not venture to ask the price. This is one of those luxuries which are most easily excused.

The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in lat. 60°, you may walk through an avenue of palm-trees sixty feet high, under tree-ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchids, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer, and long dark winter of the north requires a peculiar course of treatment for those children of the sun. During

the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive forces of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained, it thrives as steadily as in a more favorable climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a *phoenix*, I believe) was in blossom, which is an unheard of event in such a latitude.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE BALTIC PROVINCES.

THE steamers from Cronstadt to Stettin and Lübeck were crowded with Russian families, bound abroad, and all places were taken weeks beforehand. I therefore shortened my stay by a few days, and took seats in the Government diligence to the Prussian frontier, via Narva and Riga. A special passport for leaving Russia is necessary, and the old formality of having your name published three times in the newspapers is still adhered to. We duly appeared in the list of departing travellers, with names slightly misspelled and the designation of "American subjects," after which, furnished with a stamped certificate to the effect that no creditors had appeared against us, we repaired to the Passport Office. The formalities were long and somewhat tedious, but the officials, most of whom spoke three or four languages, were exceedingly courteous and gentlemanly, and in the course of a few hours we were put *en regle*. No "tea-money" was here demanded; the legal fees, however, were high enough, amounting, in all, to about ten rubles

After receiving the passport, one is allowed to remain three weeks, so that the publication of the name for the benefit of creditors is of no practical use.

The passport system of Russia has hitherto been far more onerous to the subjects of the Empire than to foreigners. Under the reign of Nicholas, the minimum cost of a permission to travel abroad was fifty rubles, and was even then arbitrarily withheld in many instances. Nobles and gentlemen of fortune were obliged to pay proportionately more. I met a Russian in Germany in 1845, who had paid five hundred rubles for one year's leave, and Prince Demidoff, it is stated was taxed no less than fifty thousand rubles annually. Although Nicholas himself travelled a great deal, he appears to have desired exclusion for his subjects, fearing the influence of new habits and ideas upon them. Alexander, on the other hand, trusts the deep-rooted national feeling of the Russians, and not only permits, without reserve, but encourages travel. A passport now costs five rubles, for burgher or noble, while a merchant, travelling for the sake of his business, pays but one. As a consequence there was in the summer of 1858, a general stampede to France, Germany, and Italy, and of all the gentlemen whom I hoped to meet, not one was at home.

The distance from St. Petersburg to Tauroggen, on the Prussian frontier, is seven hundred and eighty versts, or about five hundred and twenty miles. The slow post which we took, is four days and nights in traversing it, including long delays at the principal stations. We took our seats at six o'clock, on a hot summer evening, the sun still three hours distance above the horizon. My com

panion on the inside was a young French merchant from Moscow, a fellow of twenty-four, pale, hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, and already showing signs of baldness. It is not pleasant to have a body prematurely broken down by licentiousness so close to one; but travellers cannot always choose their coach or bed-fellows. On applying the usual tests to the Frenchman's mind, in order to discover whether there were any sparks remaining in such a heap of ashes, I was not rewarded by any appreciable result. He venerated Louis Napoleon, and declared that to him alone was due the abolition of serfdom in Russia, he having secretly driven Alexander II. to adopt the measure. His statements on the commonest subjects concerning Russia were so wide of the mark that I soon dropped him in despair. Besides, he had a disagreeable habit of naming every other place than Moscow "down there." (*Là bas.*) Berlin, Paris, Constantinople, America, St. Petersburg—all were "down there." "Where?" I would ask, impatiently. "Why, down there." Twenty-four hours of this conversation was a surfeit, so I gradually withdrew into my shell, and before the journey's end we only spoke every three hours.

Braisted had a little better luck. His comrade in the coupé (the diligence only carries four persons) was a wealthy Russian, laboring under a violent attack of dyspepsia, which he endeavored to cure by drinking tea and eating immense quantities of sour milk. He was a hypochondriac on the subject of his stomach. He ate as much as the remaining three of us, and was continually lamenting his loss of appetite. There was a time, he said, when he had consumed an entire roast turkey at one meal, but now meat

was fatal to him. Nevertheless at the next station, where a large dish of cutlets was placed before us, he set to with the determination of a suicide, and ate enough (according to his theory) to have caused his death. He frankly confessed that he had spent a large fortune in his younger days, and only took up business when he was driven to it, but he had since then prospered exceedingly. He was, withal, a man of much experience and intelligence, and the more we saw of him the more reason we found to like him. The story of his life, which, even in its most private aspects, he confided to me, had a deeper interest than was evident on the surface. He illustrated, without knowing it, more than one of the many puzzles which belong to his race and sex. It is a fact, the importance of which can never be diminished, that the full and true history of one man's life is worth all the books that ever were written about Human Nature.

For the first three hours after leaving the capital we followed the shore of the Gulf of Finland, toward Peterhof, passing a series of the most charming parks and villas, the summer residences of the wealthy St. Peterburgers. A long ridge of gently rolling ground, studded with groves of birch and fir, offers natural advantages which the latter have not lost sight of. The dwellings are mostly of wood, not distinguished for their architecture, but look comfortable and homelike, and the grounds are almost universally laid out in the English style, with sloping lawns of the freshest turf, trees of unpruned growth, winding walks, and gay flower-beds of a single hue. For fifteen miles this fairy diorama of summer palaces passed by on our left, while on

the right the Gulf expanded broad and blue, from the shining domes of the city to the dim, wave-washed fortresses of Cronstadt. At Strelna we left the coast, and struck inland over the low Esthonian plateau toward Narva. The post-stations on this old route were not to be compared to those on the new highway between Warsaw and Moscow, but they furnished everything we needed, and the landlords all spoke German better than Russian.

The sun set precisely at nine o'clock, but we slept through the splendid twilight, each jammed into his particular corner, until long after sunrise. At Jamburg, a considerable town on the river Luga, we took advantage of a half-hour's halt, to bathe. We were in the middle of the stream when the diligence passed. The conductor, however, was obliging enough to wait on the opposite bank, and apologized for leaving us, by stating that he did not recognise us without our clothes. He is not the only man who looks at the coat instead of the face. Two hours more brought us to Narva, the little town whose name rings so grandly in Swedish history and song. On the eastern bank of the river Narova stands the village and fortress of Ivangorod, built by Peter to secure the favorite turn in his fortunes, five years after his overthrow on the same spot. With such a beginning as this unparalleled victory, what might not Charles XII. have become, had he inherited the prudence as well as the military genius of Gustavus Adolphus? A boy of seventeen, at the head of 8,000 men, utterly routing an army of 50,000! When one sees the sloping bank of the Narova, on the top of which the Russians were intrenched, and pictures to himself the

charge of that little band of Swedes as they swept up the hill in a blinding storm of snow and sleet, crying "*U vägen, Moskoviter!*" (Out of the way, Muscovites!) he cannot but acknowledge that there are few events in his story so stirring and sublime.

Narva is an insignificant little place of 5,000 inhabitants still wholly Swedish in appearance. It is beginning to rise in importance, however, through its cotton factories. The Narova furnishes a splendid water-power, of which Baron Stieglitz has taken advantage, and in addition to the large mills which have been in operation for a few years past, is now building a new one to contain 150,000 spindles. Owing to the judicious protective policy of Russia, her manufactures of all kinds are rapidly increasing, and the cotton-mills are already so numerous as to sustain a direct trade with the United States. The number of American vessels in Russian ports last summer was probably four times what it was five years ago. At Narva the people told us with great exultation that an American ship, freighted with cotton bales, lay in the outer harbor—the first which had ever been seen there.

Through the hot, breathless middle hours of the day we traversed the shore of the Gulf, looking over the long undulating fields of ripening rye upon its blue surface. In the afternoon we left the direct road to Revel and struck southward over the cold, bare Esthonian plains toward Lake Peipus. From the higher ridges the eye saw only interminable forests of fir, and even in the hollows where broad tracts of cultivated land intervened, the character of the country was poor and cheerless. The post-stations:

were poverty-stricken places, where we could only obtain a little beer, bread, and cheese, and the night (or rather the nocturnal twilight) was the more welcome, since sleep was no loss. By the next morning we had entered Livonia and were descending toward Dorpat from the ridges above Lake Peipus, through a fertile and well-settled country. Splendid fields of rye, which appeared to be almost the only grain cultivated, lined the road, gleaming with changeable yellow and silver tints between the dark masses of the evergreen woods. Comfortable farm-houses and well-built villages dotted the landscape, which basked in the full glare of midsummer.

In Dorpat we had but an hour, the greater part of which was devoted to breakfast, so that we only saw the outside of the town. It is a very neat, cheerful place of about 15,000 inhabitants, picturesquely built over low hills, and divided by a river. On the old *Domberg*, crowned with trees, stand the Cathedral and the Observatory. The University is one of the first in Russia, but is attended principally by students from the Baltic provinces. That part of Livonia lying between Dorpat and the Dwina, embracing the valley of the river Aa, is said to be a very attractive region, rich in natural beauties and pictorial reminiscences. It is called the Livonian Switzerland, although none of its hills rise more than eight hundred feet above the sea-level. But such hills are Andes to those who have never seen anything but plains.

We were about thirty hours on the road from Dorpat to Riga. The country reminded me very much of that part of Sweden which lies opposite Livonia—long rolling up

lands, belted with fir-woods, and warm, winding valleys threaded by swift, cold streams. The Aa, which we followed for a few stages, flows through a charming pastoral region, full of lovely and tranquil pictures. The Livonians are very much attached to their homes, an attachment which arises from their quiet domestic life and the comparative isolation of the province. There are many feudal ruins among these valleys, each of which has its traditions of siege and battle, love, and revenge. The chief interest however, will be found in the people, who, allied in many respects to the Germans, Swedes, and Russians, have yet characteristics quite peculiar to themselves.

We drove into Riga in the midst of a heavy thunder-shower, on the third afternoon after leaving St. Petersburg. The guide-book says there are many interesting things to be seen here—such as the Peter's Church, the Rathhaus, and other old buildings dating from the Hanseatic times—but we had no opportunity of visiting them. The city is now being greatly improved by the levelling of its massive walls. As the main outlet for the produce of Lithuania, Courland, Livonia, and a large portion of Poland, it has always enjoyed a very considerable trade, which will be largely increased in two years by the construction of the railroad to Dünaburg. We were gratified to see the American flag among the shipping.

We crossed the Dwina by a floating bridge a mile in length, and after a journey of three hours over a sandy plain, reached Mittau, the ancient capital of Courland. The grand castle built by Biron, the last Duke of Courland, looms over the quiet little town with an air of ostentation

mockery. The Courland nobles, though decayed and fallen, as compared with their former state, are said to be still a proud, chivalric, hospitable race. The branches of their family trees stretch through both Europe and America.

That night and all next day we journeyed over the monotonous, sandy swells of Lithuania—a dreary region of dark forests, scanty fields of flax and rye, dirty villages swarming with Jews and a population of Slavic type, who spoke only the unintelligible Lettish, with a few words of German. We had been four days and nights in the diligence and were beginning to feel fatigued. The Russian experienced still more violent attacks of dyspepsia and was unable to procure enough sour milk; the knock-kneed Frenchman ceased to make remarks about the people “down there,” and stupidly dozed all day in his corner. We had, besides, a fifth passenger from Dorpat, who had bought the conductor’s seat—an old fellow, whose gray, greasy beard, long shaggy surtout, and whining voice stamped him as a Jew in the minds of all of us. We were not a little surprised therefore, on parting with him in an obscure little village in Lithuania, to find that he belonged to a distinguished Swedish family of Esthonia.

In just ninety-six hours after leaving St. Petersburg, we entered Tauroggen, the last Russian station. Escaping from the hands of Jews who changed our remaining paper money at a ruinous rate, we took a fresh coach to Laugsar-gen, the first Prussian station, about seven versts distant. Two stone pillars, a bar across the road and a Cossack guard marked the frontier. When the bar had been lifted

and again let down behind us, we were outside of Russia and in a land whose people and language were most familiar and most welcome, after those of our own. The Prussian officials greeted us like old friends; the neat, comfortable dwellings, with their gardens and leafy arbors, were a delightful and unexpected sight, after the bare, forlorn houses of Tauroggen, and all that was difficult or fatiguing in our summer trip was over.

We went on to Tilsit on the Niemen, by extra post the same night, caught three hours' sleep, and then took a fresh start for Königsberg, which we reached in five days from St. Petersburg. The journey is not very fatiguing, and though so rapid, enables one to see the outside, at least, of a large portion of the Baltic provinces. Hence, I would recommend the curious traveller to choose this route, rather than take the steamer direct from Stettin to Cronstadt. From Königsberg it is fifteen hours to Berlin by railroad.

THE END.

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